



HALF-HOURS

WITH OUR SACRED POETS

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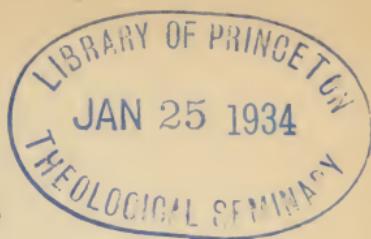
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THE THREE TABERNACLES.—*Page 305.*

Here we will build to Hope, to Faith, and to the Lamb of the Great Sacrifice.
Frontispiece.

✓
HALF-HOURS



WITH

OUR SACRED POETS.

EDITED, WITH BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES,

BY ALEXANDER H. GRANT, M.A.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY H. S. MARKS.



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PREFACE.

IN this volume no classification of subjects has been attempted; the only arrangement is that which chronology has already decided. This most simple and natural method is the best calculated at once to offer variety of topic and to exhibit the various development of the national mind and language, and the successive habits of thought and feeling. The succession of authors has been generally determined by the mean date of their period of poetical production: a succession determined by the time of birth alone would, although the example of competent collectors might be quoted in its favour, be manifestly inadequate.

It is believed that some names of poets who are now not so much unpopular as lapsed from popularity, will for the first time be presented to the general reader; while the absence may be remarked of some names of living poets, who have been passed over, on the one hand because their claims to inclusion are not imperative, and on the other because their works are readily available, and are also being periodically brought before the notice of the public. In this the Editor has been careful to carry out the plan of presenting, in cases of

equally-balanced excellence, not that which is most easy, but that which is most difficult of access. To the credit of former collectors it may be said, that continued and somewhat laborious researches after overlooked merit have often been attended with only negative results.

Withal, this selection claims to be *other* than former or contemporaneous ones.

There is nothing arbitrary in the unequal length of the biographical sketches. The notices of authors are shortened or prolonged, not as they have achieved a secular distinction, but in proportion as their poetry presents points of contact with religion, and, again, as the sources of information concerning them are open or recondite.

It has seemed just to the reader, and a sacred right of the author, that poems which profess to be quoted in their integrity should be given unmutilated. One exception may be noted—the suppression of two redundant lines, as extraneous in sense as in form, from the sonnet by William Lithgow.

In a few of the earliest poems their original orthography has been retained, for the reason that it involves the rhythm; and in one or two more modern instances a single terminal word involving the rhyme has been preserved as the author wrote it.

February, 1863.

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HALF-HOURS WITH OUR SACRED POETS.



(DIED 1348 OR 1349.)

RICHARD ROLLE, called also Richard de Hampole, was an eremite of the order of St. Augustine. He devoted his life to study and seclusion in a retreat in the neighbourhood of the pleasantly situated Priory of Hampole, three or four miles from Doncaster. Here he produced an English version of the Psalms, as well as Commentaries, and Translations of other parts of the Sacred Writings. He attacked the vices of the clergy, and threatened the sins of the nation generally with future war, pestilence, and famine. "He was," says the *Britannia Sancta*, "illustrious for sanctity and learning; and a heavenly unction runs through all his writings." He was much honoured in his lifetime; and after death, he

enjoyed canonization, if not formally from the church, at least from the gratitude and reverence of the people. His principal pieces of English rhyme are a Paraphrase of part of the Book of Job, of the Lord's Prayer, of the Seven Penitential Psalms, and the Pricke of Conscience. From the last of these, which is ordinarily a somewhat tedious and dull performance, are presented two specimens, where, favoured by the grouping capabilities of the subjects, he is exceptionally happy and picturesque.

THE DAY OF JUGGEMENT.

Men call that day
 The day of grete delyveraunce,
 The day of wreke and of vengaunce,
 The day of wrathe and wretchednes,
 The day of bale and bitternes,
 The day of playnyng and of accusyng,
 The day of answere and of reckenyng,
 The day of Juggement without eny lysse,*
 The day of anger and of anguyss,
 The day of drede and of tremblyng,
 The day of greteyng and of waylyng,
 The day of crying and dolefull dynne,
 The day of sorowe that never shal blynne,†
 The day of mournyng and of grete affray,
 The day of departyng from Crist away,
 The day of lowryng and of grete derkenesse,
 The day that es last and most of swartnesse,
 The day that Crist shal make an ende of alle—
 The day on this wyse may men calle.

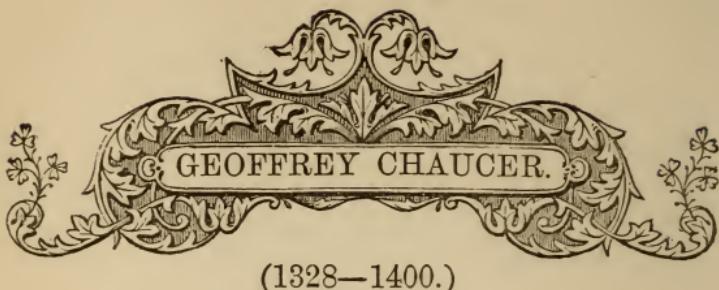
OFF THE BLYSSE THAT ES IN HEVENE.

Ther es ever lyf withoute eny deth,
 And alle joyes that beth spoken with one breth,
 And ther es ever youthe without eny elde,‡
 And ther es al manere welthe that men may welde,§

* Remission. † Cease. ‡ Old age. § Wield, manage.

And ther es ever reste withoute eny travayle,
 And ther es al manere good that never shal fayle,
 And ther es ever pees withoute eny stryf,
 And ther es al manere lykyng* of lyf,
 And ther es ever, withoute derknesse, lyght,
 And ther es ever day and never nyght,
 And ther es ever somer bryght for to se,
 And ther es no wynter in that contre,
 And ther es ever worship and more honoure,
 Than ever here hadde kyng or emperoure,
 And ther es al manere power and myght,
 And ther wol God our wonnyng dyght.†
 And ther es joy and blysse ever lastynge,
 And ther es ever myrthe and lykyng,
 And ther es parfyte joy the whuch es endeles,
 And ther es grete blysfulhede of pees,
 And ther es swetnesse the whuch es certayn,
 And ther es a dwellyng withoute turnyng agayn,
 And ther es grete melodye and aungeles songe,
 And ther es ever preysyng and thankyng amonge,
 And ther es al manere frendship that may be,
 And ther es ever parfyte love and charyte,
 And ther es ever good acorde and onhede,‡
 And ther es yeldyng of mede for eche good dede,
 And ther es a loutyng§ with grete reverence,
 And ther es ever buxomnesse|| and obedyence,
 And ther es al thyng that es good at wylle,
 And ther es no thyng that may be ylle,¶
 And ther es al wysdom withoute folye,
 And ther es al honestee withoute vylonye,
 And ther es al bryghtnesse and beaute,
 And ther es al goodnesse the whuch may be.

* Pleasure. † Deck or fit up our dwelling. ‡ Oneness, unity. § Bowing.
 || Acquiescence. ¶ Ill.



THE early circumstances of the life of Chaucer, whom Denham calls the “morning star” of our literature, and who is more popularly recognized as the “father of English poetry,” are veiled in obscurity. An inscription on his tombstone, to the effect that he died in 1400 at the age of seventy-two, identifies 1328 as the year of his birth; which event, it is pretty certain from a passage in his “Testament of Love,” took place in London. Conjecture and dispute have failed to establish conclusively either the nobility or the humbleness of his origin. It is probable, however, that his father was a gentleman. In an early poem, written at eighteen, he speaks of himself as “Philogenet of Cambridge, clerk;” and from this it is inferred that he studied at that University. On the other hand, Anthony à Wood, in his account of Thomas Richard, incidentally but undoubtfully mentions Chaucer as “our famous poet of Oxford;” and in another place records a tradition, that “when Wickliff was guardian or warden of Canterbury College, he had to his pupil the famous poet called Jeffry Chaucer, who, following the steps of his master, reflected much upon the corruptions of the clergy.” Some of his biographers have, therefore, courageously affirmed that Chaucer, having received the rudiments of his education at Cambridge, migrated to Oxford, where he completed his studies at Merton Col-

lege, the college of his friends, the "moral" Gower and the "philosophical" Strode. Be this as it may, we have the testimony of Leland, and indeed the evidence of his own writings, that he came from one of the Universities, or from both, an adept in logic, rhetoric, philosophy, mathematics, and theology. After travelling in France and the Low Countries, he returned to enter himself of the Middle Temple, with a view to study the municipal law; the only voucher for which, however, is Speght's assertion that a Mr. Buckley had seen a fugitive, dateless record, setting forth that "Geoffrey Chaucer was fined two shillings for beating a Franciscane frier in Fleet Street." Certainly his law practice was of the slenderest. His true vocation was the court.

He obtained the favour of Edward III., to whom he was principally recommended through the good offices of John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster. Before this time he had married Philippa, sister of the famous Catharine Swinford, who afterwards became the duke's third wife. Through the gradations of rank and office Chaucer rose in 1372 to the dignity of *scutifer noster*, squire to the king; and of ambassador, jointly with two others, to the Republic of Genoa. This mission furnished the poet with an opportunity of visiting Petrarch at Padua. For his diplomatic services he was rewarded with divers pensions and perquisites, and with the Controllership of the Customs of the Port of London; the duties of which office, as expressly stipulated in the patent, he was to perform in person and not by deputy. They were not, however, of so exacting a nature as to prevent him from indulging in poetical recreations.

Some time after, misfortunes came upon him so thickly that he is found praying the king, Richard II., for protection against his creditors. Little is known of the cause of his troubles; but it is probable that, having taken part in the disturbances which agitated the City of London, he

had found himself, as an adherent of the Duke of Lancaster, amongst the number of the vanquished. He fled to the Low Countries, and, returning, was cast into prison. Richard II. set him at liberty, and conferred upon him a pension of twenty pounds sterling. But there is no evidence that he was ever re-instated in the lucrative controllership. His prospects brightened with the accession of Henry IV., the son of his brother-in-law, to the throne. Chaucer now removed from his country retirement at Woodstock and Donnington to a house which he leased from the Abbot of Westminster, and which is said to have stood on the site of Henry VII.'s chapel. Here he died, October 25, 1400. His remains "were interred in the repository of our kings, and the place hallowed by his dust has ever since been considered as the resting-place of poets."

As a poet, Chaucer is remarkable for the dewy freshness, the lustihood, and the boundless range of his prolific inspiration. He observed narrowly, and with discrimination; described vividly, and with so much liveliness and precision that the personages to whom he introduces us become friends for ever; and it is still a problem, which is the more admirable, the genial thoroughness of his humour, or the perfectness of his pathos. The portrait of the Good Parson, one of the Canterbury Pilgrims, still holds its own against the efforts of the after limners of that character, Dryden and Goldsmith. The verses entitled the "Gode Counsaile of Chaucer," may be read with greater interest and appreciation of their spirit of serenity and equanimity, if we may believe a tradition concerning them, that they were "made by Chaucer upon his deth bedde lying in his grete anguysses."

THE GOOD PERSONE.*

A good man ther was of religiou恩,
 That was a poure persone of a toun ;
 But riche he was of holy thought and werk.
 He was also a lerned man, a clerk,
 That Cristes gospel trewely wolde preche,
 His parishens devoutly wolde he teche.
 Benigne he was, and wonder diligent,
 And in adversite ful patient :
 And swiche he was ypreved often sithes.
 Ful loth were him to cursen for his tithes,
 But rather wolde he yeven out of doute,
 Unto his poure parishens aboute,
 Of his offring, and eke of his substance.
 He coude in litel thing have suffisance.
 Wide was his parish, and houses fer asonder,
 But he ne left nought for no rain ne thonder,
 In sikenesse and in mischief to visite
 The ferrest in his parish, moche and lite,†
 Upon his fete, and in his hand a staf.
 This noble ensample to his shepe he yaf,
 That first he wrought, and afterward he taught.
 Out of the gospel he the wordes caught,
 And this figure he added yet thereto,
 That if gold ruste, what shuld iren do ?
 For if a preest be foule, on whom we trust,
 No wonder is a lewed man to rust ;
 And shame it is, if that a preest take kepe,
 To see a filthy shepherd, and clene shepe :
 Wel ought a preest ensample for to yeve,
 By his clenenesse, how his shepe shulde live.

He sette not his benefice to hire,
 And lette his shepe acombred in the mire,
 And ran unto London, unto Seint Poules,
 To seken him a chanterie for soules,
 Or with a brotherhede to be withhold :
 But dwelt at home, and kepte wel his fold,
 So that the wolf ne made it not miscarie,
 He was a shepherd, and no mercenarie.
 And though he holy were, and vertuous,
 He was to sinful men not dispitous,

* Parson, rector. † High and low.

Ne of his speche dangerous ne digne*
 But in his teching discrete and benigne.
 To drawen folk to heven, with fairenesse,
 By good ensample, was his besinesse :
 But if were any persone obstinat,
 What so he were of highe, or low estat,
 Him wolde he snibben sharply for the nones.†
 A better preest I trowe that nowher non is.
 He waited after no pompe ne reverence,
 Ne maked him no spiced conscience ;
 But Cristes lore, and his apostles twelve,
 He taught, but first he folwed it himselfe.

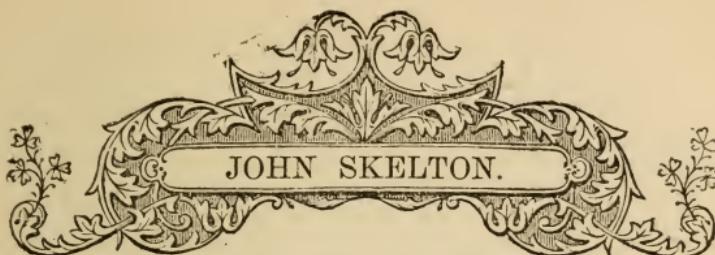
GODE COUNSAILE OF CHAUCER.

Flie fro the prese,‡ and dwell with sothfastnesse ;§
 Suffise unto thy gode, though it be small ;|||
 For horde¶ hath hate, and climbyng tikelnesse ;**
 Prece†† hath envie, and wele††† is blent oer all ;
 Savour§§ no more than the behoven shall ;
 Rede well||| thy selfe, that other folk canst rede ;
 And trouthe the shall deliver, 'tis no drede.¶¶

Paine the not eche crooked to redresse,
 In*** trust of her that tourneth as a balle :
 Grete reste standeth in litel businesse :
 Beware also to spurne again a nalle,†††
 Strive not as doth a crocké††† with a walle ;
 Demeth§§§ thy selfe, that demeth others dede ;
 And trouthe the shall deliver, 'tis no drede.

That the is sent, receive in buxomnesse ;|||||
 The wrastlyng of this worlde asketh a fall ;
 Here is no home, here is but wildernesse :
 Forthe, pilgrim, forthe, O best¶¶¶ out of thy stall !
 Loke up on high, and thanke thy God of all ;
 Weiveth thy luste, and let thy ghoste the lede,
 And trouthe the shall deliver, 'tis no drede.****

* Proud. † Occasion. ‡ Press, multitude crowding in the pursuit of advancement. § Sincerity. || Live according to thy means. ¶ Hoarding. ** Uncertainty. †† Ambition. ††† Opulence is everywhere open to censure. §§ Indulge thy appetite no more than is necessary. |||| Judge. ¶¶¶ Sincerity, out of doubt, shall be thy deliverance. *** In confidence of fortune. ††† Nail. ††† Cun. a piece of pottery. §§§ Judge. |||| With submission, with content. ¶¶¶ Beast. **** Suppress thy carnal passions, and obey the promptings of thy spirit.



(ABOUT 1460, DIED 1529.)

JOHN SKELTON was a younger branch of the Skeltons of Skelton, in Cumberland, and was born in the latter part of the fifteenth century. He was educated at Oxford, although the joint claim of Cambridge seems to be a not unreasonable one. At Oxford, in 1489, he was named poet laureate, and acquired considerable reputation for his varied scholarship. After taking holy orders he was made rector of Diss, in Norfolk; and presently secured a reputation throughout the diocese for a buffoonery which on the stage would have been questionable, and which in the pulpit was indecent and scandalous. In his venomous and unmeasured satires he successively attacked Lilly the schoolmaster, the Dominican Friars, and Cardinal Wolsey. From the vengeance of the outraged prelate, against whom his shafts were probably tipped with too much truth, he was obliged to take refuge in the sanctuary at Westminster. In this retreat he died, June 21, 1529. His epitaph in St. Margaret's Church claims for him the gift of prophecy on the strength of a vague prediction which, when dying, he uttered of the fall of Wolsey. His wit was fanged, his laughter scornful, and his pleasantries full of bitterness. Yet to him is conceded the merit of restoring invention to our poetry. From his fifty productions, the following metrical litany is selected as marking favourably one of his lapses into piety.

A PRAYER:

TO THE FATHER OF HEAVEN.

O radiant luminary of light interminable,
 Celestiall Father, potenciall God of might
 Of heaven and earth. O Lorde incomperable
 Of al perfections the essenciall most perfighte ;
 O Maker of mankind, that forméd day and night,
 Whose power imperial comprehendeth every place,
 Mine hart, my mind, my thought, my hole delite
 Is after this lyfe, to see thy glorious face.

Whose magnificence is incomprehensible,
 Al arguments of reason which far doth excede,
 Whose deity doutles is indivisible,
 From whom al goodnes and vertue doth procede,
 Of thy support al creatures have nede ;
 Assist me, good Lorde, and graunt me of thy grace
 To live to thy pleasure in word, thought, and dede,
 And after this lyfe to se thy glorious face.

TO THE SECOND PARSONE.

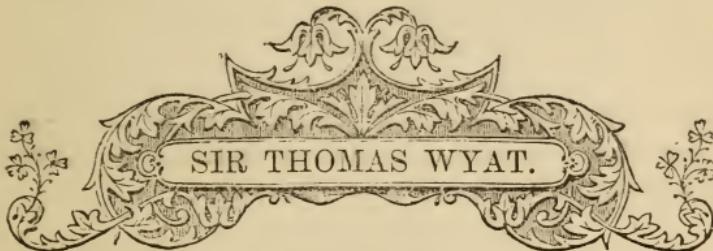
O benigne Jesu, my soverain lorde and kynge,
 The only Sonne of God by filiacion,
 The Second Parson without beginning,
 Both God and man our faith maketh plain relacion—
 Mary the mother by way of incarnacion—
 Whose glorious passion our soules doth revive
 Again al bodey and ghostly tribulacion,
 Defend me with thy piteous woundes five.

O pereles prynce paynted to the death,
 Rufully rent, thy body wan and blo,
 For my redempcion gave up thy vytal breathe.
 Was never sorow like to thy deadly wo.
 Graunt me, out of this world when I shal go,
 Thine endless mercy for my preservative
 Against the world, the flesh, the devill also,
 Defend me with thy piteous woundes five.

TO THE HOLY GHOST.

O firy sentence, inflaméd with all grace,
 Enkyndeling hertes with brandes charitable,
 The endlesse rewarde of pleasure and solace,
 To the Father and the Son thou art communicable
 In Unitate which is inseperable :
 O water of lyfe, O wel of consolacion,
 Against al suggestions deadly and dampnable
 Rescu me, good Lorde, by thy preservacion.

To whome is appropryed the Holy Ghost by name,
 The Third Parson one God in Trinite,
 Of perfyt love thou art the ghostlye flame,
 O mirrour of mekenes, peace, and tranquilitye ;
 My comfort, my counsel, my parfit charite.
 O water of lyfe, O wel of consolacion,
 Against al storms of hard adversitie
 Rescu me, good Lorde, by thy preservacion.



(1503—1541.)

SIR THOMAS WYAT was born at Allington Castle, Kent, in 1503, and educated successively at the Universities of Cambridge and Oxford. He returned from continental travel to take his place at the Court of Henry VIII., with whom his interest soon became proverbial. He was celebrated as a refined and accomplished scholar, and as the most elegant and universally-gifted gentleman of his time. "He fell into disfavour," to quote the words of Fuller, "about the business of Queen Anne Bullen," and

was committed to the Tower at the instance of the Duke of Suffolk, with whom he had quarrelled. Upon his enlargement he was appointed to a high military command, was knighted, and made high-sheriff of his county.

In 1537, Wyat was sent as ambassador to the Court of the Emperor Charles V.; and the observations he here made, and the counsels, founded upon them, which he gave to his own sovereign, sufficiently vindicate his political sagacity. Nevertheless, after his return he had to defend himself before a committee of the Council against certain malicious accusations of Bishop Bonner. These charges he successfully repelled.

Urged by his eagerness to execute a commission of considerable dignity and importance which had been entrusted to him, he overheated himself by hard riding in the summer of 1541, and, after a few days' illness, died of fever at Sherborne, Dorsetshire, in the thirty-eighth year of his age.

His muse was influenced by a too close study of the Italian poets. His erotic poetry, instead of the natural and the passionate, exhibits too frequently the frigid and attenuated. His style is often involved, and his vigour impaired by conceits. It is as a satirist and moralist that he holds his highest poetical position.

THAT PLEASURE IS MIXED WITH EVERY PAINE.

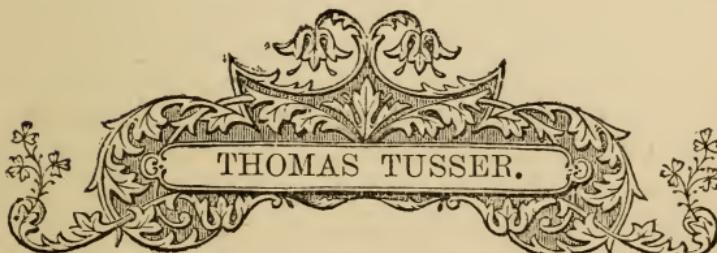
Venemous thornes that are so sharpe and kene,
Bear flowers we se full fresh and faire of hue;
Poison is also put in medicine,
And unto man his health doth oft renue;
The fire that all things eke consumeth clene,
May hurt and heale: then if that this be true,
I trust some time my harm may be my health,
Sins every woe is joynéd with some wealth.

HE RULETH NOT, THOUGH HE REIGNE OVER
REALMES, THAT IS SUBJECT TO HIS OWN
LUSTES.

If thou wilt mighty be, flee from the rage
Of cruell will, and see thou kepe thee free
From the foul yoke of sensual bondage ;
For, though thine empire stretche to Indian sea,
And for thy fear trembleth the far Thylee,
If thy desire have over thee the power,
Subject then art thou, and no governour.

If to be noble and high thy mind be moved,
Consider well thy grounde and thy beginning,
For He that hath eche starre in heaven fixed,
And geves the moone her hornes and her eclipsing,
Alike hath made the noble in his working,
So that wretched no way may thou bee,
Except foule lust and vice doe conquer thee.

All were it so thou had a flood of gold,
Unto thy thirst yet should it not suffice ;
And though with Indian stones, a thousand folde
More precious than can thyself devise,
Ycharged were thy backe ; thy covetise
And busy byting yet should never let
Thy wretched life, ne do thy death profet.



(ABOUT 1515—1580.)

THIS patriarch of our didactic poets was born at the “fair village” of Rivenhall, in Essex; and was, as he tells us in his metrical autobiography, “of lineage good, of gentle blood.” His father sent him as a chorister to Walling-

ford College, where he complains of the constant sufferings he had to undergo from the punishments inflicted upon him. On account of his fine voice, he was pressed for the choir of St. Paul's, and attained to a considerable proficiency in music. From St. Paul's he was sent to Eton, where the celebrated Nicholas Udall entertained him with Latin phrases and fifty-three stripes by way of welcome. Tusser entered at Trinity Hall, Cambridge, but his studies were interrupted by ill health. He was introduced at Court by Lord Paget, and remained there, probably in a musical capacity, for ten years. At the end of this period his disgust at the vices and dissensions of the nobles about the young king, Edward VI., outweighed his expectations of advancement. He accordingly betook himself to the practice of agriculture successively at Ratwood, in Suffolk, at Ipswich, and at West Dereham. At Norwich we find him, after a time, officiating as a member of the cathedral choir. Throughout his various migrations and his desultory occupations he continued faithful to the faculty of failure with which Nature had bounteously gifted him; and he died poor, in London, about the year 1580. He was buried at St. Mildred's Church, in the Poultry.

His quaint and not always untuneful poem, called "A Hundred Good Points of Husbandrie," has for its great object to incite to the pursuit of gain and godliness. No one has ever whispered that he did not practise the religious precepts he inculcated; but the falling off of his life from the thriftiness which he professed has been more than once a provocative to pleasantry:—

"Tusser, they tell me, when thou wert alive,
Thou, teaching thrift, thyself couldst never thrive:
So, like the whetstone, many men are wont
To sharpen others when themselves are blunt."

A DESCRIPTION OF LIFE AND RICHES.

Who living but daily discerne it he may,
How life as a shadow doth vanish away :
And nothing to count on, so sure to trust,
As sure of death, and to turne to the dust.

The lands and the riches that here we possesse,
Be none of our owne if a God we professe :
But lent us of Him, as his talent of gold,
Which being demanded, who can it with-hold ?

God maketh no writing, that justly doth say,
How long we shall have it, a yeare or a day :
But leve it we must (howsoever we leve)
When *Atrop* shall pluck us from thence by the sleeve

To death we must stoope, be we hie, be we low,
But how, and how sodainely, few be that know :
What carry we then but a sheet to the grave,
To cover this carkasse of all that we have ?

POSIES FOR THINE OWNE BED-CHAMBER.

What wisdome more, what better life, than pleaseth God
to send ?

What worldly goods, what longer use, than pleaseth God
to lend ?

What better fare than well content, agreeing with thy
wealth ?

What better ghest than trusty friend in sicknes and in
health ?

What better bed than conscience good, to passe the night
with sleepe ?

What better worke than daily care, from sin thy selfe to
keepe ?

What better thought than think on God, and daily Him
to serve ?

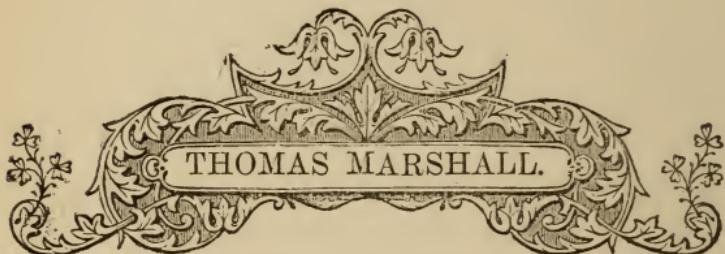
What better gift than to the poore, that ready be to
sterve ?

What greater praise of God and man than mercy for to shew?

Who, mercilesse, shall mercy find, that mercy shews to few?

What worse despaire than loth to dye, for feare to go to hell?

What greater faith than trust in God, through Christ in heaven to dwell?



THOMAS MARSHALL is a name, and little more; it is only known that he contributed the following poem to the first edition of the "Paradise of Dainty Devices," published in 1576.

Though Fortune have set thee on high,
Remember yet that thou shalt die.

To die, Dame Nature did man frame,
Death is a thing most perfect sure:
We ought not Nature's works to blame,
She made nothing still to endure.
That law she made, when we were born,
That hence we should return again:
To render right we must not scorn,
Death is due debt, it is no pain.

The civil law doth bid restore
That thou hast taken up of trust:
Thy life is lent; thou must therefore
Repay, except thou be unjust.

This life is like a pointed race,
To the end whereof when man hath trode,
He must return to former place,
He may not still remain abroad.

Death hath in the earth a right,
His power is great, it stretcheth far :
No lord, no prince, can scape his might,
No creature can his duty bar.
The wise, the just, the strong, the high,
The chaste, the meek, the free of heart,
The rich, the poor,—who can deny ?
Have yielded all unto his dart.

Could *Hercules*, that tamed each wight ;
Or else *Ulisses* with his wit ;
Or *Janus*, who had all foresight ;
Or chaste *Hypolit*, scape the pit ?
Could *Cresus* with his bags of gold ;
Or *Irus* with his hungry pain ;
Or *Signus* through his hardiness bold,
Drive back the days of Death again ?

Seeing no man can Death escape,
Nor hire him hence for any gain ;
We ought not fear his carrion shape,
He only brings evil men to pain.
If thou have led thy life aright,
Death is the end of misery :
If thou in God hast thy delight,
Thou diest, to live eternally.

Each wight, therefore, while he lives here,
Let him think on his dying day :
In midst of wealth, in midst of cheer,
Let him accompt he must away :
This thought makes man to God a friend,
This thought doth banish pride and sin :
This thought doth bring a man in th' end
Where he of Death the field shall win.



(1562—1595.)

ROBERT SOUTHWELL, third son of Richard Southwell, Esq., of Horsham St. Faith's, in the county of Norfolk, was born in the year 1562. At the age of fifteen he was sent to Paris for education, and placed under the religious instruction of Father Thomas Darbyshire, a nephew of Bishop Bonner, and one of the earliest amongst the English members of the Society of Jesus. Southwell soon imbibed an ardent and almost impatient desire to be admitted to the same society; into which he was received at Rome on the 17th of October, 1578, whilst still only sixteen years of age. At Rome, after a short interval of absence, he entered upon a course of philosophy and theology; in which he so brilliantly distinguished himself that he was appointed prefect of the English college in that city. In 1584, he repaired to England as a missionary priest, and for some years zealously, but without public offence, exercised the functions of that office amongst the scattered adherents of his creed.

The sensitive and persecuting jealousy cherished by the government towards the Roman Catholics, which had been exhibited with frequent severity from the time of the intrigues for and against the Queen of Scots, caused the apprehension of Southwell in 1592. In the course of a few weeks' private imprisonment he is said to have been ten times put to the torture; and to have endured his agonies with heroic fortitude and reticence. He was re-

moved to the Gatehouse of Westminster, whence, after two months' confinement, he was transferred to a vile and noisome dungeon in the Tower. At the end of three years' close detention, he was, upon petition, brought to trial at Westminster. By his own confession he was found guilty of the then capital offence of being a Romish priest, and administering the sacraments of his church. He was executed at Tyburn, February the 22nd, 1595.

His two most considerable poems, "St. Peter's Complaint" and "Mary Magdalene's Funeral Tears," were written during the period of his imprisonment, and are remarkable for exhibiting no trace of acrimony towards either the authors or the instruments of his sufferings. A spirit of plaintive resignation or of manly and Christian fortitude breathes through even the saddest of his productions. Although they have lately been comparatively neglected, Southwell's works enjoyed a popularity which, between the years 1593 and 1600, carried them through no fewer than eleven editions.

TIMES GO BY TURNS.

The loppéd tree in time may grow again;
Most naked plants renew both fruit and flower;
The sorest wight may find release of pain,
The driest soil suck in some moistening shower;
Times go by turns, and chances change by course,
From foul to fair, from better hap to worse.

The sea of Fortune doth not ever flow,
She draws her favours to the lowest ebb;
Her tide hath equal times to come and go;
Her loom doth weave the fine and coarsest web;
No joy so great but runneth to an end,
No hap so hard but may in fine amend.

Not always fall of leaf, nor ever spring,

Not endless night, yet not eternal day :

The saddest birds a season find to sing,

The roughest storm a calm may soon allay.

Thus with succeeding turns God tempereth all,
That man may hope to rise, yet fear to fall.

A chance may win that by mischance was lost ;

That net that holds no great, takes little fish ;

In some things all, in all things none are crossed ;

Few all they need, but none have all they wish ;
Unmeddled joys here to no man befall ;
Who least, hath some ; who most, hath never all.

UPON THE IMAGE OF DEATH.*

Before my face the picture hangs,

That daily should put me in mind

Of those cold qualms† and bitter pangs

That shortly I am like to find ;

But yet, alas ! full little I

Do think hercon, that I must die.

I often look upon a face

Most ugly, grisly, bare, and thin ;

I often view the hollow place,

Where eyes and nose had sometime been ;

I see the bones across that lie,

Yet little think that I must die.

I read the label underneath,

That telleth me whereto I must ;

I see the sentence eke that saith,

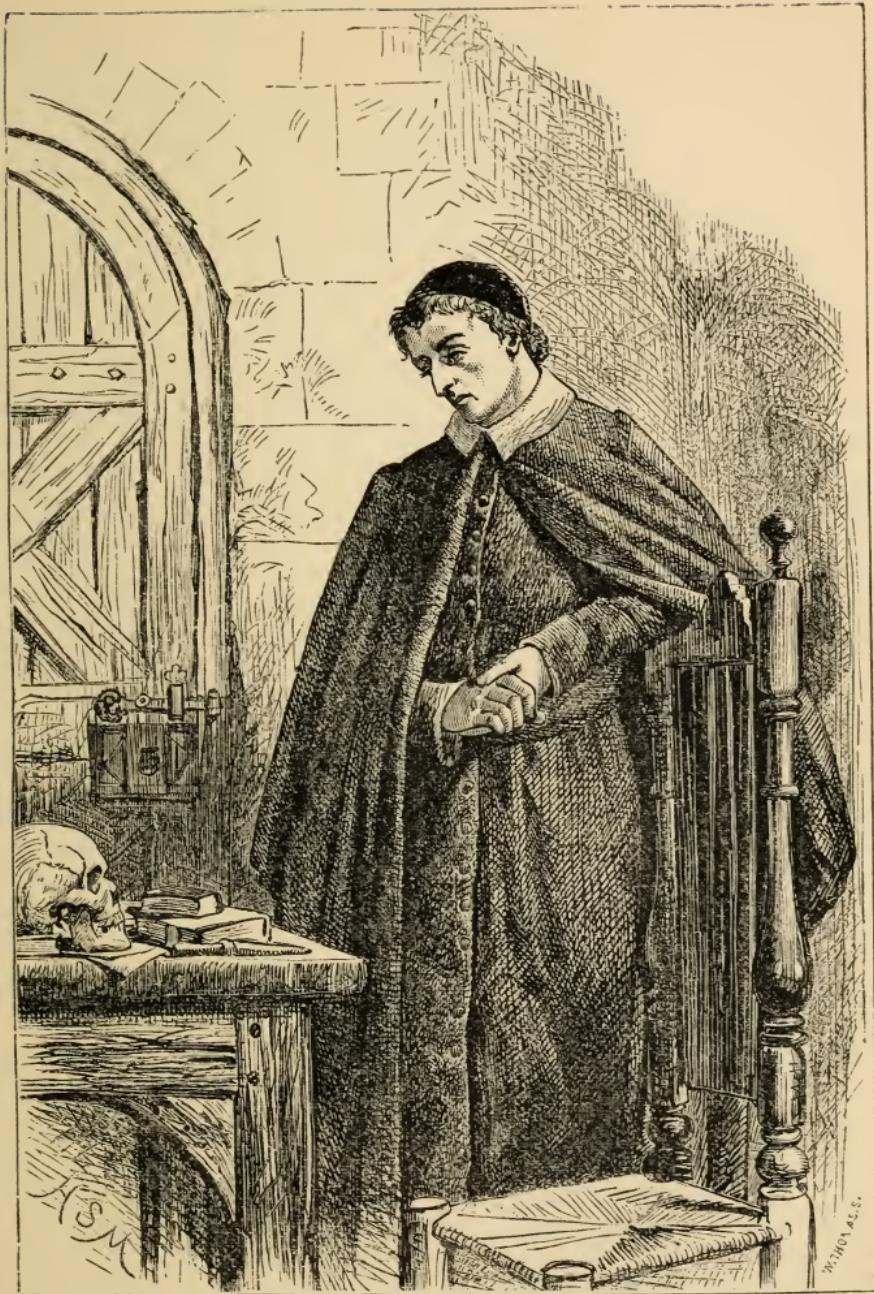
“ Remember, man, thou art but dust : ”

But yet, alas ! but seldom I

Do think indeed that I must die.

* As this poem is one of two which appeared in the edition of Wastell's "Microbiblion," published in 1629, the following may be offered as direct and conclusive evidence that it belongs to Southwell. The full title of the "Mæoniae," 1595, of which it forms a part, is as follows :—"Mæoniae; or certain excellent poems and spiritual hymns omitted in the last impression of 'Peter's Complaint,' being needful thereunto to be annexed, as being both divine and wittie. All composed by R. S." There are in addition internal reasons, arising from the creed, the circumstances, and the order to which Southwell belonged, which naturally suggest themselves as tending to identify him as the author.

† With Ellis, we here use Wastell's gloss. "Qualms," is a happy substitution for "names," a word which makes half this line, according to the text of Southwell, without point or meaning.



THE IMAGE OF DEATH.—*Page 32.*

Continually at my bed's head
 A hearse doth hang, which doth me tell,
 That I ere morning may be dead,
 Though now I feel myself full well;
 But yet, alas! for all this, I
 Have little mind that I must die.

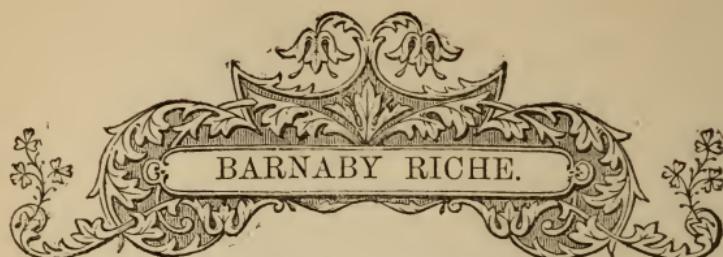
The gown which I do use to wear,
 The knife wherewith I cut my meat;
 And eke that old and ancient chair
 Which is my only usual seat:
 All these do tell me I must die,
 And yet my life amend not I.

My ancestors are turned to clay,
 And many of my mates are gone;
 My youngers daily drop away,
 And can I think to 'scape alone?
 No, no! I know that I must die,
 And yet my life amend not I.

Not Solomon, for all his wit,
 Nor Samson, though he were so strong;
 No king, no person, ever yet
 Could 'scape, but Death laid him along:
 Wherefore I know that I must die,
 And yet my life amend not I.

Though all the East did quake to hear
 Of Alexander's dreadful name;
 And all the West did likewise fear
 To hear of Julius Cæsar's fame,
 Yet both by Death in dust now lie;
 Who then can 'scape, but he must die?

If none can 'scape Death's dreadful dart,
 If rich and poor his beck obey;
 If strong, if wise, if all do smart,
 Then I to 'scape shall have no way.
 Oh! grant me grace, O God! that I
 My life may mend, sith I must die!



(ABOUT 1550—ABOUT 1625.)

THE first edition of the "Paradise of Dainty Devices" contains five poems by a writer who employs the graceful cryptonyme of "My Lucke is Losse." From the occurrence of a similar expression in a poem authenticated by Riche—an "Epitaph upon the death of Sir William Drury"—there is a presumption that he is the writer whose modesty sheltered under that singular *nom de plume*; a presumption which is strengthened by comparing it with his motto, *Malui me divitem esse, quam vocari*. Nothing is known of the time or place either of his birth or his death. The above dates of these several events have been given as approximate, from observing that his first production was in 1574, and his last in 1624; and from the absurdity, considering his inveterate fecundity, of believing that he long survived his final literary effort. His twenty-six works did not circulate extensively in his lifetime, and they have since enjoyed chiefly the untroubled immortality of the shelf. The following psalm of human instability is worthy of re-presentation.

WHAT JOY TO A CONTENTED MIND.

The faith that fails, must needs be thought untrue;

The friend that feigns, who holdeth not unjust?

Who likes that love that changeth still for new?

Who hopes for truth where troth is void of trust?

No faith, no friend, no love, no troth so sure,

But rather fail, than steadfastly endure.

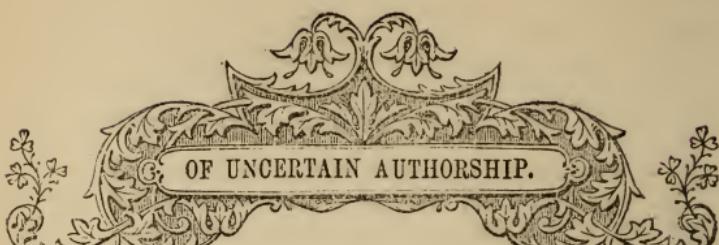
What head so staid that altereth not intent?
What thought so sure that steadfast doth remain?
What wit so wise that never needs repent?
What tongue so true but sometime wonts to feign?
What foot so firm that never treads awry?
What sooner dimmed than sight of clearest eye?

What heart so fixed but soon inclines to change?
What mood so mild that never moved debate?
What faith so strong but lightly takes to range?
What love so true that never learned to hate?
What life so pure that lasts without offence?
What worldly mind but moves with ill pretence?

What knot so fast that may not be untied?
What seal so sure but fraud or force shall break?
What prop of stay but one time shrinks aside?
What ship so staunch that never had a leak?
What grant so large that no exception makes?
What hepéd help but friend at need forsakes?

What seat so high but low to ground may fall?
What haps so good that never found mislike?
What state so sure but subject is to thrall?
What force prevails where Fortune lists to strike?
What wealth so much but time may turn to want?
What store so great but wasting maketh scant?

What profits hope in depth of danger's thrall?
What ruste in time but waxeth worse and worse?
What helps good heart if Fortune frown withal?
What blessing thrives 'gainst heavenly helpless curse?
What wins desire to get and can not gain?
What boots to wish and never to obtain?



(ABOUT 1596.)

THE following beautiful poem has been claimed on behalf of a considerable number of authors. Bishop Percy assigns it to Sir Walter Raleigh, who is said to have written it the night before his execution. Such an account of it is clearly indefensible from the fact that, whereas Raleigh was not executed till the year 1618, this poem had been published in the second edition of Francis Davison's "Poetical Rhapsody," in 1608; and had, moreover, found a place in a manuscript collection of poems completed some years earlier. There is no direct evidence that it was written by Raleigh at all. It appears, indeed, with the title of "The Farewell," amongst Raleigh's poems in the edition of Sir Egerton Brydges; but that ingenious antiquarian objects that it is found in a MS. collection in the British Museum, of date 1596. (It occurs, it may be parenthetically remarked, in numbers 2296 and 6910 of the Harleian MSS. The latter, evidently the one referred to, is a singularly beautiful volume; but Sir Egerton Brydges has been hasty in attaching to it *as a whole* the date 1596. This date certainly appears in it, but it is at the end of the ninth group of poems, fol. 74; whilst the "satirical ballad of Go Soul, etc., " is at the head of group number eighteen, and on folios 141, 142. The nearness of the time of its insertion to the year mentioned, would, therefore, depend either upon the collector's opportunities or his industry; or, to group both these into one expres-

sion, upon his rate of compilation. After this explanation, the assertion of Sir E. Brydges that this poem is found in a MS. volume of date 1596, may be accepted with the addition of the alternative clause, *or a short time after*. It is likely, and indeed all but evident, that it must have been known more or less widely by the end of the sixteenth century.)

Mr. Ellis in his "Specimens," refers it provisionally, "until a more authorized claimant shall be produced," to Joshua Sylvester, on the ground that it had appeared in an issue of that writer's poems, under the conduct of an editor who was, presumably, well informed. The inconclusiveness of such an argument will be understood from the fact that the claim of Lord Pembroke, resting on precisely the same basis, is of precisely the same validity.

Ritson puts forward another candidate for the keenly contested honour. He asserts unhesitatingly, in his "Bibliographia Poetica," that "the 'Answer to the Lie,' usually ascribed to Raleigh, and pretended to have been written the night before his execution, was, in fact, by Francis Davison." But the objection which Campbell urges against Davison's claim on the score of his youth—Davison was only twenty-one years old in 1596—seems perfectly valid. It is altogether improbable that a satire, which bears in every line the stamp of authority and first-hand experience, should have been the product of an age the proper attributes of which are enthusiasm and anticipation. Not even the contemplation of the dilapidated fortune of the secretary, his father, could so early have broken Davison in to such a view of worldly sterility and hollowness.

Some other critics seem to have drawn lots for the claimant whose pretensions they would enforce; or else to have referred the piece to the particular poet whom they personally held in greatest esteem. Probably its authorship will never be ascertained; certainly, up to the

present time, it is a case in which investigation vindicates itself as a process by which we successfully arrive at indecision; and it is judicious to keep back an expression of opinion which must be in great part capricious.

This most brilliant of the scattered family of the fatherless can well afford to owe nothing to ancestry. The clamour for its appropriation will, it is hoped, excuse the length of a notice which, wherever it may tend to fix or to unfix probability, is at least in the direction of truth.

THE LIE ;

OR, THE SOUL'S ERRAND.

Go, soul, the body's guest,
Upon a thankless arrant;
Fear not to touch the best,
The truth shall be thy warrant :
 Go, since I needs must die,
 And give the world the lie.

Say to the Court, it glows,
And shines like rotten wood;
Say to the Church, it shows
What's good, and doth no good :
 If Church and Court reply,
 Then give them both the lie.

Tell Potentates they live,
Acting by others' actions ;
Not loved, unless they give,
Not strong but by their factious :
 If Potentates reply,
 Give Potentates the lie.

Tell men of high condition
That, in affairs of state,
Their purpose is ambition,
Their practice only hate :
 And if they once reply,
 Then give them all the lie.

Tell them that brave it most,
They beg for more by spending,
Who in their greatest cost
Seek nothing but commanding:

And if they make reply,
Give them likewise the lie.

Tell zeal it lacks devotion;
Tell love it is but lust;
Tell time it is but motion;
Tell flesh it is but dust:
And wish them not reply,
For thou must give the lie.

Tell age it daily wasteth;
Tell honour how it alters;
Tell Beauty how she blasteth;
Tell favour how it falters;
And as they shall reply,
Give every one the lie.

Tell Wit how much she wrangles
In tickle points of niceness;
Tell Wisdom she entangles
Herself by much preciseness:
And when they do reply,
Straight give them both the lie.

Tell Physic of her boldness;
Tell skill it is pretension;
Tell Charity of coldness;
Tell law it is contention:
And as they do reply,
So give them still the lie.

Tell Fortune of her blindness;
Tell Nature of decay;
Tell Friendship of unkindness;
Tell Justice of delay:
And if they will reply,
Then give them all the lie.

Tell Arts they have no soundness,
And vary by esteeming;
Tell Schools they want profoundness,
And stand too much on seeming:
If Arts and Schools reply,
Give Arts and Schools the lie.

Tell faith it's fled the city:
 Tell how the country erreth;
 Tell, manhood shakes off pity;
 Tell, virtue least preferreth:
 And if they do reply,
 Spare not to give the lie.

So when thou hast, as I
 Commanded thee, done blabbing:
 Although to give the lie
 Deserves no less than stabbing;
 Stab at thee who that will,
 No stab the soul can kill!



(ABOUT 1553—1598-9.)

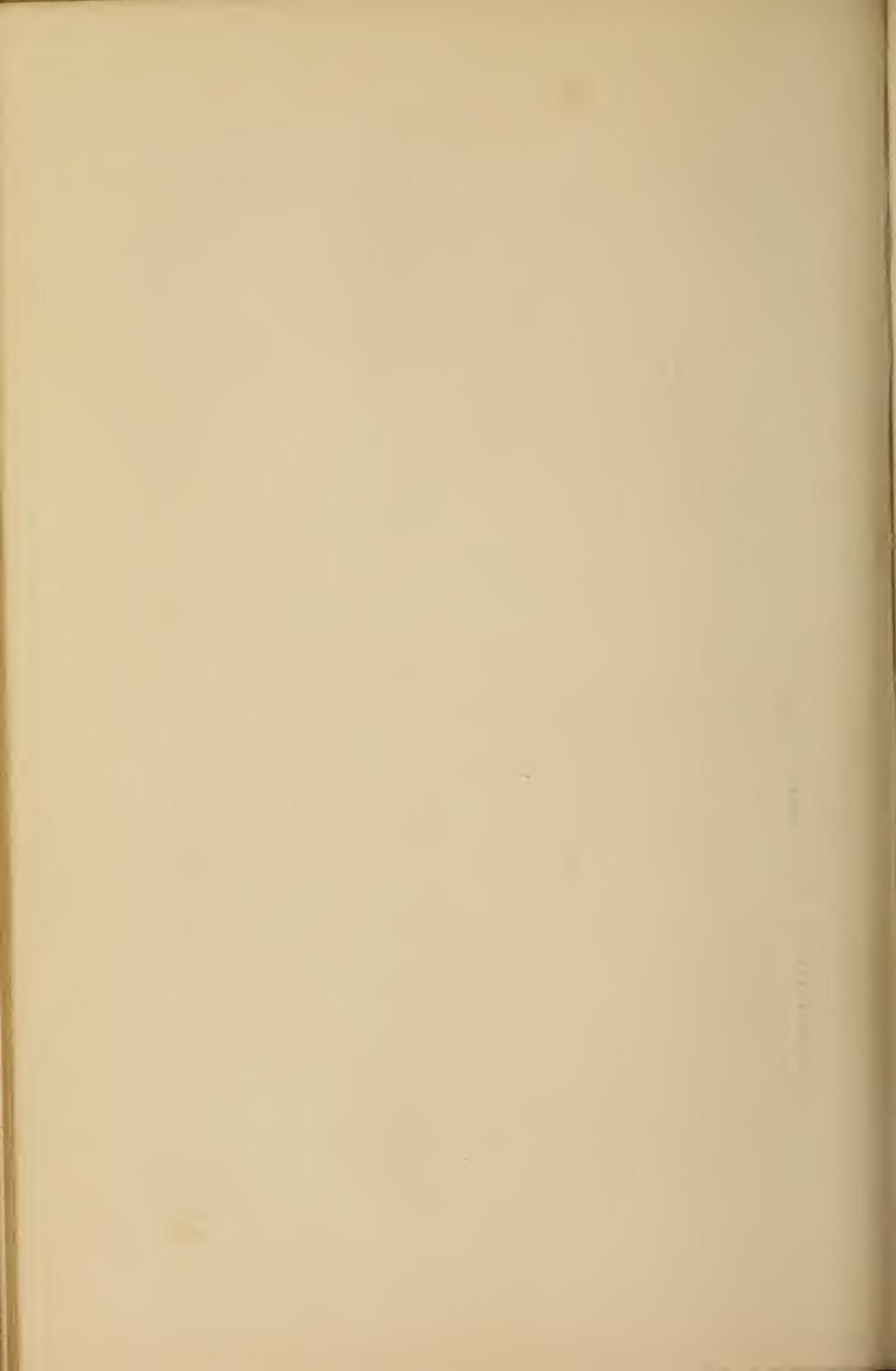
EDMUND SPENSER is the second great landmark, to adopt the figure of Pope, “in the general course of our poetry.” Of his pedigree nothing is known further than that he claimed consanguinity with the noble family of his name, whose members so frequently illustrate the county archives of Northamptonshire, and who were themselves descended from a younger branch of the Despensers, anciently Earls of Gloucester and Winchester. His degree of affinity is, however, unknown, and the links of the connection severed or untraceable.

Spenser was born in East Smithfield, in the immediate neighbourhood of the Tower of London, about 1553; and his early years, it has been reasonably surmised, were passed in the cold shade of poverty and dependence. He entered Pembroke Hall, Cambridge, as a sizar, on the



THE POOR WAYFARER.—*Page 337.*

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."—MATTHEW XXV. 40.



20th of May, 1569; and the “*Theatre for Worldlings*,” a collection of fugitive pieces published in the same year, contains some poems which, upon internal evidence, have been referred to him. On the 16th of January, 1573, he took his degree of B.A., and proceeded M.A. in June, 1576. It has been stated that Spenser was a defeated candidate for a fellowship which Andrews, afterwards successively Bishop of Chester, Ely, and Winchester, more fortunately disputed with him. But, in fact, the rival of Andrews was Thomas Dove, afterwards Bishop of Peterborough; and Spenser’s prospects of a fellowship were ruined, as we learn from a letter of his friend, Gabriel Harvey, by an unlucky misunderstanding with persons of academical position and influence so powerful as to make their enmity fatal to his chances of advancement at Cambridge. In these circumstances he availed himself of a home offered him by some friends in the north of England, amongst whom he either resided as a guest, or, as is more probable, turned his learning to account in the performance of the duties of a tutor.

It was during his retirement here that he was called upon to prove the anguish of tricked and insulted affection. His mistress had perception enough to discover that he had “all the intelligences at command,” and taste enough to transfer her worthless love to some booby-ancestor, it is to be charitably hoped, of the husband of the fickle heroine of “*Locksley Hall*.” After a time, when the paroxysmal had subsided and softened into the tuneful phase of sorrow, Spenser, in several eclogues of the “*Shepherd’s Calendar*,” published in 1579, and dedicated to Sir Philip Sidney, laments his hopeless passion and his blasted life. Whilst he personified himself as Colin Clout—a designation which would severely test the erotic indifference even of a Juliet to nominal peculiarities—Spenser is magnanimous enough to bestow upon his heartless fair one the fresh, blushingly beautiful name of

Rosalind—a name which Lodge, appropriating for the heroine of his “Euphues Golden Legacie” (1590), handed down, along with incidents of which the original or the germ is to be found in “The Coke’s Tale of Gamelyn,” to be immortalized by Shakespere in “As You Like It.”

Pastoral poetry is very liable to collapse at the first rude breath of realism. In these days it is simply a “thing which is not;” unless, indeed, by the banks of some trickling tributary of the Yarra Yarra, competitive lyres are sounded for the guerdon of a kangaroo ham, which erst were strung by the Cam or the Isis. Perhaps, therefore, it is not much to object to any pastorals that they are not in strictest conformity with Nature. Spenser’s shepherds are skilled in the art dialectic, and his folds are little less abstruse and learned than the council-hall of Milton’s Pandæmonium. In an evil hour for the poet—for their animadversions gave lasting offence to Lord Burleigh*—his pastoral and polemical creations discussed the relative merits of Popery and Protestantism; and judged, *ultra crepidam*, beyond the literal crook, the characters of Bishop Aylmer and Archbishop Grindal.

Harvey, the Hobbinol of the “Shepherd’s Calendar,” persuaded Spenser to London, and procured for him an

* The following anecdote, though not authentic enough for the text, may be sufficiently amusing for a note. It is quoted from Fuller. “There passeth a story commonly told and believed, that Spenser presenting his poems to Queen Elizabeth, she, highly affected therewith, commanded the Lord Cecil, her treasurer, to give him an hundred pound: and when the treasurer (a good steward of the queen’s money) alledged that sum was too much, then give him (quoth the queen) what is reason; to which the lord consented, but was so busied, belike, about matters of higher concernment, that Spenser received no reward; whereupon he presented this petition in a small piece of paper to the queen in her progress—

‘I was promised on a time,
To have reason for my rhyme;
From that time unto this season,
I received nor rhyme nor reason.’

Hereupon the queen gave strict order (not without some check to her treasurer) for the present payment of the hundred pounds she first intended unto him.”

introduction to Sir Philip Sidney, whose patronage and hospitality the poet acknowledged by dedicating his work to that “noble and virtuous gentleman, most worthy of all titles both of learning and chivalry.”

In 1579 Spenser was employed by Sidney’s uncle, the Earl of Leicester, on some business abroad; and, returning, was sent to Ireland as secretary to Arthur, Lord Grey of Walton, who was appointed lord deputy of that kingdom in 1580. He discharged the duties of his office in such a way as triumphantly to establish the compatibility of poetical genius with business-like routine and precision; whilst his political sagacity is sufficiently evidenced by his “View of the State of Ireland,” which, probably first meditated at this time, was presented in manuscript to the Queen in 1596, and published by Sir James Ware in 1633. On the recall of Lord Grey in 1582, Spenser accompanied him to England, and spent four years there, probably in the composition of the “Faerie Queene.” The favour of Lord Grey, Leicester, and Sidney, procured for Spenser in 1586 a grant of 3028 acres of land in the county of Cork, being a part of the confiscated estates of the Earl of Desmond, of which Sir Walter Raleigh had previously obtained 12,000 acres in acknowledgment of his military services in Ireland. On the 16th of October, in the same year, the gallant and generous Sidney fell at the battle of Zutphen; and his spotless memory was embalmed by Spenser in the pastoral elegy of “Astrophel,” which is traceably a progenitor of the greater “Lycidas” of Milton.

Instead of following Spenser through the publication of a number of works from which no specimen is offered, and which are either in everybody’s hands or are easily accessible, we may here stay to give a list of his lost or missing pieces. These are said to be his “Translation of Ecclesiasticus;” “Translation of Canticum Canticorum;” “The Dying Pelican;” “The Hours of our Lord;” “The

Sacrifice of a Sinner;" "The Seven Psalms;" "Dreams;" "The English Poet;" "Legends;" "The Court of Cupid;" "The Hell of Lovers;" his "Purgatory;" "A Se'ennight's Slumber;" "Pageants;" "Nine Comedies;" "Stemmata Dudleiana;" and "Epithalamion Thamesis."

It was necessary, by the terms of his patent, that Spenser should reside on his estate, and superintend its cultivation and improvement. He accordingly took up his abode in Kilcolman Castle, an ancient stronghold of the Earls of Desmond, romantically situated by the side of a lake, in the midst of a large plain shut in by mountains, and intersected by the river Mulla. Here, not long after, Sir Walter Raleigh, the "Shepherd of the Ocean," visited the poet; and both, during this visit, seem to have sat—

"Amongst the coolly shade
Of the green alders by the Mulla's shore,"

and to have read together the manuscript of the "Faerie Queene," the gorgeousness of which fascinated the sympathetic soul of Sir Walter. To such "fit audience" did the great bard rehearse the sage and solemn tunes in which he had—

"sung
Of turneys, and of trophies hung,
Of forests, and enchantments drear,
Where more is meant than meets the ear."

Spenser accompanied his illustrious friend to London, and published in 1590 the "Faerie Queene; disposed into twelve Books, fashioning twelve Moral Virtues." This edition contained only the first three books, with the complimentary verses to and by the author which were common in his day. Of this, his great work, Spenser himself, in a conversation extracted from his friend Ludowick Bryskett's "Discourse of Civill Life," is made to say, "I have already undertaken a work in heroical verse, under the title of a 'Faerie Queene,'

tending to represent all the moral virtues, assigning to every virtue a knight to be patron and defender of the same, in whose actions, feats of arms, and chivalry, the operations of that virtue whereof he is the protector are to be expressed, and the vices and unruly appetites that oppose themselves against the same to be beaten down and overcome." In 1590-1 Queen Elizabeth, to whom Raleigh presented him, conferred on Spenser a pension of fifty pounds a year; and the discovery of the grant of this pension in the Chapel of the Rolls by Mr. Malone, frees Lord Burleigh from the suspicion of having intercepted the intended bounty of the sovereign. It is creditable to Burleigh—and his character wants all the credit of this kind that can be decently claimed—if he did not put into practical form the undoubted coldness, dashed with party bitterness, which marked the relations subsisting between the statesman and the poet.

Spenser appears to have closed a courtship, the successful progress of which is traced in his "Amoretti," by a marriage with a lady whose Christian name was probably Elizabeth, but of whose family nothing is known. This marriage was celebrated in Ireland, on St. Barnabas' Day, 1594. In 1596 Spenser published the fourth, fifth, and sixth books of the "Faerie Queene;" and these were destined to be the last: for the remaining six, even if they were ever completed, were—with the exception of two imperfect cantos of "Mutability"—either lost through the carelessness of a servant to whom they were entrusted, or consumed in the flames which the adherents of Tyrone applied to the poet's dwelling of Kilcolman, and in which, besides these children of his brain, his infant son perished, having been overlooked in the hurried flight of the household.

Spenser died at an inn in King Street, Westminster, on the 16th of January, 1598-9, very soon after his escape to England as a land of refuge. Whether we adopt the

version of Camden, or Jonson, or Fuller, as to the circumstances of Spenser's death, we can arrive at nothing but gloom and sadness. It is not necessary to believe the worst account, which, as given by Ben Jonson in his conversations with Drummond, states that the poet "died for lack of bread in King Street, and refused twenty pieces sent to him by my Lord of Essex, and said, 'He was sorrie he had no time to spend them.' " With reference to this, the wish may rather the thought that "rare Ben Jonson" was not the man to walk all the way from London to Haworthden merely that he might "a plain unvarnished tale deliver." The high colouring of the picture is suggestive of maudlin accessories on the part of the artist. It is less painful to leave the alternative starving or spirit-broken circumstances of Spenser's death undisturbed; and to know that his funeral expenses were defrayed by the Earl of Essex, who buried him in Westminster Abbey, close to the tomb of Chaucer, by whose side he had always wished to rest. The last glimpse we have of Spenser personally is afforded us by Camden; and it is the beautiful and beautifully befitting one of "his hearse being attended by poets, and mournful elegies and poems, with the pens that wrote them, thrown into his tomb."

Three short extracts are presented from the "Faerie Queene;" one of the minor merits of the first six books of which magnificent poem, it may be said, not invidiously, was of the kind that of old kept up the value of the Sibylline oracles. The hymn "On Heavenly Love" is the third of a series of four which the poet published in the same year that saw the issue of the second and last instalment of the "Faerie Queene." These hymns were dedicated "To the right honourable and most virtuous ladies, the Lady Margaret, Countess of Cumberland, and the Lady Mary, Countess of Warwick." The following is Spenser's own narrative of their production:—"Having,

in the green times of my youth, composed these former two hymns in the praise of love and beauty, and finding that the same too much pleased those of like age and disposition, which being too vehemently carried with that kind of affection, do rather suck out poison to their strong passion than honey to their honest delight, I was moved by the one of you two most excellent ladies to call in the same; but being unable to do so, by reason that many copies thereof were formerly scattered abroad, I resolved at least to amend, and by way of retraction, to reform them, making (instead of those two hymns of earthly, or material love and beauty) two others of heavenly and celestial, the which I do dedicate jointly unto you two honourable sisters, as to the most excellent and rare ornaments of all true love and beauty, both in the one and in the other kind."

HYMN ON HEAVENLY LOVE.

Love, lift me up upon thy golden wings
 From this base world unto thy heaven's height,
 Where I may see those admirable things
 Which there thou workest by thy sovereign might,
 Far above feeble reach of earthly sight,
 That I thereof an heavenly hymn may sing,
 Unto the God of Love, high heaven's King.

Many lewd lays (ah ! woe is me the more !)
 In praise of that mad fit which fools call love,
 I have in th' heat of youth made heretofore,
 That in light wits did loose affection move ;
 But all those follies now I do reprove,
 And turnéd have the tenor of my string,
 The heavenly praises of true love to sing.

And ye that wont with greedy, vain desire
 To read my fault, and, wond'ring at my flame,
 To warm yourselves at my wide sparkling fire,
 Sith now that heat is quenchéd, quench my blame,
 And in her ashes shroud my dying shame ;
 For who my passéd follies now pursues,
 Begins his own, and my old fault renewes.

Before this world's great frame, in which all things
Are now contained, found any being-place,
Ere flitting Time could wag his eyas wings
About that mighty bound which doth embrace
The rolling sphere, and parts their hours by space,
That high eternal Power, which now doth move
In all these things, moved in itself by love.

It loved itself, because itself was fair
(For fair is loved), and of itself begot,
Like to itself, his eldest Son and Heir,
Eternal, pure and void of sensual blot,
The firstling of his joy, in whom no jot
Of love's dislike or pride was to be found,
Whom He therefore with equal honour crowned.

With Him He reigned before all time prescribed,
In endless glory and immortal might,
Together with that Third from them derived,
Most wise, most holy, most Almighty Sprite,
Whose kingdom's throne no thoughts of earthly wight
Can comprehend, much less my trembling verse,
With equal words can hope it to rehearse.

Yet, O most blessed Spirit ! pure lamp of light,
Eternal spring of grace and wisdom true,
Vouchsafe to send into my barren sprite
Some little drop of thy celestial dew,
That may my rhymes with sweet infuse imbrue,
And give me words equal unto my thought,
To tell the marvels by thy mercy wrought.

Yet being pregnant still with powerful grace,
And full of fruitful Love, that loves to get
Things like Himself, and to enlarge his race,
His second brood, though not of power so great,
Yet full of beauty, next He did beget,
An infinite increase of angels bright,
All glistening glorious in their Maker's light.

To them the heaven's illimitable height
(Not this round heaven, which we from hence behold,
Adorned with thousand lamps of burning light,
And with ten thousand gems of shining gold)
He gave as their inheritance to hold,
That they might serve Him in eternal bliss,
And be partakers of those joys of his.

There they in their trinal triplicities
 About Him wait, and on his will depend,
 Either with nimble wings to cut the skies,
 When He them on his messages doth send,
 Or on his own dread presence to attend,
 Where they behold the glory of his light,
 And carol hymns of love both day and night.

Both day and night is unto them all one,
 For He his beams doth unto them extend,
 That darkness here appeareth never none;
 Nor hath their day, nor hath their bliss, an end,
 But there their tameless time in pleasure spend;
 Nor ever should their happiness decay,
 Had not they dared their Lord to disobey.

But pride, impatient of long-resting peace,
 Did puff them up with greedy bold ambition,
 That they 'gan cast their state how to increase
 Above the fortune of their first condition,
 And sit in God's own seat without commission:
 The brightest angel, even the child of Light,
 Drew millions more against their God to fight.

The Almighty seeing their so bold assay,
 Kindled the flame of his consuming ire,
 And with his only breath them blew away
 From heaven's light, to which they did aspire,
 To deepest hell, and lake of damned fire,
 Where they in darkness and dread horror dwell,
 Hating the happy light from which they fell.

So that next offspring of the Maker's love,
 Next to Himself in glorious degree,
 Degenering to hate fell from above
 Through pride (for pride and love may ill agree),
 And now of sin to all ensample be:
 How then can sinful flesh itself assure,
 Sith purest angels fell to be impure?

But that eternal fount of love and grace,
 Still floweth from his goodness unto all,
 Now, seeing left a waste and empty place
 In his wide palace, through those angels' fall,
 Cast to supply the same, and to install
 A new unknowén colony therein,
 Whose root from earth's base ground-work should begin.

Therefore of clay, base, vile, and next to nought,
Yet formed by wond'rous skill, and by his might,
According to a heavenly pattern wrought,
Which He had fashioned in his wise foresight,

He man did make, and breathed a living sprite
Into his face, most beautiful and fair,
Endued with wisdom, riches heavenly rare.

Such He him made, that he resemble might
Himself, as mortal thing immortal could ;
Him to be lord of every living wight

He made by love out of his own like mould,
In whom He might his mighty self behold ;
For Love doth love the thing beloved to see
That like itself in lovely shape may be.

But man, forgetful of his Maker's grace,
No less than angels whom he did ensue,
Fell from the hope of promised heavenly place
Into the mouth of Death, to sinners due,
And all his offspring into thraldom threw,
Where they for ever should in bonds remain
Of never-dead, yet ever-dying pain.

Till that great Lord of Love which him at first
Made of mere love, and after likéd well,
Seeing him lie like creature long accurst
In that deep horror of despairéd hell,
Him, wretch in dool would let no longer dwell,
But cast out of that bondage to redeem,
And pay the price all were his debt extreme.

Out of the bosom of eternal bliss,
In which He reignéd with his glorious Sire,
He down descended, like a most demyss
And abject thrall, in flesh's frail attire,
That He for him might pay sin's deadly hire,
And him restore unto that happy state
In which he stood before his hapless fate.

In flesh at first the guilt committed was,
Therefore in flesh it must be satisfied ;
Nor sprite nor angel, though they man surpass,
Could make amends to God for man's misguide,
But only man himself, whose self did slide ;
So taking flesh of sacred Virgin's womb,
For man's dear self He did a man become.

And that most blessed body, which was born
 Without all blemish or reproachful blame,
 He freely gave to be both rent and torn
 Of cruel hands, who with despiteful shame
 Reviling Him, that them most vile became,
 At length him nailéd on a gallows tree,
 And slew the Just by most unjust decree.

O huge and most unspeakable impression
 Of Love's deep wound, that pierced the piteous heart
 Of that dear Lord with so entire affection,
 And sharply lancing every inner part,
 Dolours of death into his soul did dart,
 Doing Him die that never it deserved,
 To free his foes that from his hest had swerved !

What heart can feel least touch of so sore launch,
 Or thought can think the depth of so dear wound ?
 Whose bleeding source their streams yet never staunch,
 But still do flow, and freshly still redound,
 To heal the sores of sinful souls unsound,
 And cleanse the guilt of that infected crime
 Which was enrooted in that fleshy slime.

O blessed Well of Love ! O Flower of Grace !
 O glorious Morning Star ! O Lamp of Light !
 Most lively image of thy Father's face,
 Eternal King of Glory, Lord of Might,
 Meek Lamb of God, before all worlds behight,
 How can we Thee requite for all this good ?
 Or what can prize that thy most precious blood ?

Yet nought thou ask'st in lieu of all this love,
 But love of us for guerdon of thy pain :
 Aye me ! what can us less than that behove ?
 Had he requiréd life for us again,
 Had it been wrong to ask his own with gain ?
 He gave us life, He it restoréd lost ;
 Then life were least that us so little cost.

But He our life hath left unto us free ;
 Free that was thrall, and blessed that was bond,
 Nor aught demands but that we loving be,
 As He himself hath loved us beforehand,
 And bound thereto with an eternal band,
 Him first to love that was so dearly bought,
 And next our brethren to his image wrought.

Him first to love great right and reason is,
Who first to us our life and being gave,
And after, when we faréd had amiss,
 Us wretches from the second death did save;
 And last, the food of life, which now we have,
Even He himself, in his dear sacrament,
To feed our hungry souls unto us lent.

Then next to love our brethren that were made
 Of that self mould and that self Maker's hand
That we, and to the same again shall fade,
 Where they shall have like heritage of land,
 However here on higher steps we stand,
Which also were with self-same price redeemed
That we, however, of us light esteemed.

And were they not, yet sith that loving Lord
 Commanded us to love them for his sake,
Even for his sake, and for his sacred word,
 Which in his last bequest He to us spake,
 We should them love, and with their needs partake,
Knowing that whatsoe'er to them we give,
We give to Him by whom we all do live.

Such mercy He by his most holy reed
 Unto us taught, and, to approve it true,
Ensampled it by his most righteous deed,
 Shewing us mercy (miserable crew !)
 That we the like should to the wretches shew,
And love our brethren, thereby to approve
How much Himself that lovéd us we love.

Then rouse thyself, O Earth, out of thy soil,
 In which thou wallow'st like to filthy swine,
And dost thy mind in dirty pleasures moyl,
 Unmindful of that dearest Lord of thine ;
 Lift up to Him thy heavy clouded eyne,
That thou this sovereign bounty may'st behold,
And read, through love, his mercies manifold.

Begin from first, when He encradled was
 In simple cratch, wrapped in a wad of hay,
Between the toilful ox and humble ass,
 And in what rags and in how base array,
 The glory of our heavenly riches lay,
When Him the silly shepherds came to see,
Whom greatest princes sought on lowest knee.

From thence read on the story of his life,
 His humble carriage, his unfaulty ways,
 His cankered foes, his fights, his toil, his strife,
 His pains, his poverty, his sharp assays,
 Through which He passed his miserable days,
 Offending none, and doing good to all,
 Yet being maliced both of great and small.

And look at last, how of most wretched wights
 He taken was, betrayed, and false accused,
 How with most scornful taunts, and fell despites,
 He was reviled, disgraced, and foul abused;
 How scourged, how crowned, how buffeted, how bruised;
 And, lastly, how twixt robbers crucified,
 With bitter wound through hand, through feet, and side !

Then let thy flinty heart that feels no pain,
 Empierced be with pitiful remorse,
 And let thy bowels bleed in every vein
 At sight of his most sacred heavenly corse,
 So torn and mangled with malicious force;
 And let thy soul whose sins his sorrows wrought,
 Melt into tears and groan in grievéd thought.

With sense whereof, whilst so thy softened spirit
 Is inly touched, and humbled with meek zeal,
 Through meditation of his endless merit,
 Lift up thy mind to th' Author of thy weal,
 And to his sovereign mercy do appeal;
 Learn Him to love that lovéd thee so dear,
 And in thy breast his blessed image bear.

With all thy heart, with all thy soul and mind,
 Thou must Him love, and his behests embrace;
 All other loves with which the earth doth blind
 Weak fancies, and stir up affections base,
 Thou must renounce and utterly displace,
 And give thyself unto Him full and free,
 That full and freely gave Himself for thee.

Then shalt thou feel thy spirit so possest,
 And ravish't with devouring great desire
 Of his dear self, that shall thy feeble breast
 Inflame with love, and set thee all on fire
 With burning zeal, through every part entire,
 That in no earthly thing thou shalt delight,
 But in his sweet and amiable sight.

Thenceforth all world's desire will in thee die,
 And all earth's glory, on which men do gaze,
 Seem dirt and dross in thy pure-sighted eye,
 Compared to that celestial beauty's blaze,
 Whose glorious beams all fleshly sense doth daze,
 With admiration of their passing light,
 Blinding the eyes and 'lumining the sprite.

Then shall thy ravish'd soul inspiréd be
 With heavenly thoughts far above human skill,
 And thy bright radiant eyes shall plainly see
 Th' idea of his pure glory present still
 Before thy face, that all thy spirits shall fill
 With sweet enrageament of celestial love,
 Kindled through sight of those fair things above.

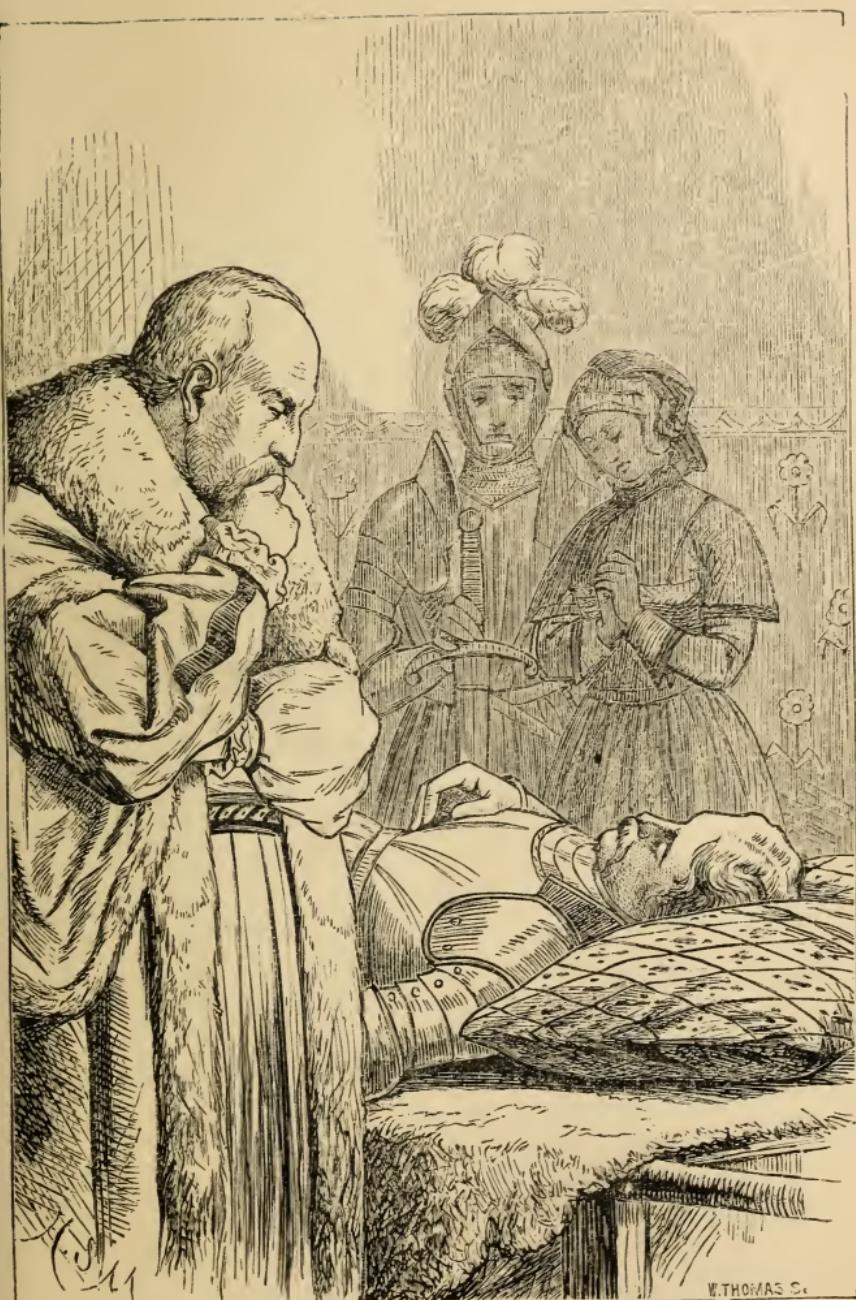
MINISTRATION OF ANGELS.

And is there care in heaven ? And is there love
 In heavenly spirits to these creatures base
 That may compassion of their evils move ?
 There is : else much more wretched were the case
 Of men than beasts : But O ! th' exceeding grace
 Of highest God, that loves his creatures so ;
 And all his works with mercy doth embrace,
 That blessed angels He sends to and fro,
 To serve to wicked man—to serve his wicked foe !

How oft do they their silver bowers leave
 To come to succour us that succour want !
 How oft do they with golden pinions cleave
 The flitting skies, like flying pursuivant,
 Against foul fiends to aid us militant !
 They for us fight, they watch and duly ward,
 And their bright squadrons round about us plant ;
 And all for love and nothing for reward :
 O, why should heavenly God to men have such regard ?

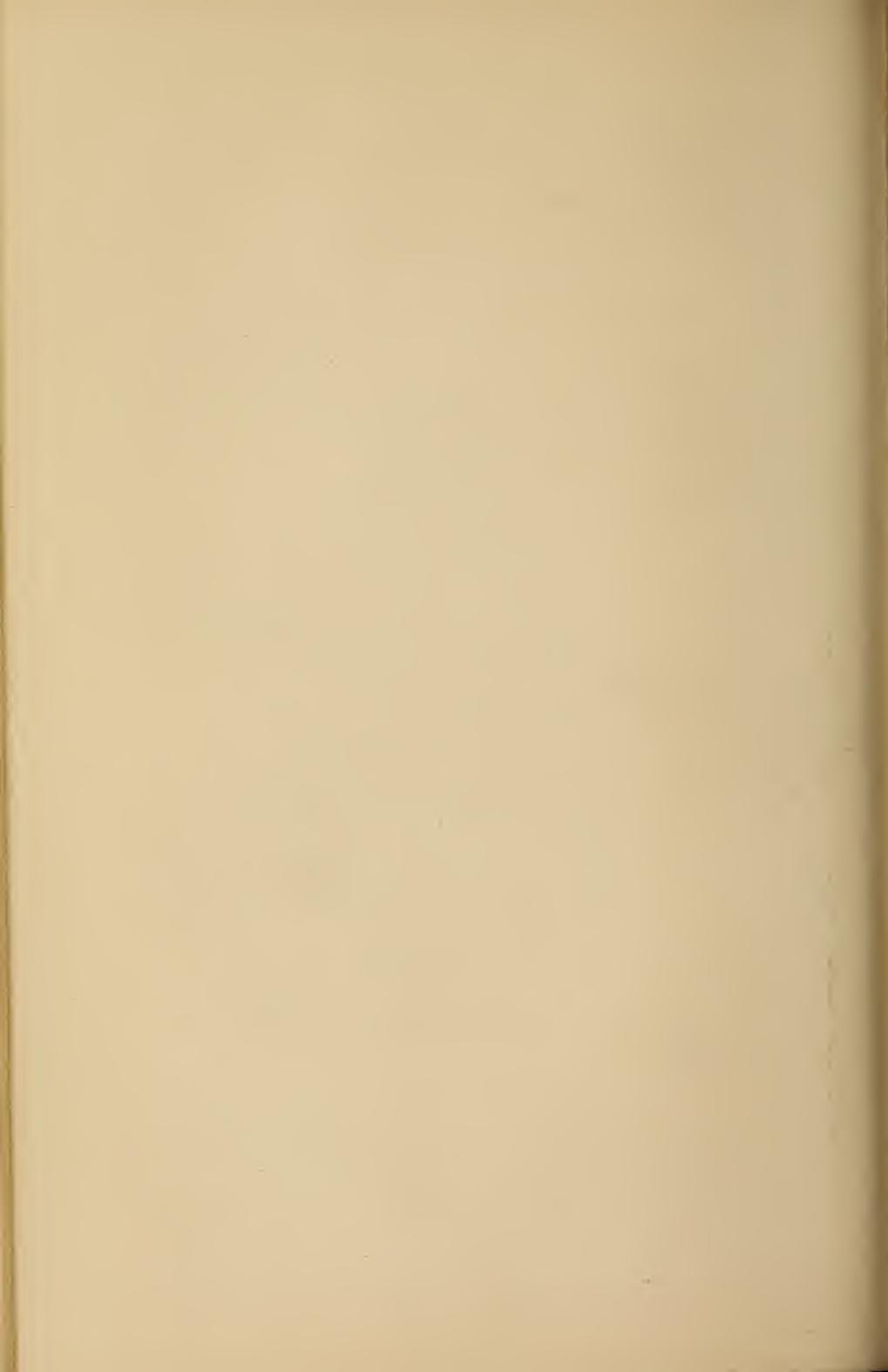
FRAIL ESTATE OF MAN.

Such is the weakness of all mortal hope,
 So tickle is the state of earthly things,
 That, ere they come unto their aiméd scope,
 They fall too short of our frail reckonings,



THE BEREAVED FATHER.—*Page 55.*

"This is the state of kaisars and of kings

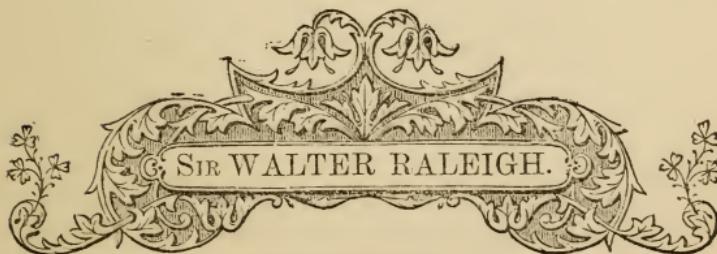


And bring us bale and bitter sorrowings,
 Instead of comfort which we should embrace :
 This is the state of kaisars and of kings !
 Let none, therefore, that is in meaner place,
 Too greatly grieve at any his unlucky case !

THE MIND THE MEASURE OF WEALTH.

In vain do men
 The Heavens of their fortune's fault accuse ;
 Sith they know best which is the best for them :
 For they to each such fortune do diffuse
 As they do know each can most aptly use.
 For not that which men covet most, is best ;
 Nor that thing worst which men do most refuse ;
 But fittest is, that all contented rest
 With that they hold : each hath his fortune in his breast.

It is the mind that maketh good or ill,
 That maketh wretch or happy, rich or poor :
 For some, that hath abundance in his will,
 Hath not enough, but wants in greatest store ;
 And other, that hath little, asks no more,
 But in that little is both rich and wise ;
 For wisdom is most riches : fools, therefore,
 They are, which fortunes do by vows devise,
 Sith each unto himself his life may fortunize.



(1552—1618.)

SIR WALTER RALEIGH was born at Hayes Farm, in the parish of East Budleigh, in Devonshire. He was the youngest son of Walter Raleigh, Esq., the representative

of an ancient family of comparatively limited fortune. He spent three years at Oriel College, Oxford; and left the university, at the age of seventeen, to join a troop of a hundred gentlemen volunteers whom Queen Elizabeth permitted Raleigh's relative, Henry Champernowne, to transport to the continent in the interest of the Protestant princes. After some years spent in varied military service, both on the continent and in Ireland, and in an unfortunate venture by sea, he colonized Virginia, which he so named in honour of the queen, by whom he had been taken into favour. About the time of the accession of James I., in 1603, he was accused of furthering the claims of Arabella Stuart to the English throne, and brought in guilty of high treason. He was sentenced to die, but reprieved, and detained in the Tower for twelve years, during which he wrote his "History of the World." A large bribe to Villiers, the king's new favourite, procured his release in 1616. Next year he went out in command of a fleet against the Spaniards in South America. Every particular of his force and of his designs was betrayed by the king to Gondomar, the Spanish ambassador, who transmitted the information to his own government. Sir Walter returned unsuccessful, was arraigned before the Court of King's Bench, and executed under his former sentence, his offence—although it had been condoned by his commission from the king—never having been formally pardoned. He closed a life of brilliant versatility by an undaunted death, October 29th, 1618.

To him eminently belonged "the courtier's, soldier's, scholar's eye, tongue, sword;" but from the difficulty of authenticating many of the pieces ascribed to him, arises a difficulty in forming a competent estimate of his poetical genius. His muse, which Spenser praises as "sweetly tempered" and "lofty," was rather bold and vigorous than minutely elegant. "His Pilgrimage" is

said to have been produced on the eve of his death; but, as Sir Egerton Brydges well remarks, it "is too full of far-fetched conceits to suffer us to believe that it was really written the night before his execution. It might have been composed in the contemplation of death in one of the many years between his sentence and execution, during that sad period of cruel and unexampled imprisonment. It contains a mixture of bold and sublime passages, such as the aspiring and indignant soul of Raleigh was likely to utter. The first stanza, in which the imagery drawn from a pilgrim is vividly depicted, fills the mind with a wild interest." The use of the "quaint and degrading images," to the presentation of which the same kindly appreciative critic goes on to object, may be considerably extenuated by the remembrance that, since this vigorous poem was written, the names of some of the objects introduced have suffered from the deterioration consequent upon the wear and tear of more than two centuries, and in the time of the author could scarcely have been so contemptuously familiar as a modern ear decides them to be. The drawback is not so much that the ideas are vulgar, as that, in great part, the expressions are by this time something more than homely. With this comparatively superficial consideration may be taken the just and more searching criticism of the Reverend John Hannah, who, in 1845, edited poems by Sir Henry Wotton, Sir Walter Raleigh, and others. "Some lines in it [“His Pilgrimage”] can scarcely be read without pain; and I would have omitted them, but that I was unwilling to mutilate the poem. But before we condemn them as irreverent, we should recollect the circumstances under which they were probably composed. At such a period, when the *perspective* through which we view things must be altogether changed, the familiar distinctions between small and great might be easily neglected, as if they were not real, but only relative to us; and a man of bold and

ardent spirit, which had not then been broken down by long imprisonment, might give vent, in strange and startling metaphors, to those strong feelings of mingled confidence and indignation which could find no outlet in more ordinary language."

The other verses are said to have been found in Raleigh's Bible, in the Gate-house at Westminster.

HIS PILGRIMAGE.

Give me my scallop-shell of quiet,
My staff of faith to walk upon ;
My scrip of joy, immortal diet ;
My bottle of salvation ;
My gown of glory (hope's true gage),
And thus I'll take my pilgrimage.
Blood must be my body's balmer—
No other balm will there be given ;
Whilst my soul, like quiet palmer,
Travelleth towards the land of heaven :
Over the silver mountains,
Where spring the nectar fountains.

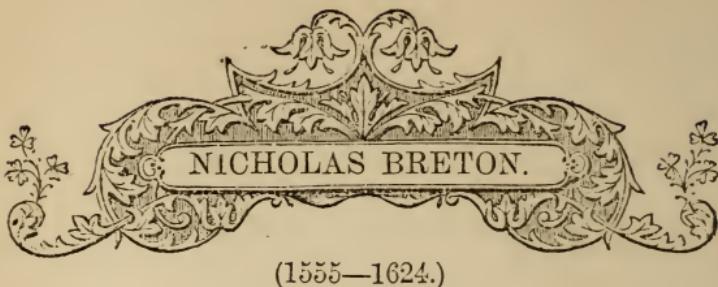
There will I kiss
The bowl of bliss,
And drink mine everlasting fill
Upon every milken hill.
My soul will be a-dry before ;
But after, it will thirst no more.
I'll take them first
To quench my thirst,
And taste of nectar suckets,
At those clear wells
Where sweetness dwells,
Drawn up by saints in crystal buckets.

Then by that happy, blissful day,
More peaceful pilgrims I shall see,
That have cast off their rags of clay,
And walk apparelled fresh like me ;
And when our bodies and all we
Are filled with immortality,

Then the blessed parts we'll travel
Strewed with rubies thick as gravel;
Ceilings of diamonds, sapphire flowers,
High walls of coral, and pearly bowers.
From thence to heaven's bribeless hall,
Where no corrupted voices brawl,
No conscience molten into gold,
No forged accuser bought or sold,
No cause deferred, no vain-spent journey;
For there Christ is the king's attorney,
Who pleads for all without degrees,
And he hath angels, but no fees.
And when the grand twelve-million jury
Of our sins, with direful fury,
'Gainst our souls black verdicts give,
Christ pleads his death, and then we live.
Be thou my Speaker, taintless Pleader,
Unblotted Lawyer, true Proceeder,
Thou wouldest salvation even for alms,
Not with a bribéd Lawyer's palms.
And this is mine eternal plea,
To Him that made heaven, earth, and sea,
That since my flesh must die so soon,
And want a head to dine next noon,
Just at the stroke, when my veins start and
spread,
Set on my soul an everlasting head.
Then am I ready, like a palmer fit,
To tread those blessed paths which before I writ!
 Of death and judgment, heaven and hell,
 Who oft doth think, must needs die well!

VERSES FOUND IN HIS BIBLE.

ven such is Time, that takes on trust
Our youth, our joys, our all we have,
And pays us but with Earth and Dust;
 Who, in the dark and silent Grave,
When we have wandered all our ways,
Shuts up the story of our days:
But from this Earth, this Grave, this Dust,
My God shall raise me up, I trust!



A BARE catalogue of the miscellaneous productions of this prolific writer would many times outmeasure all the particulars we have of his personal history. Almost the only clue we have to this is due to the research of a county historian. Bridges' "History of Northamptonshire" informs us that in the church of Norton, a small village in that county, on the south side of the chancel, the following epitaph is fixed to the wall:—"Here lieth the body of Nicholas Breton, Esq., sonne of Captaine John Breton, of Tamworth, Esq., in the Countie of Stafford. He also was Captaine of a foot company in the Low Countries under the command of the right honourable Robert Dudley, Earle of Leicester. He married Anne, daughter to Sir Edward Legh, of Rushall, in the countie of Stafford, a wife of rare vertue and pietie. He had by her five sons and four daughters (viz.), Edward, Christopher, John, Gerard, William, Anne, Howard, Frances, Lettis. He purchased this Lordship of Norton, and departed from the troubles of this life to eternal happiness the 22nd day of June, Anno Domini 1624." There had existed considerable doubt whether the subject of this inscription could be identified with the poet. Mr. J. Payne Collier announced, in "Notes and Queries" for April 6th, 1850, that he was already in possession of undoubted proof that the poet was indeed the Nicholas Breton whose epitaph we have quoted; "a point," he

says, "which Ritson seems to have questioned." But the stages of the demonstration were not published.

Sir Egerton Brydges pronounces the poetical genius of Breton to be certainly delicate and copious, if not powerful. His piety shows itself ardent and elevated. The following selections are made from his "Soul's Harmony," "Longing of a Blessed Heart," and "A Divine Poem, divided into two parts, the Ravisht Soul and the Blessed Weeper."

SONNET.

What is the gold of all this world but dross?
 The joy but sorrow, and the pleasure pain;
 The wealth but beggary, and the gain but loss;
 The wit but folly, and the virtue vain;
 The power but weakness, and but death the life;
 The hope but fear, and the assurance doubt;
 The trust deceit, the concord but a strife,
 Where one conceit doth put another out;
 Time but an instant, and the use a toil;
 The knowledge blindness, and the care a madness,
 The silver lead, the diamond but a foil,
 The rest but trouble, and the mirth but sadness?

Thus, since to heaven compared, the earth is such,
 What thing is man to love the world so much?

CHRIST THE LORD OF ALL THINGS.

If thou speak'st of power, all powers
 To his power are in subjection;
 If thou speak'st of time, all hours
 Run their course by his direction;
 If of wisdom, all is vanity;
 But in his Divine humanity.

If of truth, it is his trial;
 If of love, it is his treasure;
 If of life, it is his dial;
 If of grace, it is his pleasure;
 If of goodness, 'tis his story;
 If of mercy, 'tis his glory.

If of justice, Judgment sheweth
 His proceeding is impartial ;
 If of valour, all hell knoweth
 Who is heaven's high marshal ;
 If of bounty, 'tis his blessing ;
 If of place, 'tis his possessing.

If of patience, his perfection ;
 If of comfort, 'tis his favour ;
 If of virtue, his affection ;
 If of sweet, it is his savour ;
 If of triumph, 'tis his merit ;
 If of perfection, 'tis his spirit.

If above all these thou singest,
 Ravisht in thy reason's glory ;
 Tell the world, whate'er thou bringest,
 Admirations, wonder's story,
 To such height my Saviour raiseth,
 As above all praises praiseth.

Let all kings and princes then
 In submission fall before Him ;
 Virgins, angels, holy men,
 Both in heaven and earth adore Him,
 In his only mercy seeing,
 All, and only all your being.

HYMN.

When the angels all are singing,
 All of glory ever springing,
 In the ground of high heaven's graces,
 Where all virtues have their places :
 Oh that my poor soul were near them,
 With an humble heart to hear them.

Then should Faith in Love's submission,
 Joying but in Mercy's blessing,
 Where that sins are in remission,
 Sing the joyful soul's confessing,
 Of her comfort's high commanding,
 All in glory, never ending.

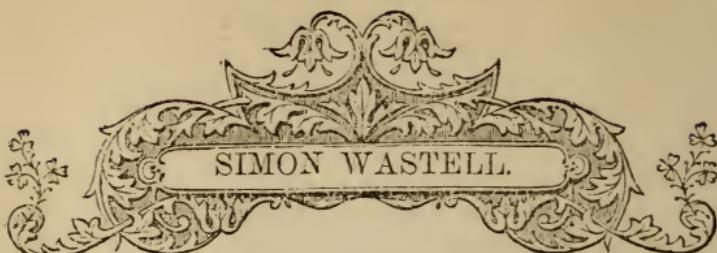
But, ah ! wretched, sinful creature !
How should the corrupted nature
Of this wicked heart of mine,
Think upon that love divine
That doth tune the angels' voices,
Whilst the host of heaven rejoices !

No, the song of deadly sorrow,
In the night that hath no morrow—
And their pains are never ended,
That have heavenly powers offended—
Is more fitting to the merit
Of my foul infected spirit.

Yet while Mercy is removing
All the sorrows of the loving,
How can Faith be full of blindness,
To despair of Mercy's kindness ;
While the hand of heaven is giving
Comfort from the ever-living ?

No, my soul, be no more sorry ;
Look unto that life of glory
Which the grace of Faith regardeth,
And the tears of Love rewardeth :
Where the soul the comfort getteth,
That the angels' music setteth.

There when thou art well conducted,
And by heavenly grace instructed
How the faithful thoughts to fashion
Of a ravished lover's passion,
Sing with saints, to angels nighest,
Hallelujah in the highest !



(ABOUT 1566—1635.)

SIMON WASTELL was a native of Westmoreland, and descended from those of his name living at Wastellhead, in the same county. He was entered a student of Queen's College, Oxford, in or about the year 1580. "He took one degree in arts five years after, at which time," says Anthony à Wood, "being accounted a great proficient in classical learning and poetry, he was made master of the free school at Northampton, whence, by his sedulous endeavours, many were sent to the universities." From a tabular arrangement of the incumbents of Daventry, given in Bridges' "History of Northamptonshire," it appears that Wastell was vicar of that parish from 1631 to 1635, in which year he was succeeded by Thomas Easton. Considering the advanced period of Wastell's life at the time of the latter date, we have presumed that death alone could have caused his removal from the living, and have accordingly ventured to give the year of his decease as above.

Wastell published, in 1623, "The True Christian's Daily Delight: being a sum of every chapter of the Old and New Testament, set down alphabetically in English verse, that the Scriptures we read may more happily be remembered." In 1629, this work was enlarged and reprinted under the title of "Microbiblion; or, the Bible's epitome in verse." It seems to have been intended to fix the history of the Bible in the memory of young

persons; and for this purpose the author begins each stanza with the various letters of the alphabet in regular succession, except that the last four letters being hopelessly profane or untractable, are systematically excluded from such initial honour. The poetry is pretty much on a level with the mnemonic verse which used to be in vogue to facilitate the comprehension of the mysteries of the multiplication table, and the acquirement and retention of other useful or ornamental information. To the edition of the "Microbiblion" published in 1629, were affixed two poems, one of which, "Upon the Image of Death," is more properly referred to Robert Southwell. The following stanzas have sometimes been inserted amongst the poems of Quarles. They can scarcely claim a very copious inspiration. To say that they exhibit a fairly judicious selection from the first fifty types of fleetness and evanescence that occurred to the memory or challenged observation, would be almost sufficiently to characterize them. But the kind of aggregation of which they are an example—of illustration after illustration, of "line upon line"—has a certain picturesqueness of aspect and popularity of interest which may justify their insertion.

OF MAN'S MORTALITY.

Like as the damask rose you see,
Or like the blossom on the tree,
Or like the dainty flower of May,
Or like the morning to the day,
Or like the sun, or like the shade,
Or like the gourd which Jonas had :
Even such is man, whose thread is spun,
Drawn out and cut, and so is done :
The rose withers, the blossom blasteth,
The flower fades, the morning hasteth ;
The sun sets, the shadow flies,
The gourd consumes—and man he dies !

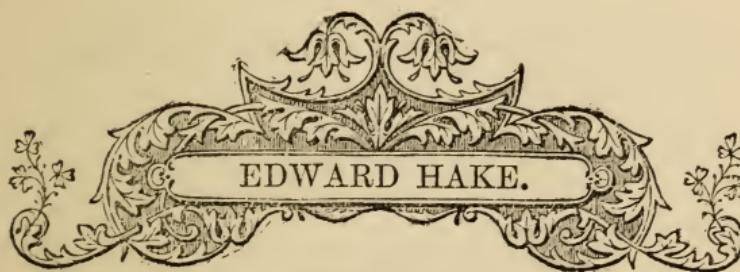
Like to the grass that's newly sprung,
Or like a tale that's new begun,
Or like the bird that's here to-day,
Or like the pearléd dew of May,
Or like an hour, or like a span,
Or like the singing of a swan :
Even such is man, who lives by breath,
Is here, now there, in life and death :
The grass withers, the tale is ended,
The bird is flown, the dew's ascended,
The hour is short, the span not long ;
The swan's near death—man's life is done.

Like to the bubble in the brook,
Or in a glass much like a look,
Or like a shuttle in weaver's hand,
Or like the writing on the sand,
Or like a thought, or like a dream,
Or like the gliding of the stream :
Even such is man, who lives by breath,
Is here, now there, in life and death :
The bubble's cut, the look's forgot,
The shuttle's flung, the writing's blot ;
The thought is past, the dream is gone,
The water glides—man's life is done.

Like to an arrow from the bow,
Or like swift course of watery flow ;
Or like the time 'twixt flood and ebb,
Or like the spider's tender web ;
Or like a race, or like a goal,
Or like the dealing of a dole :
Even such is man, whose brittle state
Is always subject unto fate :
The arrow's shot, the flood soon spent,
The time no time, the web soon rent ;
The race soon run, the goal soon won,
The dole soon dealt—man's life first done.

Like to the lightning from the sky,
Or like a post that quick doth hie,
Or like a quaver in short song,
Or like a journey three days long ;
Or like the snow when summer's come,
Or like the pear, or like the plum :

Even such is man who heaps up sorrow,
 Lives but this day, and dies to-morrow :
 The lightning's past, the post must go,
 The song is short, the journey's so ;
 The pear doth rot, the plum doth fall,
 The snow dissolves—and so must all.



(1544—16—.)

LITTLE is known of the personal history of this writer. He was a pupil of John Hopkins, the fellow translator, with Sternhold, of the Psalms. In the dedication of one of his earlier works, he informs us that he was an attorney in the Common Pleas; observing at the same time that the “name of an attorney in the Common Pleas is now a dayes growen into contempt.” In 1568 he published “The Imitation; or, following of Christ, and the Contemning of Worldly Vanities, also the Perpetual Rejoyce of the Godlye, even in this life.” The volume from which the following lines are taken was published in 1604, and entitled, “Of the Golds Kingdome and this unhelping age: described in Sundry Poems intermixedly placed after certaine other Poems of more speciall Respect: and before the same is an oration of speech intended to have been delivered by the author hereof unto the King’s Majesty.”

Through many of Hake’s productions there breathes a spirit of cynical mistrust, which gives colour to the supposition that he was “a dependant on court favour,

and like many others, a disappointed one." Much of his poetry is such as to have won the golden opinion that he "learned versification under his master Hopkins."

The following verses are not without harmony; and they exhibit a picture of resignation and hope calmly looking beyond the present of trouble and neglect.

COMPLAINING OF HIS WANT OF FRIENDS.

Waking in my bed, I wept,
And silently complained;
The cares that on me crept
All hope of sleep restrained.

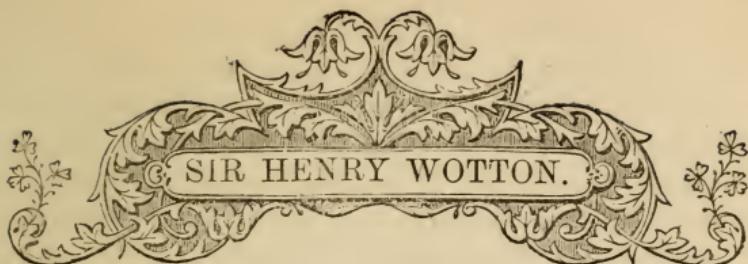
I calléd on my hap,
I criéd on my chance:
Will none stand in the gap?
Will none my state advance?

My woe that never ends,
My want that never dies,
My state that never mends,
My soul that ever cries.

All these are but the loom
That warpeþ up my death;
All these presage my doom,
The loss of later breath.

But is there not a joy
That worldly joy excels,
That helpeth all annoy,
And worldly woe expels?

There is, no doubt: God grant it me!
So shall those woes extinguished be.



(1568—1639.)

SIR HENRY WOTTON, son of Thomas Wotton, Esq., and member of a family which, says Walton, “seemed to be beloved of God,” was born at Bocton Hall, in Kent, on the 30th March, 1568. He received his early education at Winchester; and in the beginning of 1584, entered New College, Oxford, which he soon after quitted for Queen’s College, in the same university. Here he became well versed in logic and philosophy, and attracted attention by the acuteness of his intellect, and the extensive range of his acquirements, of which he afterwards gave proof in the varied character of his writings, completed or contemplated. Izaak Walton says that at nineteen years of age he proceeded master of arts; but this statement, along with others circumstantially recorded by the same pleasant biographer, is impugned by Wood, whose minutest researches could not enable him to determine that Wotton ever graduated at all. Leaving Oxford, Wotton travelled in France, Germany, and Italy; and after an absence of nine years, during which he made the acquaintance of many eminent and learned men—amongst others, of Theodore Beza and Isaac Casaubon—returned to England in his thirtieth year, accomplished in person, mind, and manner.

He now became secretary to the unfortunate Earl of Essex; but quitted the service of that impetuous and ambitious nobleman when his fall became imminent. Wotton retired to Florence, and so recommended himself

to the great Duke of Tuscany, that he was employed by him to carry letters to James VI. of Scotland, to advise that sovereign of a design to take away his life. This mission he accomplished in the disguise of an Italian, and under the assumed name of Octavio Baldi. Having distinguished himself by his zeal and adroitness in the conduct of this business, he returned to Florence, and remained there till the death of Queen Elizabeth.

The accession of James to the English throne promised to Wotton a home sphere of advancement; and he was knighted by the sovereign whom he had so weightily obliged, before the titles conferred by him had become vulgar. Wotton was employed in many important foreign missions, till, in 1619, he quitted his embassy at Venice with avain hope of obtaining the office of Secretary of State.

On the 26th July, 1624, he was appointed to the Provostship of Eton College, "which he kept to his dying day, being," as Wood pathetically observes, "all the reward he had for the good services he had done the crown of England." The most enduring and most comprehensive result of his diplomatic career is a burlesque definition: "*Legatus est vir bonus peregre missus ad mentiendum reipublicæ causâ;* An ambassador is an honest man sent abroad to lie for the good of his country."

It has been asserted, and more than once repeated by reckless biographers who act upon the assumption that dead men have no claim to character, that Wotton, at nearly sixty years of age, entered into holy orders in order to qualify himself for the provostship of Eton. A moment's reflection shows this to be a charge of considerable gravity. Happily for Sir Henry's memory, his genial biographer and brother angler, Walton, is explicit upon this point: "Being thus settled according to the desires of his heart, his first study was the statutes of the college; by which he conceived himself bound to enter into holy orders, which he did, being made deacon

with all convenient speed." In the letter, of date 1627, in which he announces this event to the king, Wotton piously says: "If I can produce nothing else for the use of Church and State, yet it shall be comfort enough for the little remnant of my life, to compose some hymns unto his endless glory, who hath called me (for which his name be ever blessed), though late to his service, yet early to the knowledge of his truth and sense of his mercy." The only fruits of this design which we possess, are the psalm we quote—which Lord Aston describes as the finest specimen he had met with of sacred poetry among our earlier authors; and the exceptional excellence of which overcomes our repugnance to the admission of translations—and the hymn, which also we give, written when he was "confined to his chamber by a quotidian fever of more contumacy than malignity," about the year 1638. "The Character of a Happy Life," is by no means, as has been assumed, a portrait by Wotton of himself in his retirement; for this piece was published as early as 1614, with the fourth edition of "Overbury's Wife and Characters." But it is singularly faithful as an anticipative picture, produced in his time of active and stirring employment, of the calm, contemplative, pious, and kindly life which Wotton led in his comparative seclusion at Eton. The "Reliquiae Wottonianæ," a posthumous collection of his works, which are miscellaneous and versatile rather than voluminous, includes "Lives, Letters, Poems, and Characters." Sir Henry Wotton died at Eton College, in the chapel of which he was buried in December, 1639, aged seventy-two. He willed that his executors should lay over his grave a plain marble stone, and chose for an epitaph "this prudent, pious sentence, to discover his disposition, and preserve his memory:"—

"Hic jacet hujus sententiae primus author;
Disputandi pruritus, ecclesiarum scabies.
Nomen alias quære."

The days of Wotton were by no means the most evil on which a man of mark and likelihood could fall. The manufacture and the worship of the hero were extensive branches respectively of industry and culture. If a man of parts were not altogether miserable and beggarly—if his genius were not starved into sterility, like that of the lone and unfostered Hagthorpe, of whom presently—he was pretty sure at least to enter upon the next world with considerable *prestige*. We are tempted to append a pleasant hyperbole “writ by Mr. Abraham Cowley” as an elegy upon Sir Henry Wotton:—

“ What shall we say since silent now is he
Who when he spoke all things would silent be !
Who had so many languages in store
That only fame shall speak of him in more.
Whom England now no more returned must see
He's gone to heaven on his fourth embassy.
On earth he travelled often, not to say
He'd been abroad to pass loose time away ;
For in whatever land he chanced to come,
He read the men and manners ; bringing home
Their wisdom, learning, and their piety ;
As if he went to conquer, not to see.
So well he understood the most and best
Of tongues that Babel sent into the West ;
Spoke them so truly, that he had, you'd swear,
Not only lived, but been born everywhere.
Justly each nation's speech to him was known ;
Who for the world was made, not us alone.
Nor ought the language of that man be less,
Who in his breast had all things to express :
We say that learning's endless, and blame fate
For not allowing life a longer date.
He did the utmost bounds of knowledge find,
And found them not so large as was his mind ;
But, like the brave Pellean youth, did moan
Because that art had no more worlds than one.
And when he saw that he through all had past,
He died, lest he should idle grow at last.”

THE CHARACTER OF A HAPPY LIFE.

How happy is he born and taught,
That serveth not another's will;
Whose armour is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill.

Whose passions not his masters are ;
Whose soul is still prepared for death,
Not tied unto the world by care
Of public fame or vulgar breath.

Who envies none that chance doth raise
Or vice ; and never understood
How deepest wounds are given by praise ;—
Nor rules of state, but rules of good ;

Who hath his life from rumours freed ;
Whose conscience is his strong retreat ;
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
Nor ruin make oppressors great ;

Who God doth late and early pray
More of his grace than gifts to lend ;
And entertains the harmless day
With a religious book or friend.

This man is freed from servile bands
Of hope to rise or fear to fall :
Lord of himself, though not of lands,
And having nothing, yet hath all.

A TRANSLATION OF THE CIV. PSALM TO THE
ORIGINAL SENSE.

My soul, exalt the Lord with hymns of praise ;
O Lord my God, how boundless is thy might !
Whose throne of state is clothed with glorious rays,
And round about hast robed thyself with light :
Who like a curtain hast the heavens displayed,
And in the watery roofs thy chambers laid :

Whose chariots are the thickened clouds above,
Who walk'st upon the wingéd winds below ;
At whose command the airy spirits move,
And fiery meteors their obedience show ;
Who on this base the earth didst firmly found,
And mad'st the deep to circumvest it round.

The waves that rise would drown the highest hill,
But at thy check they fly ; and when they hear
Thy thundering voice, they post to do thy will,
And bound their furies in their proper sphere ;
Where surging floods and valing ebbs can tell
That none beyond thy marks must sink or swell.

Who hath disposed, but Thou, the winding way,
Where springs down from their steepy crags do beat,
At which both fostered beasts their thirsts allay,
And the wild asses come to quench their heat ;
Where birds resort, and, in their kind, thy praise
Among the branches chant in warbling lays ?

The mounts are watered from thy dwelling place,
The barns and meads are filled for man and beast ;
Wine glads the heart, and oil adorns the face,
And bread the staff whereon our strength doth rest ;
Nor shrubs alone feel thy sufficing hand,
But even the cedars that so proudly stand.

So have the fowls their sundry seats to breed ;
The ranging stork in stately beeches dwells ;
The climbing goats on hills securely feed,
The mining coneys shroud in rocky cells :
Nor can the heavenly lights their course forget,
The moon her turns, or sun his times to set.

Thou mak'st the night to over-vail the day ;
Then savage beasts creep from the silent wood,
Then lions' whelps lie roaring for their prey,
And at thy powerful hand demand their food ;
Who when at morn they all recouch again,
Then toiling man till eve pursues his pain.

O Lord, when on thy various works we look,
How richly furnished is the earth we tread !
Where in the fair contents of Nature's book
We may the wonders of thy wisdom read :
Nor earth alone, but lo ! the sea so wide,
Where, great and small, a world of creatures glide.

There go the ships that furrow out their way;
 Yea, there of whales enormous sights we see,
 Which yet have scope amongst the rest to play;
 And all do wait for their support on Thee;
 Who hast assigned each thing his proper food,
 And in due season dost dispense thy good.
 They gather, when thy gifts Thou dost divide;
 Their stores abound, if Thou thy hand enlarge;
 Confused they are when Thou thy beams dost hide,
 In dust resolved, if Thou their breath discharge:
 Again, when Thou of life renew'st the seeds,
 The withered fields revest their cheerful weeds.
 Be ever gloried here thy sovereign name,
 That Thou may'st smile on all which Thou hast made;
 Whose frown alone can shake this earthly frame,
 And at whose touch the hills in smoke shall vade!
 For me may (while I breathe) both harp and voice
 In sweet indictment of thy hymns rejoice!
 Let sinners fail, let all profaneness cease;
 His praise (my soul), his praise shall be thy peace.

A HYMN TO MY GOD IN A NIGHT OF MY LATE SICKNESS.

Oh, Thou great Power! in whom I move,
 For whom I live, to whom I die,
 Behold me through thy beams of love,
 While on this couch of tears I lie;
 And cleanse my sordid soul within,
 By thy Christ's blood, the bath of sin.
 No hallowed oils, no grains I need,
 No rags of saints, no purging fire;
 One rosy drop from David's seed
 Was worlds of seas to quench thine ire:
 O precious ransom! which once paid,
 That *consummatum est* was said;
 And said by Him that said no more,
 But sealed it with his sacred breath:
 Thou, then, that hast disponged my score,
 And dying wast the death of Death,
 Be to me now, on Thee I call,
 My life, my strength, my joy, my all!



(ABOUT 1570—1626.)

SIR JOHN DAVIES was born at Chisgrove, in the parish of Tisbury, Wiltshire. His father, a wealthy tanner, who is elsewhere spoken of as “late of Gray’s Inn,” had probably spent some time in the study or the practice of the law. Davies was admitted a commoner of Queen’s College, Oxford, in Michaelmas term, 1585. After taking a degree in arts, he entered the Middle Temple, studied the common law, and was called to the bar in July, 1595.

In 1596, he published “Orchestra; or, a Poem expressing the antiquity and excellency of Dancing, in a dialogue between Penelope and one of her Wooers;” to which he prefixed a dedicatory sonnet “To his very friend, Master Richard Martin.” The next public record of the relation between these two “very friends” is certainly not suggestive of unbroken, if it is not exclusive of the idea of enthusiastic, amity. For Davies, “being,” as Wood says, “a high-spirited young man, did upon some little provocation or punctilio, bastinado Richard Martin (afterwards Recorder of London) in the common hall of the Middle Temple, while he was at dinner. For which act being forthwith (February, 1597-8) expelled, he retired for a time in private, lived in Oxon, in the condition of a sojourner, and followed his studies, although he wore a cloak. However, among his serious thoughts, making reflections upon his own condition, which sometimes was an affliction to him, he composed that excellent, philosophical, and divine poem, which he entitled ‘*Nosce*’

Teipsum :’ This oracle expounded in two elegies : 1. Of Human knowledge. 2. Of the Soul of Man, and the Immortality thereof.” This, his great work, was published in quarto in 1599, and dedicated to Queen Elizabeth. To the same royal lady he addressed twenty-six “Hymns of Astræa, in acrostic verse,” celebrating the virtues and the glories of “Elizabetha Reginæ.”

Through the favour of Thomas, Lord Ellesmere, lord keeper of the great seal, Davies was restored to his chambers in the Temple, in Trinity term, 1601; and became a counsellor, and a member of the parliament held the same year at Westminster. “Upon the death of Queen Elizabeth,” we quote again from Wood, “he, with the Lord Hunsdon, went into Scotland to congratulate King James as her lawful successor; and being introduced into his presence, the king inquired the names of those gentlemen who were in the company of the said lord, and he naming John Davies among, who stood behind them, the king straightway asked whether he was *Nosce Teipsum*, and being answered that he was the same, he graciously embraced him, and thenceforth had so great a favour for him that soon after he made him his solicitor, and then his attorney-general in Ireland.”

Davies was knighted at Whitehall, February 11th, 1607. In 1612 he was made one of his Majesty’s serjeants-at-law for England, and was thereafter frequently appointed a justice of assize in divers circuits. Through the gradations of honour and employment, he came at length to be nominated to the office of Lord Chief Justice, and his robes were already ordered for his settlement or installation therein, when, before they were completed, he died suddenly of apoplexy, on the 7th of December, 1626, in the fifty-seventh year of his age.

The sequence of events exhibited above is sufficient to falsify the *quasi*-epigrammatic remark of Campbell that Sir John Davies wrote, at twenty-five years of age,

a poem on the "Immortality of the Soul;" and at fifty-two, when he was a judge and a statesman, another on the "Art of Dancing." It is a pity that the vulgar light of chronology should destroy the *chiaroscuro* resulting from the juxtaposition of the subjects of his Muse, and the inverted distribution of the numerals used at either stage to count his years. Even if the statement were true, the circumstances would not be inexplicable, nor would Sir John Davies be the solitary example of the gradually frivolizing effect of life and the world upon the disillusionized enthusiasm of youth. It is a trite remark that Tragedy is generally the first love; and Comedy the *faute de mieux* afterthought. Life is, too often, a sort of Platonic procession from the infinite to bagatelle.

Davies's admirable poem is not so well known as its merits deserve. The ingenuity, aptness, and easy grace of his similes are remarkable; and if these fail of demonstration, it is only because it is the common lot of an argument pursued by analogies and illustrations to stop short at probability. Faith in revelation is, in this region, a shorter and surer cut to practical certainty. The verse of Davies is as flowing as if its harmony were not confined by the trammels and severity of reasoning; and it exhibits the same commendable freedom as the translated Psalm of Wotton, quoted a page or two back. The successful translator and the successful reasoner in verse have a common merit of no mean order. In the utterance of original sentiment a poet may modify either his language or his idea without any divarication from his primary intention being discovered. But in poetic reasoning he must suit himself to the exigences of an argument of which the landmarks are laid down, as in translation he must render the recorded and inflexibly expressed thoughts of another. The "Immortality of the Soul" is conceived in great religiousness of spirit,

and if in some points it is inferior to the “*De Rerum Natura*” of Lucretius, it is superior in being warmed and ennobled by the conscious dignity of Christian theism.

Nahum Tate, in 1699, published an edition of Davies’s poem, and that distinguished psalmist thus concludes a judicious preface, which, although short, is, in its integrity, beyond our limits : “The poet takes care in every line to satisfy the understandings of mankind ; he follows step by step the workings of the mind from the first strokes of sense, then of fancy, afterwards of judgment, into the principle, both of natural and supernatural motives ; hereby the soul is made intelligible, which comprehends all things besides ; the boundless tracks of sea and land, and the vaster spaces of heaven ; that vital principle of action, which has always been busied in inquiries abroad, is now made known to itself, in so much that we may find out what we ourselves are, from whence we came, and whither we must go ; we may perceive what noble guests those are, which we lodge in our bosoms, and which are nearer to us than all other things, and yet nothing further from our acquaintance.

“But here all the labyrinths and windings of the human frame are laid open, it is seen by what pulleys and wheels the work is carried on, as plainly as if a window were opened into our breast ; for it is the work of God alone to create a mind. The next to this is to show how its operations are performed.”

THAT THE SOUL IS IMMORTAL, PROVED BY SEVERAL REASONS.

REASON I.

Drawn from the desire of knowledge.

First, in man’s mind we find an appetite
To learn and know the truth of every thing,
Which is co-natural, and born with it,
And from the essence of the soul doth spring.

With this desire, she hath a native right
 To find out every truth, if she had time ;
 Th' innumerable effects to sort aright,
 And by degrees from cause to cause to climb.

But since our life so fast away doth slide,
 As doth a hungry eagle through the wind ;
 Or as a ship transported with the tide,
 Which in their passage leave no point behind.

Of which swift little time so much we spend,
 While some few things we through the sense do strain,
 That our short race of life is at an end
 Ere we the principles of skill attain.

Or God (who to vain ends hath nothing done)
 In vain this appetite and power had given ;
 Or else our knowledge, which is here begun,
 Hereafter must be perfected in heaven.

God never gave a power to one whole kind,
 But most part of that kind did use the same :
 Most eyes have perfect sight, though some be blind ;
 Most legs can nimbly run, though some be lame.

But in this life, no soul the truth can know
 So perfectly as it hath power to do :
 If then perfection be not found below,
 An higher place must make her mount thereto.

REASON II.

Drawn from the motion of the soul.

Again, how can she but immortal be
 When, with the motions of both will and wit,
 She still aspireth to eternity,
 And never rests till she attain to it ?

Water in conduit-pipes can rise no higher
 Than the well-head from whence it first doth spring :
 Then, since to eternal God she doth aspire,
 She cannot be but an eternal thing.

All moving things to other things do move
 Of the same kind, which shows their nature such ;
 So earth falls down, and fire doth mount above,
 Till both their proper elements do touch.

And as the moisture which the thirsty earth
 Sucks from the sea to fill her empty veins,
 From out her womb at last doth take a birth,
 And runs a lymph along the grassy plains.

Long doth she stay, as loth to leave the land,
 From whose soft side she first did issue make ;
 She tastes all places, turns to every hand,
 Her flowery banks unwilling to forsake.

Yet nature so her streams doth lead and carry
 As that her course doth make no final stay,
 Till she herself unto the sea doth marry,
 Within whose watery bosom first she lay.

Even as the soul, which, in this earthly mould,
 The Spirit of God doth secretly infuse,
 Because at first she doth the earth behold,
 And only this material world she views.

At first her mother earth she holdeth dear,
 And doth embrace the world and worldly things ;
 She flies close by the ground, and hovers here,
 And mounts not up with her celestial wings.

Yet under heaven she cannot light on aught
 That with her heavenly nature doth agree ;
 She cannot rest, she cannot fix her thought,
 She cannot in this world contented be.

For who did ever yet in honour, wealth,
 Or pleasure of the sense, contentment find ?
 Who ever ceased to wish, when he had health,
 Or, having wisdom, was not vexed in mind ?

Then, as a bee which among weeds doth fall,
 Which seem sweet flowers, with lustre fresh and gay,
 She lights on that, and this, and tasteth all,
 But, pleased with none, doth rise and soar away,

So, when the soul finds here no true content,
And, like Noah's dove, can no sure footing take,
She doth return from whence she first was sent,
And flies to Him that first her wings did make.

Wit, seeking truth, from cause to cause ascends,
And never rests till it the first attain :
Will, seeking good, finds many middle ends ;
But never stays till it the last do gain.

Now God the truth and first of causes is ;
God is the last good end, which lasteth still ;
Being Alpha and Omega named for this ;
Alpha to wit, Omega to the will.

Since then her heavenly kind she doth display,
In that to God she doth directly move ;
And on no mortal thing can make her stay,
She cannot be from hence, but from above.

And yet this first true cause, and last good end,
She cannot here so well and truly see ;
For this perfection she must yet attend,
Till to her Maker she espouséd be.

As a king's daughter, being in person sought
Of divers princes, who do neighbour near,
On none of them can fix a constant thought,
Though she to all do lend a gentle ear :

Yet she can love a foreign emperor,
Whom of great worth and power she hears to be,
If she be wooed but by ambassador,
Or but his letters or his pictures see.

For well she knows that, when she shall be brought
Into the kingdom where her spouse doth reign,
Her eyes shall see what she conceived in thought,
Himself, his state, his glory, and his train.

So while the virgin soul on earth doth stay,
She, wooed and tempted in ten thousand ways,
By these great powers which on the earth bear sway,
The wisdom of the world, wealth, pleasure, praise,

With these sometimes she doth her time beguile,
 These do by fits her fantasy possess ;
 But she distastes them all within a while,
 And in the sweetest finds a tediousness.

But if upon the world's Almighty King,
 She once doth fix her humble, loving thought,
 Who by his picture drawn in every thing,
 And sacred messages, her love hath sought.

Of Him she thinks she cannot think too much,
 This honey tasted still is ever sweet ;
 The pleasure of her ravish't thought is such,
 As almost here she with her bliss doth meet.

But when in heaven she shall his essence see,
 This is her sovereign good, and perfect bliss ;
 Her longings, wishings, hopes, all finished be ;
 Her joys are full, her motions rest in this.

There is she crowned with garlands of content ;
 There doth she manna eat and nectar drink ;
 That presence doth such high delights present,
 As never tongue could speak, nor heart could think.

REASON V.

From the general desire of immortality.

Hence springs that universal strong desire,
 Which all men have of immortality ;
 Not some few spirits unto this thought aspire
 But all men's minds in this united be.

Then this desire of Nature is not vain,
 " She covets not impossibilities ;
 Fond thoughts may fall into some idle brain,
 But one assent of all is ever wise."

From hence that general care and study springs,
 That launching and progression of the mind,
 Which all men have so much, of future things
 That they no joy do in the present find.

From this desire that main desire proceeds,
 Which all men have surviving fame to gain,
 By tombs, by books, by memorable deeds ;
 For she, that this desires, doth still remain.

Hence, lastly, springs care of posterities,
 For things their kind would everlasting make :
 Hence is it that old men do plant young trees,
 The fruit whereof another age shall take.e

If we this rule unto ourselves apply,
 And view them by reflection of the mind,
 All these true notes of immortalitytten find
 In our hearts' tables we shall wri

CONCLUSION OF THE ARGUMENT.

O ! ignorant poor man ! what dost thou bear
 Locked up within the casket of thy breast ?
 What jewels and what riches hast thou there ?
 What heav'nly treasures in so weak a chest ?

Look in thy soul, and thou shalt beauties find,
 Like those which drowned Narcissus in the flood :
 Honour and pleasure both are in thy mind,
 And all that in the world is counted good.

Think of her worth, and think that God did mean,
 This worthy mind should worthy things embrace :
 Blot not her beauties with thy thoughts unclean,
 Nor her dishonour with thy passion base.

Kill not her quick'ning power with surfeiting :
 Mar not her sense with sensuality :
 Cast not away her wit on idle things :
 Make not her free will slave to vanity.

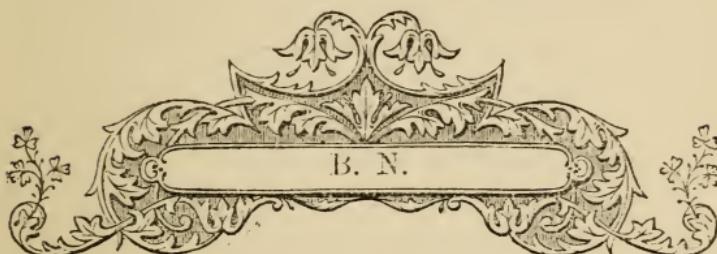
And when thou think'st of her eternity,
 Think not that death against her nature is :
 Think it a birth : and when thou go'st to die,
 Sing like a swan ; as if thou went'st to bliss.

And if thou, like a child, did'st fear before,
 Being in the dark, where thou did'st nothing see ;
 Now I have brought thee torch-light, fear no more ;
 Now when thou diest, thou can'st not hood-winked be.

And thou, my soul, which turn'st with curious eye
 To view the beams of thine own form divine,
 Know, that thou can'st know nothing perfectly,
 While thou art clouded with this flesh of mine.

Take heed of overweening, and compare
 Thy peacock's feet with thy gay peacock's train :
 Study the best and highest things that are,
 But of thyself an humble thought retain.

Cast down thyself, and only strive to raise
 The glory of thy Maker's sacred name ;
 Use all thy powers that blessed Power to praise,
 Which gives thee power to be, and use the same.



(1614.)

In a small quarto volume of twenty-two leaves, published in 1614, appeared a poem of one hundred and seventy-four stanzas, entitled "I Would and Would Not." An address to the reader, which follows this brief title, is signed B. N., which letters have been ingeniously assumed by Mr. George Stevens to be the inverted initials of Nicholas Breton. This poetical tract presents a series of dilemmas in which a taste and conscience, too fastidious and delicate for action, find themselves. It is "composed of a string of vacillating wishes and desires, to be everything and

to be nothing: there being such an equipoise of reasons for and against all extremes that the author's fancy suggested, as to leave him a pyrrhonist: until he arbitrates with himself to steer a middle course and seek the golden mean." The work is further and more justly said by Sir Egerton Brydges, the author of the rather too cavalier account we have quoted, to be "not unworthy the ingenuity, fertility, fluency, metrical ease, and moral force of Breton's commendable pen."

"Machivell's Dogge" is the title of another short poem, in quarto, published in 1617, three years after the issue of "I Would and Would Not." This production incorporates all the following stanzas—with the exception only of the pairs which respectively begin and end the extract—although it presents them in a slightly different sequence. During the greater part of this quaintly vigorous satire, the "Dogge" is tutored with such precepts as are calculated to fit him for worthily sustaining the character of the ancestral cur that kennelled in the tub of Diogenes. A better spirit finally comes over the animal, as if a surreptitious baptism had been administered into the principles of Christian benevolence.

We have not been able to discover any, the most fugitive, speculation as to the reason of the partial identity of these two poems: it would seem not unfair to presume that only an identity of authorship could justify so extensive, and venture upon so open, an appropriation.

THE DECISION.

To tell you truly, what I wish to be,
And never would be other, if I could,
But in the comfort of the Heavens' decree
In soul and body that I ever should—
Though in the world, not to the world to live,
But to my God my service wholly give.

This would I be, and would none other be,
But a religious servant of my God;
And know there is none other God but He,
And willingly to suffer mercy's rod;
Joy in his grace, and live but in his love,
And seek my bliss but in the heaven above.

And I would frame a kind of faithful prayer
For all estates within the state of grace;
That careful love might never know despair,
No servile fear might faithful love deface;
And this would I both day and night devise,
To make my humble spirit's exercise.

And I would read the rules of sacred life;
Persuade the troubled soul to patience;
The husband care, and comfort to the wife,
The child and servant due obedience,
Faith to the friend, and to the neighbour peace;
That love might live, and suits at law might cease.

Pray for the health of all that are diseased,
Confession unto all that are convicted,
And patience unto all that are displeased,
And comfort unto all that are afflicted,
And mercy unto all that have offended,
And grace to all, that all may be amended.

Flatter not folly with an idle faith,
Nor let earth stand upon her own desart;
But shew what wisdom in the Scripture saith,
The fruitful hand doth shew the faithful heart;
Believe the Word, and thereto bend thy will,
And teach obedience for a blessed skill.

Chide sinners as the father doth his child,
And keep them in the awe of loving fear;
Make sin most hateful, but in words be mild,
That humble patience may the better hear;
And wounded conscience may receive relief,
When true repentance pleads the sinner's grief.

Yet flatter not the foul delight of sin,
But make it loathsome in the eye of love,
And seek the heart with holy thoughts to win
Unto the best way to the soul's behove;
So teach, so live, that both in word and deed
The world may joy thy heavenly rules to read.

Heal the infect of sin with oil of grace,
And wash the soul with true Contrition's tears ;
And when Confession shows her heavy case,
Deliver Faith from all infernal fears,
That when high Justice threatens sin with death,
Mercy again may give Repentance breath.

Thus would I spend in service of my God
The ling'ring hours of these few days of mine,
To show how sin and death are overtrod
But by the virtue of the power divine ;
Our thoughts but vain, our substance slime and dust,
And only Christ for our eternal trust !

This would I be ; and say "would not" no more,
But only—not be otherwise than this :
All in effect, but, as I said before,
The life in that life's kingdom's love of his,
My glorious God, whose grace all comfort gives,
Than be on earth the greatest man that lives.



(1573—1631.)

IZAAK WALTON, the biographer of Donne, says that "by his mother he was descended of the family of the famous and learned Sir Thomas More, some time Lord Chancellor of England." Donne was also maternally related to Heywood, the epigrammatist. He was born in London, in 1573; and became a commoner of Hart Hall, Oxford, in the year 1584, being then but eleven years of age. Here he spent three years, and, at the end of that time migrated to Cambridge, which, after another period of three years,

he left “to obtain knowledge in the municipal laws,” in Lincoln’s Inn; “where he had,” says Wood, “for his chamber-fellow, for some time, Mr. Christopher Brook, an eminent poet of his time.” During two years he appears to have cultivated his poetical aptitude quite as much as his legal studies, which latter he relinquished in his nineteenth year. As the son of Roman Catholic parents, he had been bred in that religion; but having arrived at an age to decide for himself, and having weighed the arguments on both sides, he professed the Reformed faith. A course of foreign travel gave him a wide experience of men and manners; and on his return, being now a man of considerable and various learning, versatile in attainments and accomplishments, and being withal of an amiable and engaging disposition, he was made chief secretary to Egerton, the Lord Chancellor; and was presently admitted M.A. of the University of Oxford. He secretly married the daughter of Sir George Moore, Lord Lieutenant of the Tower; a step which entailed upon him many years of trouble and adversity. This lady died, to the inexpressible sorrow of her husband, a few days after giving birth to her twelfth child.

At the age of forty-two, the solicitation of his friends and the hearty desire of James I. coinciding with his own mature convictions, he received ordination at the hands of his friend Dr. John King, Bishop of London, who had been Egerton’s chaplain, whilst Donne acted as secretary.

“Now,” says the rapturous Walton, “the English Church had gained a second St. Austin, for I think none were so like him before his conversion; none so like St. Ambrose after it; and if his youth had the infirmities of the one, his age had the excellences of the other—the learning and holiness of both.” He was made king’s chaplain in ordinary; and on the strength of his treatise “Pseudo-Martyr,” and of the royal recommendation,

received the degree of D.D. from the University of Cambridge. He succeeded Dr. Gataker as Lecturer of Lincoln's Inn ; and in his fiftieth year was appointed to the deanery of St. Paul's, vacant by the promotion of Dr. Val. Carey to the see of Exeter. To this preferment was immediately added the vicarage of St. Dunstan-in-the-West, the advowson of which had long before been given to him by the Earl of Dorset. Dr. Donne died in 1631, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

His collected poems were first published by Tonson, in 1719, under the title of "Poems, Letters, and Elegies." Ben Jonson predicted that Donne would perish as a poet for want of being understood ; if he had given a more ill-natured turn to his criticism, he would have said, for want of being tolerated. Donne has been represented as "imbued to saturation with the learning of his age ;" as being of a "most active and piercing intellect—an imagination, if not grasping and comprehensive, most subtle and far-darting—a fancy rich, vivid, and picturesque—a mode of expression terse, simple, and condensed—and a wit admirable, as well for its caustic severity as for its playful quickness." We are glad to be able to eulogize him by proxy. To the above praise it may be added that Donne was ever on the stretch and strain after conceits ; and that much of his rhythm is as rugged, and much of his verse as tuneless, as if he had forfeited his ears to the pillory. The "Hymn to God the Father" is in his best manner, and the author delighted to hear it sung to the organ by the choristers of St. Paul's to "a most grave and solemn tune."

HOLY SONNETS.

What if this present were the world's last night?
 Mark in my heart, O soul, where thou dost dwell,
 The picture of Christ crucified, and tell
 Whether his countenance can thee affright;
 Tears in his eyes quench the amazing light;
 Blood fills his frowns which from his pierced head fell;
 And can that tongue adjudge thee unto hell
 Which prayed forgiveness for his foe's fierce spite?
 No, no; but as in my idolatry,
 I said to all my profane mistresses,
 Beauty, of pity, foulness only is,
 A sign of rigour; so I say to thee,
 To wicked spirits are horrid shapes assigned—
 His beauteous form assumes a piteous mind.

This is my play's last scene; here heavens appoint
 My pilgrimage's last mile; and my race
 Idly, yet quickly, run, hath this last pace,
 My span's last inch, my minute's latest point,
 And gluttonous death will instantly unjoint
 My body and my soul, and I shall sleep a space;
 But my ever-waking part shall see that face,
 Whose fear already shakes my every joint:
 Then, as my soul to heaven, her first seat, takes flight,
 And earth-born body in the earth shall dwell;
 So fall my sins, that all may have their right,
 To where they are bred, and would press me—to hell.
 Impute me righteous; thus purged of evil;
 For thee I leave the world, the flesh, the devil.

Death, be not proud; though some have called thee
 Mighty and dreadful, for thou art not so;
 For those whom thou think'st thou dost overthrow
 Die not, poor Death, nor yet canst thou kill me:
 From rest and sleep, which but thy pictures be,
 Much pleasure, then from thee much more, must flow,
 And soonest our best men with thee do go—
 Rest of their bones, and soul's delivery,
 Thou art slave to fate, chance, kings, and desperate men,
 And doth with poison, war, and sickness dwell;
 And poppy, or charms, can make us sleep as well,
 And better than thy stroke. Why swell'st thou then?
 Our short sleep past, we wake eternally,
 And death shall be no more: Death, thou shalt die!

A HYMN TO GOD THE FATHER.

Wilt Thou forgive that sin where I begun,
 Which was my sin, though it were none before ?
 Wilt Thou forgive that sin, through which I run,
 And do run still, though still I do deplore ?

When Thou hast done, Thou hast not done,
 For I have more.

Wilt Thou forgive that sin which I have won
 Others to sin ? and made my sin their door ?
 Wilt Thou forgive that sin which I did shun
 A year or two, but wallowed in a score ?

When Thou hast done, Thou hast not done,
 For I have more.

I have a sin of fear, that when I have spun
 My last thread, I shall perish on the shore ;
 But swear by thyself, that at my death thy Son
 Shall shine as He shines now and heretofore ;

And having done that, Thou hast done—
 I fear no more.



(16—.)

THE manuscript, No. 3357, of the Harleian collection, is a small well-preserved volume, bound in white vellum, the written characters of which still sparkle with the silver sand used more than two centuries ago to expedite the process of drying. It is entitled "A Handful of Celestiall Flowers; viz., Divers selected Psalms of David in verse, differently translated from those used in the Church; Divers Meditations upon our Saviour's Passion;



A HYMN TO GOD THE FATHER.—*Page 92.*

It was the delight of Dr. Donne, Dean of St. Paul's, and author of the above hymn, to hear it sung to the organ by the choristers of his cathedral to "a most grave and solemn tune."

Certain Hymnes or Carrols for Christmas Daie; A Divine Pastorell Eglogue; Meditations upon the 1st and 13th verses of ye 17 chap. of Job. Composed by divers worthie and learned gentlemen. Manuscribed by R. Cr."

The Psalms are the productions of Francis and Christopher Davison and others, and are verbatim copies of those in another of the Harleian MSS. The "Divine Pastorell Eglogue," in which shepherds argue the question of predestination, was written by Thomas Randolph, an adopted son of Ben Jonson. Other writers whose works are laid under contribution are W. Bagnall, Richard Gipps, and Joseph Brian. Besides those to whose identity the clue is sufficiently given, there is a certain W.A., who is the author of the Christmas Day Carols, of which the following extract is one. Who this W. A. may be, is not a matter of much importance, but one or two circumstances have suggested themselves rather than been sought, during the examination of the volume, which, put together, make a slight presumption in favour of one individual to be reckoned the W. A. in question.

Ralph Crane, himself a poet, who in 1621 had published "The Workes of Mercy, both Corporall and Spirituall," compiled the "Handful of Celestiall Flowers" for a new year's gift (1632), to Sir Francis Ashley, knight, one of his Majesty's serjeants-at-law. The conclusion of the dedicatory address assures Sir Francis that they are "presented as memorials that he who was ever to your deceased brother an unfortunate servant; still to your worthy self a most entirely affected beadesman, Raphe Crane." This passage is demonstrative of the former existence, between Crane and the late brother of Sir Francis, of a relation which invested the one with patronage and claimed gratitude as the debt of the other.

The names of contributors are marked in many cases by double initials: thus Fr. Da., for Francis Davison,

who, as a man dead since 1618, was simply to be identified, but not conciliated by any titular compliment.

The "Eglogue" is marked as having been written by T. Randolph, gent.; a form which indicates that the fame of Randolph, as that of a young man, had had no time to mellow, and that it was necessary to give his name in full; and to be also complimentary to him as yet living and vigorous.

The "Hymnes or Carrols" are marked by the initials W. A., Esq. Comparing the style employed with regard to him with that used with reference to the other contributors, we observe that W. A. must have been used to designate a person with whom Sir Francis Ashley was or had been familiar; and again, that the Esq., a title of honour, is given either as a compliment to Sir Francis, or is the natural expression of a veneration which was or had been cherished towards W. A., living or dead. These considerations point to W. A. as the deceased brother of Sir Francis Ashley, whose "unfortunate servant" Crane had been. The presumption is, as we said, a slight one, but it may be sufficient to relieve the minds of persons who have a tendency to alarm at the anonymous; and if any one, after an elaborate search of registers, should discover that Sir Francis Ashley had no brother whose Christian name began with W., we may, whilst accepting the information, calmly retort that his *jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle*

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

All this night shrill chanticlere
Day's proclaiming trumpeter,
Claps his wings and loudly cries,
Mortals, mortals, wake and rise;
See a wonder
Heaven is under :
From the earth is risen a sun
Shines all night, though day be done.

Wake, O earth ! wake every thing,
 Wake and hear the joy I bring ;
 Wake and joy for all this night,
 Heaven and every twinkling light ;

All amazing
 Still stand gazing :

Angels, powers, and all that be,
 Wake and joy this sun to see.

Hail, O Sun ! O blessed Light,
 Sent into the world by night,
 Let thy rays and heavenly powers
 Shine in this dark soul of ours,

For most surely
 Thou art truly

God and man, we do confess :
 Hail, O Sun of Righteousness !



(ABOUT 1576—ABOUT 1650.)

HENRY PEACHAM was born at North Mims, near St. Albans; and was the son of the Reverend Henry Peacham, of Leverton, near Boston, Lincolnshire, who probably wrote the "Garden of Eloquence," a work which is sometimes, with a very confusing effect upon chronology, attributed to his son. Peacham received his elementary education at the place of his birth; and was afterwards of Trinity College, Cambridge, of which university, according to his own account, he was a master of arts. He acquired a considerable knowledge of the theory and practice of music, and was also of some note as an amateur

painter and engraver. His literary activity was extended over a long period of time, and his productions were extremely varied. It is known from his works that he travelled in the Netherlands; and that he was for some time Master of the Grammar School at Wymondham, near Norwich. He is best known by his "Complete Gentleman," a quarto volume, first published in 1622, and which in nine years went through five editions. It is an encyclopaedia of the learning and accomplishments necessary to the cultivated and well-bred man.

In 1612 he published "Minerva Britannia; or a Garden of Heroical Devices furnished and adorned with Emblems and Impresas of Sundry Natures, newly Devised, Moralized, and Published." It is difficult to say whether, in these Emblems, the poetry or the art was subservient.

This work, from which the following extracts are taken, was dedicated to Prince Henry; for whose benefit Peacham also translated the "Basilicon Doron" of King James into Latin verse. Peacham's life seems to have been longer than his art of sustaining himself in competency, if it be true that he was "reduced to poverty in his age, and wrote penny pamphlets."

PENITENTIA.

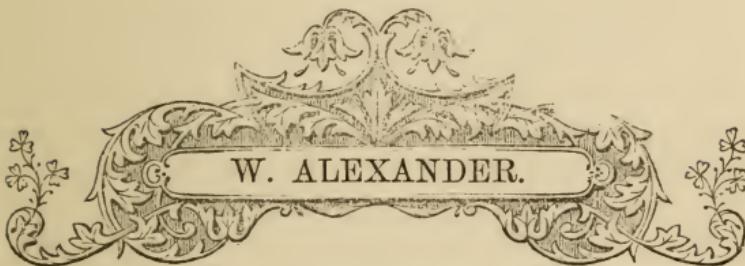
There sits Repentance, solitary, sad,
Herself beholding in a fountain clear,
As grieving for the life that she hath lad;
One hand a fish, the other birch doth bear,
Wherewith her body she doth oft chastise,
Or fasts, to curb her fleshly enemies.

Her solemn cheer, and gazing in the fount,
Denote her anguish and her grief of soul,
As often as her life she doth recount
Which conscience doth with hourly care enrol.
The willow green, she most delights to wear,
Tells how her hope shall overcome despair.

HUMILIBUS DAT GRATIAM.

The mountains huge, that seem to check the sky,
 And all the world with greatness overpeer,
 With heath or moss for most part barren lie;
 The valleys low doth kindly Phœbus cheer,
 And with his heat in hedge and grove begets
 The virgin primrose, or sweet violets.

So God oft-times denies unto the great
 The gifts of nature, or his heavenly grace,
 And those that high in honour's chair are set
 Do feel their wants; when men of meaner place
 Although they lack the others' golden spring
 Perhaps are blest above the richest king.



(1580—1640.)

WILLIAM ALEXANDER, an eminent nobleman, statesman, and poet of the reigns of James I. and Charles I., was born in 1580. His family possessed the small estate of Menstrie, near Stirling; and he rose by the favour of the above-named princes from the rank of a small landed proprietor to the dignity of an earldom. About the time of James's accession to the English throne, Alexander repaired to London, where, in 1604, he published a century of sonnets, under the title of "Aurora, containing the First Fancies of the Author's Youth." Royal favour promoted him in 1614 to the honour of knighthood, and to the office of Master of Requests. In 1621, the king gave him a grant of the province of Nova Scotia, his magnificent scheme for colonizing which dependency degenerated at

last into a mere means of raising money by the sale of titles. Sir William Alexander was made Secretary of State for Scotland in 1626; in 1630, he was raised to the peerage with the title of Viscount Stirling; and in 1633, at the coronation of Charles I. in Holyrood Chapel, he was promoted to the rank of an Earl under the same title. In 1637, the Earl of Stirling published a complete edition of his poetical works, under the general title of "Recreations with the Muses." This collection contained his four "Monarchick Tragedies," founded upon the histories respectively of Darius, Alexander, Croesus, and Cæsar; "Paroenesis to Prince Henry;" "Jonathan, an Heroick Poem, intended, the first book;" together with his largest and perhaps his most meritorious production of "Doomsday, or the Great Day of Judgment," which first had appeared at Edinburgh in 1614, and from which the following stanzas are extracted. It is to the Earl of Stirling that we are also indebted for the greater part of the Psalter known by the name of King James's. He died in 1640. His muse is vigorous; and, for his time, not inelegant; and his works are always less or more penetrated with a spirit of pious solemnity.

GOD VISIBLE IN HIS WORKS.

The stately heavens, which glory doth array,
Are mirrors of God's admirable might;
There, whence forth spreads the night, forth springs the
day,
He fixed the fountains of this temporal light,
Where stately stars enstalled, some stand, some stray,
All sparks of his great power (though small yet bright),
By what none utter can, no, not conceive,
All of his greatness, shadows may perceive.
What glorious lights through crystal lanterns glance,
(As always burning with their Maker's love);
Spheres keep one music, they one measure dance
Like influence below, one course above;

And all by order led, not drawn by chance,
 With majesty (as still in triumph) move,
 And (liberal of their store) seem shouting thus :
 " Look up, all souls, and gaze on God through us."

This ponderous mass (though oft deformed) still fair,
 Great in our sight, but than a star more small,
 Is balanced, as a mote, amidst the air ;
 None knows what way, yet to no side doth fall,
 And yearly springs, grows ripe, fades, falls, rich, bare ;
 Men's mother first, still mistress, yet their thrall,
 It centres heavens, heavens compass it ; both be
 Books where God's power the ignorant may see.

What ebbs, flows, swells, and sinks, who firm doth keep ?
 Whilst floods from th' earth burst in abundance out,
 As she her brood did wash, or for them weep :
 Who, having life, what dead things prove, dare doubt
 Who first did found the dungeons of the deep ?
 But one in all, o'er all, above, about ;
 The floods, for our delight, first calm were set,
 But storm and roar, since men did God forget.

Who parts the swelling spouts that sift the rain ?
 Who reins the winds, the waters doth empale ?
 Who frowns in storms, then smiles in calms again,
 And doth dispense the treasures of the hail ?
 Whose bow doth bended in the clouds remain ?
 Whose darts, dread thunderbolts, make men look pale ?
 Even thus these things to show his power aspire,
 As shadows do the sun, as smoke doth fire.

God visibly invisible who reigns,
 Soul of all souls, whose light each light directs,
 All first did freely make, and still maintains ;
 The greatest rules, the meanest not neglects ;
 Foreknows the end of all that He ordains ;
 His will each cause, each cause breeds fit effects ;
 Who did make all, all thus could only lead,
 None could make all, but Who was never made !



(ABOUT 1583—ABOUT 1650.)

WILLIAM LITHGOW was born in the parish of Lanark, in the year 1583. He wandered on foot over many parts of Europe, Asia, and Africa; a mode of travel which he never condescended to vary unless when the sea, an estuary, or an unfordable river was to be crossed. In this way, he informs us at the conclusion of the octavo edition of his travels, that “in his three voyages his painful feet have traced over, besides passages of seas and rivers, thirty-six thousand and odd miles, which draweth near to twice the circumference of the whole earth.” His life was one continued effort after the infinite; and the sonnet quoted below is representative of this upward and expansive tendency in its most noble phase. The time of his death, which took place at his native town of Lanark, is unknown, and the place of his sepulture is unmarked by any memorial. The first account of his travels was published in 1614. The title-page of one of his narratives is racy enough, in its jaunty cosmopolitanism, to be transcribed: “The Pilgrimes Farewell to his Native Countrey of Scotland: wherein is contained in way of Dialogue, the Joyes and Miseries of Peregrination. With his Lamentado in his Second Travels, his Passionado on the Rhyne. Diverse other Insertings, and Farewels to Noble Personages, and the Hermites Welcome to his third Pilgrimage, etc. Worthie to be seene and read of all gallant Spirits, and Pompe-expecting eyes. By William Lithgow, the Bonaventure of Europe, Asia, and Africa. Patriam

meam transire non possum, omnium una est, extra hanc nemo projici potest. Non patria mihi interdicitur, sed locus. In quamcunque terram venio, in meam venio, nulla exilium est sed altera patria est. Patria est ubi cunque bene est. Si enim sapiens est, peregrinatur, si stultus exulat. Imprinted at Edinburg, by Andro Hart. Anno Domini, 1618. At the expences of the Author. qto, 32 leaves."

Apart from the literature of his travels, the most pretentious of Lithgow's works is that called "The Gushing Teares of Godly Sorrow. Containing the causes, conditions, and remedies of Sinne, depending mainly upon contrition and confession. And they seconded with sacred and comfortable passages, under the mourning canopie of Teares and Repentance." This poem, which was also printed at Edinburgh, "at the expences of the Authour," was published in 1640. It was in quarto, of fifty leaves, and 456 six-line stanzas. "The lynes," says Lithgow, in his dedication of his "Gushing Teares" to James, Earl of Montrose, "are plaine, yet pithie." Their "pithiness" may be inferred from the following couplet; of their undoubtedly tediousness we offer no specimen :—

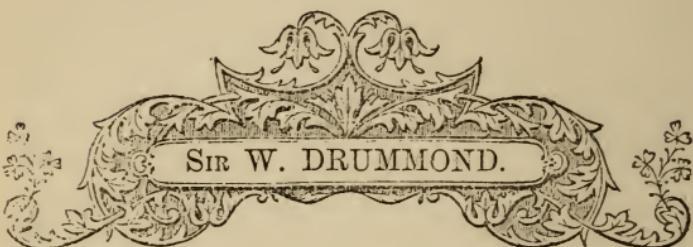
"So, rouze my sprite, let grace and goodnesse spell
My anagram, *I love Almighty wel.*"

SONNET ON MOUNT ÆTNA.

High stands thy top, but higher mounts mine eye,
High soars thy smoke, but higher my desire:
High are thy rounds, steep, circled as I see,
But higher far this breast whiles I aspire:
High mounts the fury of thy burning fire,
But higher far mine aims transcend above:
High bends thy force through midst of Vulcan's ire,
But higher flies my sprite with wings of love:

High press thy flames, the crystal air to move,
But higher far the scope of my engine:
High lies the snow on thy proud top I prove,
But higher up ascends my brave design.

Thine height cannot surpass this cloudy frame,
But my poor soul the highest heaven doth claim.



(1585—1649.)

As a prose writer, Drummond is known chiefly for his “History of the Five Jameses,” and “A Cypress Grove, or Philosophical Reflections against the Fear of Death.” The former, of no great historical reputation, is remarkable for the emphasis with which the author insists on the absolute supremacy of the sovereign, and the duty of passive obedience on the part of the subject. “No author of any note,” it has been remarked, “excepting, perhaps, Dryden, has been so lavish of adulation as Drummond.” Sir William, who was born in 1585, was the son of Sir John Drummond, gentleman-usher to King James. After studying law in France, he succeeded, in 1611, to an independent estate, and took up his residence at Hawthornden, in the midst of a beautiful and romantic neighbourhood, dear to the muses, and favourable to the cultivation of poetic genius. It was here he received the memorable visit of Ben Jonson, of whose manners and disposition he has left not the most flattering record. His poems consisted of “Sonnets, Epigrams, Epitaphs, and some large pieces, of which many are on moral and

sacred subjects." His sacred poetry is characterized by purity of diction, elevation of sentiment, and a charming sweetness and fancy. His poems first appeared in 1616; but the most perfect edition of his "Flowers of Sion" was published in 1623. The following "Hymn of True Happiness" combines in a degree greater than usual amongst smaller contemporary poems, a slight plot or external mechanism with moral teaching. Drummond died in 1649.

A HYMN OF TRUE HAPPINESS.

Amidst the azure clear
Of Jordan's sacred streams—
Jordan, of Lebanon the offspring dear—
When zephyrs flowers unclose,
And sun shines with new beams,
With grave and stately grace a nymph arose.

Upon her head she ware
Of amaranths a crown,
Her left hand palms, her right a brandon bare,
Unveiled skin's whiteness lay,
Gold hairs in curls hung down,
Eyes sparkled joy, more bright than star of day.

The flood a throne her reared
Of waves, most like that heaven
Where beaming stars in glory turn ensphered :
The air stood calm and clear,
No sigh by winds was given ;
Birds left to sing, herds feed, her voice to hear.

"World-wandering, sorry wights,
Whom nothing can content,
Within these varying lists of days and nights
Whose life, ere known amiss,
In glittering griefs is spent,
Come learn," said she, "what is your choicest bliss.

“From toil and pressing cares
How may ye respite find,
A sanctuary from soul-thralling snares,
A port to harbour sure,
In spite of waves and wind,
Which shall when Time’s hour-glass is run, endure ?

“Not happy is that life
Which ye as happy hold ;
No ; but a sea of fears, a field of strife,
Charged on a throne to sit,
With diadems of gold,
Preserved by force, and still observed by wit.

“Huge treasures to enjoy,
Of all her gems spoil Inde,
All Seres’ silk in garments to employ,
Deliciously to feed,
The phœnix’ plumes to find
To rest upon, or deck your purple bed ;

“Frail beauty to abuse,
And, wanton Sybarites,
On past or present touch of sense to muse ;
Never to hear of noise
But what the ear delights,
Sweet music’s charms, or charming flatterer’s voice.

“Nor can it bliss you bring
Hid nature’s depths to know,
Why matter changeth, whence each form doth spring :
Nor that your fame should range,
And after-worlds it blow
From Tanäis to Nile, from Nile to Gange.

“All these have not the power
To free the mind from fears,
Nor hideous horror can allay one hour,
When Death in stealth doth glance,
In sickness lurk, or years,
And wakes the soul from out her mortal trance.

“No, but blest life is this :
With chaste and pure desire
To turn unto the load-star of all bliss,
On God the mind to rest,
Burnt up with sacred fire,
Possessing Him, to be by Him possest.

“ When to the balmy east,
Sun doth his light impart,
Or when he diveth in the lowly west,
And ravisheth the day,
With spotless hand and heart,
Him cheerfully to praise, and to Him pray.

“ To heed each action so
As ever in his sight,
More fearing doing ill than passive woe;
Not to seem other thing
Than what ye are aright;
Never to do what may repentance bring.

“ Not to be blown with pride,
Nor moved at glory’s breath,
Which shadow-like, on wings of time doth glide;
So malice to disarm,
And conquer hasty wrath,
As to do good to those that work your harin.

“ To hatch no base desires,
Or gold or land to gain,
Well pleased with what by virtue one acquires;
To have the wit and will
Consorting in one strain,
Than what is good to have no higher skill.

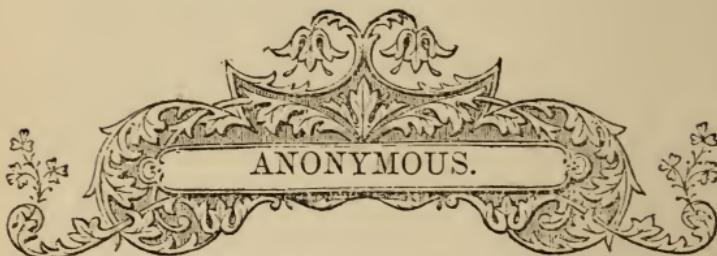
“ Never on neighbour’s well
With cockatrice’s eye
To look, nor make another’s heaven your hell;
Nor be to beauty thrall;
All fruitless love to fly,
Yet loving still a love transcending all.

“ A love which while it burns
The soul with fairest beams,
To that uncreated Sun the soul it turns,
And makes such beauty prove
That, if sense saw her gleams
All lookers-on would pine and die for love.

“ Who such a life doth live,
Ye happy even may call,
Ere ruthless Death a wished end him give;
And after then, when given,
Move happy by his fall,
For human’s earth enjoying angels’ heaven.

" Swift is your mortal race,
 And glassy is the field;
 Vast are desires not limited by grace :
 Life a weak taper is :
 Then, while it light doth yield,
 Leave flying toys, embrace this lasting bliss."

This when the nymph had said,
 She dived within the flood,
 Whose face with smiling curls long after staid ;
 Then sighs did zephyrs press,
 Birds sang from every wood,
 And echoes rang—"This was true happiness."



THE following verses offer a by no means unhappy example of that disposition to discern and separate the various parts, functions, or forces of nature, or of human nature, and to pit them argumentatively against each other, which in our own time has culminated in Tennyson's "Two Voices."

The work of conviction and of triumph on the part of the soul is not long in doubt; but of course the body is justly represented as impulsive rather than polemical. We are indebted for these lines to a work entitled, "Select Poetry, chiefly sacred, of the reign of King James I.", collected and edited in 1847, by Mr. Edward Farr, who thus speaks of the volume from which the piece called "The Convert Soul" is taken: "The pages derived from this author are from MSS. in the possession of the editor. The volume, which consists of about eighty pages, ap-

pears to have been written about 1620. It consists of songs and spiritual lays, the whole of which have poetical merit; but carnal thoughts and heavenly desires occasionally strangely agglomerate."

The "Stanzas" which succeed the dialogue are to be found amongst the "Excerpta Poetica" of the times of Elizabeth and James I. in the "Restituta" of Sir Egerton Brydges, who printed them from a manuscript placed at his disposal by the Rev. H. J. Todd, editor of the works of Milton.

THE CONVERT SOUL.

Peace, caitiff body, earth possest,
Cease to pretend to things too high;
'Tis not thy place of peace and rest,
For thou art mortal, and must die.

BODY.

Poor soul, one Spirit made us both,
Both from the womb of nothing came;
And though to yield aught thou art loth,
Yet I the clde^r brother am.

I, as at home, can hear and see,
And feel a taste of every good;
But thou, a stranger, envyest me,
My ease and pleasure, health and food.

Then dream of shadows, make thy coat
Of tinselled cobwebs; get thy head
Lined with chimæras got by rote;
And for thy food eat fairy bread.

SOUL.

Stay, if thou canst, thy mad career;
Repress the storm of fruitless words;
He that would by thy compass steer
Must hear what reason truth affords.

'Tis true thou elder brother art;
 So worms and beasts thy elders are;
 Rude nature's first—then polisht art—
 The chaos was before a star.

My food and cloth are most divine;
 The bread of angels, robes of glory:
 Whilst all that sensual stuff of thine
 Is of a vain life the sad story.

Senses I have, but so refined,
 As well become their mother soul,
 Which suit the pleasures of the mind,
 And scale the heavens without controul.

I little care for such a feast,
 Which beasts can taste as well as I;
 Nor am content to set my rest
 On goods in show, in deed a lie.

Such cates and joys do I bequeath
 To thee, fond body, which must die;
 For I pretend unto a wreath
 Wherein is writ eternity.

Thou to thy earth must straight return;
 Whilst I, whose birth is from above,
 Shall upward move, and ever burn
 In gentle flames of heavenly love.

BODY.

But I one person am with thee,
 And at the first was formed by God;
 Then must I needs for ever be
 Dead ashes, or a senseless clod?

SOUL.

Or that, or worse; but quit thy sense
 To boast all body; learn to fly
 Up with me, and for recompense
 At length thou blest shall be as I.

BODY.

Then farewell, pleasures; I nor care
 What you pretend, or what you do;
 I'll henceforth feed on angels' fare,
 For I an angel will be too.

And for the way I am prepared
 To answer every ill with this :
 "No way is long, or dark, or hard,
 That leads to everlasting bliss."

SOUL.

Then we're agreed ; and for thy fare,
 It will be every day a feast ;
 Love plays the cook, and takes the care
 Nobly to entertain her guest.

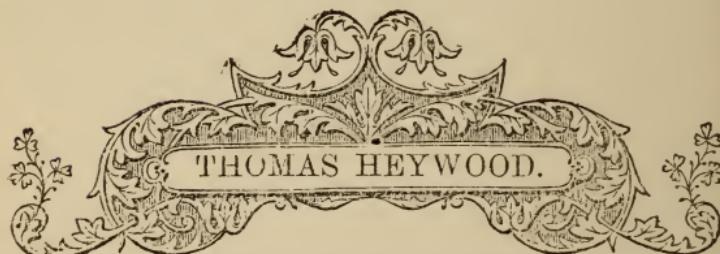
As for the trouble of the way
 Which, dark or strait, cannot be long,
 Faith will enlarge, turn night to day
 So we'll to heaven go in a song.

STANZAS.

What if a day, or a month, or a year,
 Crown thy delights with a thousand wisht contentings,
 May not the chance of a night, or an hour,
 Cross those delights with as many sad tormentings ?
 Fortune, honour, beauty, youth,
 Are but blossoms dying ;
 Wanton pleasure, doting love,
 Are but shadows flying.
 All our joys
 Are but toys,
 Idle thoughts deceiving :
 None hath power
 Half an hour
 Of his life's bereaving.

The earth's but a point of the world, and a man
 Is but a point of the earth's compared center :
 Shall then a point of a point be so vain
 As to delight in a silly point's adventer ?
 All's in hazard that we have,
 There is nothing biding ;
 Days of pleasure are like streams
 Through fair meadows gliding.
 Weal or woe
 Time doth go,
 There is no returning.
 Secret fates
 Guide our states,
 Both in mirth and mourning.

What shall a man desire in this world,
 Since there is nought in this world that's worth desiring?
 Let not a man cast his eyes to the earth,
 But to the heavens, with his thoughts high aspiring.
 Think that living thou must die,
 Be assured thy days are told :
 Though on earth thou seem to be,
 Assure thyself thou art but mould.
 All our health
 Brings no wealth,
 But returns from whence it came ;
 So shall we
 All agree,
 As we be the very same.



(ABOUT 1575—ABOUT 1658.)

THOMAS HEYWOOD was an actor ; and of so great fecundity as a writer of plays that, for prolific production, his name must be placed soon after that of Lope de Vega on the roll of dramatic authors. He claims to have had "an entire hand, or at least a main finger," in no fewer than two hundred and twenty plays, of which only twenty-three have survived to our time. Of these perhaps the best known is "A Woman Killed with Kindness," which was produced in the year 1617. He had begun to write for the stage as early as 1596 ; and his last work, published in 1658, was an "Actor's Vindication." Little is known of the events of his life. The time of his birth is not ascertained ; but it appears that he was a native of

Lincolnshire, and a some time fellow of Peterhouse, Cambridge. The approximate year of his death is given as above by inference from the date of his last work coupled with a remark made by him in the preface to his "Hierarchie" (1635), that Time "will never suffer our brains to leave working till our pulses cease beating." It is with this work, from which the following powerful poem is taken, that we are concerned; and, as it is little known, a short description of it may not be out of place. It was written when the author was already in his old age; when time, to use his own words, had "cast snow upon his head." It is entitled "The Hierarchie of the Blessed Angells: their Names, Orders, and Offices. The Fall of Lucifer, with his Angells." The dedication is melancholy for its unrealized expression of confidence in the good fortune of the king: "To the Most Excellent and Incomparable Lady, as famous for her illustrious vertues, as fortunat in her regall issue; Henretta Maria, Queene: The Royall Consort and Spouse of the puissant and invincible Monarch, our dread Soveraigne, King Charles." The nine books into which it is divided treat of (1) Seraphim, (2) Cherubim, (3) The Thrones, (4) The Dominations, (5) The Vertues, (6) the Powers, (7) The Principats, (8) The Arch-Angell, (9) The Angell; and the orders of this hierarchy are represented severally by (1) Uriel, (2) Jophiel, (3) Zaphkiel, (4) Zadkiel, (5) Haniel, (6) Raphael, (7) Chamael, (8) Michael, (9) Gabriel. Each book is followed by "Theological, philosophical, moral, poetical, historical, apothegmatical, hieroglyphical, and emblematical observations to the further illustration of the Former (foregoing) Tractate." The "Search after God" is a poetical "meditation" upon the first book, and is called in the metrical argument of the author—

"A Quære made the world throughout,
To find the GOD of whom some doubt."

The meditations generally are thoroughly religious, ex-

perimental, and often profound. Heywood's verse is deficient in harmony; but his directness, earnestness, and solemnity, frequently carry him far in the direction of the sublime.

SEARCH AFTER GOD.

I sought Thee round about, O Thou my God !
To find thy abode.

I said unto the Earth, " Speak, art thou He ?"
She answered me,

" I am not." I inquired of creatures all,
In general,

Contained therein ;—they with one voice proclaim,
That none amongst them challenged such a name.

I asked the seas, and all the deeps below,
My God to know.

I asked the reptiles, and whatever is
In the abyss ;

Even from the shrimp to the Leviathan
Inquiry ran :

But in those deserts which no line can sound
The God I sought for was not to be found.

I asked the air, If that were He ? but know
It told me, No.

I, from the towering eagle to the wren,
Demanded then,

If any feathered fowl 'mongst them were such ;
But they all, much

Offended with my question, in full quire
Answered, " To find my God I must look higher."

I asked the heavens, sun, moon, and stars ; but they
Said, " We obey

The God thou seek'st." I asked what eye or ear
Could see or hear ;

What in the world I might descry or know,
Above, below :

With an unanimous voice all these things said,
" We are not God, but we by Him were made."

I asked the world's great universal mass,
 If that God was?
 Which with a mighty and strong voice replied,
 (As stupified),
 "I am not He, O man! for know that I
 By Him on high
 Was fashioned first of nothing, thus instated
 And swayed by Him, by whom I was created."

I did inquire for Him in flourishing peace,
 But soon 'gan cease:
 For when I saw what vices, what impurity,
 Bred by security
 (As pride, self-love, lust, surfeit, and excess),
 I could no less
 Than stay my search; knowing where these abound,
 God may be sought, but is not to be found.

I thought then I might find Him out in war;
 But was as far
 As at the first; for in revenge and rage,
 In spoil and strage,
 Where unjust quarrels are commenced, and might
 Takes place 'bove right;
 Where zeal and conscience yield way to sedition,
 There can be made of God no inquisition.

I sought the court; but smooth-tongued Flattery there
 Deceived each ear:
 In the thronged city there was selling, buying,
 Swearing, and lying;
 In the country, craft in simpleness arrayed:
 And then I said,
 "Vain is my search, although my pains be great;
 Where my God is, there can be no deceit."

All these demands are the true consideration,
 Answer, and attestation,
 Of creatures, touching God: all which, accited,
 With voice united,
 Either in air or sea, the earth or sky,
 Make this reply:
 "To rob Him of his worship none persuade us;
 Since it was He, and not our own hands made us."

A scrutiny within myself I then
 Even thus began :
 "O Man, what art thou?"—What more (could I say)
 Than dust and clay?
 Frail, mortal, fading, a mere puff, a blast,
 That cannot last ;
 In a throne to-day, to-morrow in the urn ;
 Formed from that earth to which I must return.

I asked myself what this great God might be
 That fashioned me ?
 I answered, The All-Potent, solely immense,
 Surpassing sense ;
 Unspeakable, Inscrutable, Eternal,
 Lord over all ;
 The only Terrible, Strong, Just, and True,
 Who hath no end, and no beginning knew.

He is the Well of Life, for He doth give
 To all that live
 Both breath and being : He is the Creator
 Both of the water,
 Earth, air, and fire : Of all things that subsist,
 He hath the list ;
 Of all the heavenly host, or what earth claims,
 He keeps the scroll, and calls them by their names.

And now, my God, by thy illumining grace,
 Thy glorious face
 (So far forth as it may discovered be)
 Methinks I see ;
 And though invisible and infinite
 To human sight—
 Thou in thy mercy, justice, truth, appearest,
 In which to our frail senses thou com'st nearest.

O make us apt to seek, and quick to find,
 Thou God, most kind !
 Give us love, hope, and faith in Thee to trust,
 Thou God, most just !
 Remit all our offences, we entreat ;
 Most good, most great !
 Grant that our willing though unworthy quest
 May, through thy grace, admit us 'mongst the blest.



(1582—1628.)

SIR JOHN BEAUMONT was born in 1582, not at Grace Dieu, as Wood erroneously asserts, but at Belton, in Leicestershire. His father was one of the Justices of the Common Pleas in the reign of Queen Elizabeth; and his brother was Francis Beaumont, the famous dramatic poet. He entered Broadgate's Hall, now Pembroke College, Oxford, as a gentleman commoner, in Lent term, 1596. After three years, he left the university, and became a member of one of the Inns of Court; but soon retired to his native place, where he married Elizabeth, daughter of John Fortescue, Esquire. In 1626 Charles I., then in the second year of his reign, conferred upon Beaumont the dignity of a baronetcy. Sir John died in 1628, and was buried in the church of Grace Dieu. Of the three sons whom he left behind him, John edited his father's poems, and died without issue; Francis became a Jesuit; and Thomas succeeded to the honours and estates. The death of Gervase, a child who died at the age of seven, was the subject of some pathetic verses from the pen of Sir John. "The former part of his life," says Wood, "he successfully employed in poetry, and the latter he as happily bestowed on more serious and beneficial studies: and had not death untimely cut him off in his middle age, he might have proved a patriot, being accounted at the time of his death a person of great knowledge, gravity, and worth."

The longest of his miscellaneous poems is one on the battle of Bosworth Field, which, Campbell says, "may be compared with Addison's 'Campaign,' without a high compliment to either." A poem in eight books, called the "Crown of Thorns," is mentioned by his contemporaries as having been written by Sir John, but no copy is known to exist at present. As a poet, he is favourably known "as one of the earliest polishers of what is called the heroic couplet;" but the chief merit of his works lies in the fact that they are all baptized into the spirit of the Christian religion.

AN ODE OF THE BLESSED TRINITY.

Muse, thou art dull and weak,
Opprest with worldly pain :
If strength in thee remain
Of things divine to speak,
Thy thoughts awhile from urgent cares restrain,
And with a cheerful voice thy wonted silence break.

No cold shall thee benumb,
Nor darkness taint thy sight ;
To thee new heat, new light,
Shall from this object come,
Whose praises if thou now wilt sound aright,
My pen shall give thee leave hereafter to be dumb.

Whence shall we then begin
To sing or write of this,
Where no beginning is ?
Or if we enter in,
Where shall we end ? The end is endless bliss—
Thrice happy we, if well so rich a thread we spin !

For Thee our strings we touch,
Thou that art Three and One,
Whose essence, though unknown,
Beloved is to be such ;
To whom whate'er we give, we give thine own,
And yet no mortal tongue can give to Thee so much.

See how in vain we try
 To find some type to agree
 With this great One in Three,
 Yet none can such descry :

If any like, or second, were to Thee,
 Thy hidden nature then were not so deep and high.

Here fail inferior things,—
 The sun, whose heat and light
 Make creatures warm and bright,
 A feeble shadow brings :

The Son shows to the world his Father's might,
 With glorious rays fro' forth, our fire, the Spirit, sings.

Now to the topless hill
 Let us ascend more near,
 Yet still within the sphere
 Of our connatural skill ;

We may behold how in our souls we bear
 An understanding power joined with effectual skill.

We cannot higher go
 To search this point divine :
 Here it doth chiefly shine
 This image must it show :

These steps, as helps, our humble minds incline
 T' embrace these certain grounds which from true faith
 must flow.

To Him these notes direct,
 Who not with outward hands,
 Nor by his strong commands,
 Whence creatures take effect ;

While perfectly Himself He understands,
 Begets another self with equal glory deckt.

From these, the spring of love,
 The Holy Ghost proceeds,
 Who our affection feeds
 With those clear flames which move

From that eternal essence which them breeds,
 And strikes into our souls as lightning from above.

Stay, stay, Parnassian girl,
 Here thy descriptions faint ;
 Thou human shapes canst paint
And canst compare to pearl :
 White teeth, and speak of lips which rubies taint,
 Resembling beauteous eyes to orbs that swiftly whirl.

But now thou may'st perceive
 The weakness of thy wings ;
 And that thy noblest strings
 To muddy objects cleave :
 Then praise with humble silence heavenly things,
 And what is more than this, to still devotion leave.



FRANCIS BEAUMONT, who with his fellow worker, Fletcher, produced fifty-two dramatic pieces, was a younger brother of Sir John Beaumont, the subject of the preceding notice. He was born in 1585. From Cambridge, where he was educated, he repaired to the Inner Temple; but there is no proof of the severity with which he prosecuted his legal studies. He married the daughter and co-heiress of Sir Henry Isley, of Kent, by whom he had two daughters; and died in March 1615, in the thirtieth year of his age. He was buried at the entrance of St. Benedict's Chapel, Westminster Abbey.

As a dramatist he is beyond our purpose; but amongst his miscellaneous pieces published after his death by his brother, occur a few which make good his

claim to a standing amongst sacred poets. The following is a graphic, Rembrandtesque exhibition of the holowness, uncertainty, and evanescence of all earthly grandeur.

ON THE TOMBS IN WESTMINSTER.

Mortality, behold and fear,
What a change of flesh is here !
Think how many royal bones
Sleep within this heap of stones :
Here they lie, had realms and lands,
Who now want strength to stir their hands ;
Where, from their pulpits sealed with dust,
They preach, " In greatness is no trust."
Here's an acre sown indeed
With the richest, royal'st seed,
That the earth did e'er suck in
Since the first man died for sin :
Here the bones of birth have cried,
Though gods they were, as men they died :
Here are wands, ignoble things,
Dropt from the ruined sides of kings.
Here's a world of pomp and state
Buried in dust, once dead by fate.



(1584—1650.)

PHINEAS FLETCHER, son of Dr. Giles Fletcher, and nephew of Richard Fletcher, Bishop of London, was born in 1584, and educated at Eton and King's College,

Cambridge, of which he was successively a scholar and fellow. In 1621, on the presentation of Sir Henry Willoughby, he became rector of Hilgay in Norfolk, which living he probably held till his death in 1650.

The works of Phineas Fletcher consist of "The Purple Island; or, the Isle of Man," "Piscatory Eclogues," and "Miscellaneous Poems," including translations of some of the Psalms of David. "The Purple Island" is a subtle and ingenious allegory of the body and soul of man. Francis Quarles, who meditated a work on the same subject, speaks in raptures of "The Purple Island" by his "dear friend the Spenser of this age." It is in anatomy and physiology that Fletcher finds a vehicle for his morality; as Spenser had before, for a kindred purpose, employed the traditions and usages of chivalry. A pastoral form and complexion is given to the poem, as may be seen from the extract which follows; the *Thirsil* of the first stanza being nominally the same as he who plays a prominent part in the "Piscatory Eclogues." The passage we have selected forms the opening of the seventh of the twelve cantos; and is that which, from its being best adapted to stand independently and without its context, has been most often quoted.

"The Purple Island" was published in 1633; although from its dedication, with the "Piscatory Eclogues," and "Miscellaneous Poems," to the author's friend, Mr. Edward Benlowes, it appears that they were written long before, as Fletcher calls them "raw essays of my very unripe years, and almost childhood." The following highly appreciative, but not undiscriminating account of Fletcher's great work is from the pen of Mr. Headley, and forms part of the introduction to an octavo volume published in 1816, with this title:—"The Purple Island, a Poem; with the critical remarks of the late Henry Headley, A.B., and a biographical sketch by William Jaques":—

"Were the celebrated Mr. Pott compelled to read a lecture upon the anatomy of the human frame at large, in a regular set of stanzas, it is much to be questioned whether he could make himself understood by the most apprehensive auditor, without the advantage of professional knowledge. Fletcher seems to have undertaken a nearly similar task, as the first five cantos of "The Purple Island" are almost entirely taken up with an explanation of the title; in the course of which the reader forgets the poet, and is sickened with the anatomist. Such minute attention to this part of the subject was a material error in judgment; for which, however, ample amends is made in what follows. Nor is Fletcher wholly undeserving of praise for the intelligibility with which he has struggled through his difficulties, for his uncommon command of words, and facility of metre. After describing the body, he proceeds to personify the passions and intellectual faculties. Here fatigued attention is not merely relieved, but fascinated and enraptured: and notwithstanding his figures, in many instances, are too arbitrary and fantastic in their habiliments, often disproportioned and overdone, sometimes lost in a superfluity of glaring colours, and the several characters in general, by no means sufficiently kept apart; yet, amid such a profusion of images, many are distinguished by a boldness of outline, a majesty of manner, a brilliancy of colouring, a distinctness and propriety of attribute, and an air of life, that we look for in vain in modern productions, and that rival, if not surpass what we meet with of the kind even in Spenser, from whom our author caught his inspiration. After exerting his creative powers on this department of his subject, the virtues and better qualities of the heart, under their leader Eclecta, or Intellect, are attacked by the vices; a battle ensues, and the latter are vanquished, after a vigorous opposition, through the interference of an angel who appears at the prayers of Eclecta. The poet here

abruptly takes an opportunity of paying a fulsome and unpardonable compliment to James I. (stanza 55 of canto xii.), on that account perhaps the most unpalatable passage in the book. . . . It is to his honour that Milton read and imitated him, as every attentive reader of both poets must soon discover. He is eminently entitled to a very high rank among our old English classics."

DECAY OF EARTHLY GREATNESS.

The rising Morn lifts up his orient head,
And spangled heavens in golden robes invests ;
Thirsil upstarting from his fearless bed,
Where useless nights he safe and quiet rests,
Unhoused his bleating flock, and quickly thence
Hasting to his expecting audience,
Thus with sad verse began their grievéd minds incense :

“ Fond man, that looks on earth for happiness,
And here long seeks what here is never found !
For all our good we hold from heaven by lease,
With many forfeits and conditions bound ;
Nor can we pay the fine and rentage due ;
Though now but writ and sealed, and giv’n anew,
Yet daily we it break ; then daily must renew.

“ Why shouldst thou here look for perpetual good,
At every loss ’gainst heaven’s face repining ?
Do but behold where glorious cities stood,
With gilded tops and silver turrets shining ;
There now the hart fearless of greyhound feeds,
And loving pelican in fancy breeds ;
There screeching satyrs fill the people’s empty stedes.

“ Where is the Assyrian lion’s golden hide,
That all the East once grasped in lordly paw ?
Where the great Persian bear, whose swelling pride
The lion’s self tore out with rav’rous jaw ?
Or he which ’twixt a lion and a pard,
Through all the world with nimble pinions fared,
And to his greedy whelps his conquered kingdoms
shared ?

- “ Hardly the place of such antiquity,
 Or note of these great monarchies we find :
 Only a fading, verbal memory,
 And empty name in writ is left behind ;
 But when this second life and glory fades,
 And sinks at length in time’s obscurer shades,
 A second fall succeeds, and double death invades.
- “ That monstrous beast, which, nursed in Tiber’s fen,
 Did all the world with hideous shape affray ;
 That filled with costly spoil his gaping den,
 And trod down all the rest to dust and clay :
 His battering horns, pulled out by civil hands,
 And iron teeth, lie scattered on the sands ;
 Backed, bridled by a monk, with seven heads yoked
 stands.
- “ And that black vulture,* which with dreadful wing
 O’ershadows half the earth, whose dismal sight
 Frightened the muses from their native spring,
 Already stoops, and flags with weary flight :
 Who then shall look for happiness beneath ?
 Where each new day proclaims chance, change, and
 death,
 And life itself’s as flit as is the air we breathe.”



(ABOUT 1588—ABOUT 1623.)

GILES FLETCHER was the son of Dr. Giles Fletcher, sometime “ambassador into Russia,” and younger brother of Phineas, the subject of the foregoing notice. Mr.

* The Turk.

Ramsey, who married Giles Fletcher's widow, informed Fuller that the poet was born in London. The date of this event was 1588, or a year or two earlier. Giles Fletcher was educated at Westminster and at Trinity College, Cambridge, of which he was chosen fellow. The following scanty record of his short life is transcribed from Fuller, who says that he was "one equally beloved of the *Muses* and the *Graces*, having a sanctified wit, witness his worthy *Poem* intituled 'Christ's Victory,' made by him being but bachelour of arts, discovering the piety of a saint, and divinity of a doctor. He afterwards applied himself to school-divinity (cross to the grain of his genius as some conceive), and attained to good skill therein. When he preached at Saint *Maries*, his prayer before his sermon usually consisted of one entire allegory, not *driven* but *led* on, most proper in all particulars. He was at last (by exchange of his living*) settled in *Suffolk*, which hath the best and worst aire in *England*, best about *Bury*, and worst on the sea-side, where (at Alderton) Master Fletcher was beneficed. His clownish and low-parted parishioners (having nothing but their shooes high about them) valued not their pastour according to his worth, which disposed him to melancholy, and hastened his dissolution. I behold the life of this learned poet, like those half-verses in Virgil's *Oeneids*, broken off in the middle, seeing he might have doubled his days according to the ordinary course of nature; whose death happened about the year 1623." No record of Giles Fletcher is preserved, either in the church or the parish of Alderton.

* The accuracy of this parenthetical assertion of Fuller has been called in question by Mr. Willmott, in his "Lives of Sacred Poets," on the ground of the improbability that Fletcher should *exchange* into a neighbourhood whose ungenial air and inhabitants hastened his end. To which objection it may be objected that Fletcher could not *know* before experience the unkindness to himself either of the air or the people. Perhaps the case is simply an illustration of the very common practice of too sanguine and precipitate adoption of some step which cannot be approved by calculation or subsequent events.

In 1610 Fletcher published at Cambridge his great poem entitled, "Christ's Victory and Triumph," which, although never enjoying popular appreciation commensurate with its deserts, affords instances of bold and graphic personification, and abounds in passages of majesty and sublimity. It consists of four cantos, the subjects of which are respectively, (1) Christ's Victory in Heaven, (2) Christ's Triumph on Earth, (3) Christ's Triumph over Death, and (4) Christ's Triumph after Death. The second of the quotations which follow is the final passage of the fourth canto; and it will be seen how, in accordance with the quaint spirit of the age, this poem closes its sustained splendour in the haze of a pun, or a play upon a verbal ambiguity.

THE NATIVITY.

Who can forget—never to be forgot—
 The time that all the world in slumber lies,
 When like the stars, the singing angels shot
 To earth, and heaven awakéd all his eyes,
 To see another sun at midnight rise
 On earth? was ever sight of pareil fame;
 For God before man like Himself did frame,
 But God himself now like a mortal man became.
 A child He was, and had not learnt to speak,
 That with his word the world before did make;
 His mother's arms Him bore, He was so weak,
 That with one hand the vaults of heaven could shake.
 See how small room my infant Lord doth take,
 Whom all the world is not enough to hold!
 Who of his years, or of his age hath told?
 Never such age so young, never a child so old.
 And yet but newly was He infanted,
 And yet already He was sought to die;
 Yet scarcely born, already banished;
 Nor able yet to go, and forced to fly:
 But scarcely fled away, when, by and by
 The tyrant's sword with blood is all defiled,
 And Rachel, for her sons, with fury wild,
 Cries, O thou cruel king, and, O my sweetest child!

Egypt his nurse became, where Nilus springs,
 Who straight to entertain the rising sun,
 The hasty harvest in his bosom brings ;
 And now for drouth the fields were all undone,
 And now with waters all is overrun !
 So fast the Cynthian mountains poured their snow,
 Where once they felt the sun so near them glow
 That Nilus Egypt lost, and to a sea did grow.

The angels caroled loud their song of peace ;
 The curséd oracles were stricken dumb,
 To see their Shepherd the poor shepherds press ;
 To see their King the kingly sophies come ;
 And then to guide unto his Master's home
 A star came dancing up the Orient,
 That springs for joy over the strawy tent,
 Where gold, to make their Prince a crown, they all
 present.

Young John, glad child ! before he could be born,
 Leapt in the womb his joy to prophecy ;
 Old Anna, though with age all spent and worn,
 Proclaims her Saviour to posterity,
 And Simeon fast his dying notes doth ply.
 Oh ! how the blessed souls about him trace !
 It is the Sire of heaven thou dost embrace :
 Sing, Simeon, sing—sing, Simeon, sing apace !

With that the mighty thunder dropt away
 From God's unwary arm, now milder grown,
 And melted into tears ; as if to pray
 For pardon and for pity, it had known,
 That should have been for sacred vengeance thrown :
 There too the armies angelique devow'd
 Their former rage, and all to mercy bowed :
 Their broken weapons at her feet they gladly strowed.

“ Bring, bring, ye graces, all your silver flasks,
 Painted with every choicest flower that grows,
 That I may soon unflower your fragrant baskets,
 To strow the fields with odours where He goes ;
 Let whatsoe'er He treads on be a rose.”
 So down she let her eyelids fall, to shine
 Upon the rivers of bright Palestine,
 Whose woods drop honey, and her rivers skip with wine.

BLISS AND GLORY OF THE RANSOMED.

Here let my Lord hang up his conquering lance,
And bloody armour with late slaughter warm,
And looking down on his weak militants,
Behold his saints, 'midst of their hot alarm,
Hang all their golden hopes upon his arm.
And in this lower field displacing wide,
Through windy thoughts that would their sails misguide,
Anchor their fleshly ships fast in his wounded side.

Here may the band that now in triumph shines,
And that (before they were invested thus)
In earthly bodies carried heavenly minds,
Pitched round about in order glorious,
Their sunny tents and houses luminous,
All their eternal day in songs employing,
Joying their end, without end of their joying,
While their Almighty Prince Destruction is destroying.

Full, yet without satiety, of that
Which whets and quiets greedy appetite,
Where never sun did rise, nor ever sat;
But one eternal day and endless light
Gives time to those whose time is infinite—
Speaking with thought, obtaining without fee,
Beholding Him whom never eye could see,
And magnifying Him that cannot greater be.

How can such joy as this want words to speak?
And yet what words can speak such joy as this?
Far from the world that might their quiet break,
Here the glad souls the face of beauty kiss,
Poured out in pleasure, on their beds of bliss;
And drunk with nectar torrents, ever hold
Their eyes on Him, whose graces manifold
The more they do behold, the more they would behold.

Their sight drinks lovely fires in at their eyes,
Their brain sweet incense with fine breath accloys,
That on God's sweating altar burning lies;
Their hungry ears feed on their heavenly noise,
That angels sing to tell the unknown joys.
Their understanding naked truth, their wills
The all and self-sufficient goodness fills,
That nothing here is wanting but the want of ills.

No sorrow now hangs clouding on their brow,
 No bloodless malady empales their face,
 No age drops on their hairs his silver snow,
 No nakedness their bodies doth embase,
 No poverty themselves and theirs disgrace,
 No fear of death the joy of life devours,
 No unchaste sleep their precious time deflowers,
 No loss, no grief, no change, wait on their wingéd hours.

But now their naked bodies scorn the cold,
 And from their eyes joy looks and laughs at pain ;
 The infant wonders how he came so old,
 And old man how he came so young again ;
 Still resting, though from sleep they still refrain :
 Where all are rich, and yet no gold they owe,
 And all are kings, and yet no subjects know,
 All full, and yet no time on food they do bestow.

For things that pass are past, and in this field
 The indeficient spring no winter fears ;
 The trees together fruit and blossom yield,
 The unfading lily leaves of silver bears ;
 And crimson rose a scarlet garland wears ;
 And all of these on the saints' bodies grow,
 Not, as the wont, on baser earth below :
 Three rivers here, of milk, and wine, and honey flow.

About the holy city rolls a flood
 Of molten crystal like a sea of glass,
 On which weak stream a strong foundation stood ;
 Of living diamonds the building was,
 That all things else, besides itself, did pass,
 Her streets instead of stones, the stars did pave,
 And little pearls for dust it seemed to have,
 On which soft streaming manna, like pure snow, did
 wave.

In midst of this city celestial,
 Where the eternal temple should have rose,
 Lightened the Idea Beatifical—
 End and beginning of each thing that grows ;
 Whose self no end nor yet beginning knows,
 That hath no eyes to see, nor ears to hear,
 Yet sees and hears, and is all eye, all ear ;
 That nowhere is contained, and yet is everywhere.

Changer of all things, yet immutable ;
 Before and after all, the first and last ;
 That, moving all, is yet immoveable ;
 Great without quantity, in whose forecast
 Things past are present, things to come are past ;
 Swift without motion, to whose open eye
 The hearts of wicked men unbreasted lie,
 At once absent and present to them, far and nigh.

It is no flaming lustre made of light ;
 No sweet consent, or well-timed harmony ;
 Ambrosia for to feast the appetite,
 Or flowery odour, mixed with spicery,
 No soft embrace or pleasure bodily ;
 And yet it is a kind of inward feast,
 A harmony that sounds within the breast,
 An odour, light, embrace, in which the soul doth rest.

A heavenly feast, no hunger can consume ;
 A light unseen, yet shines in every place ;
 A sound no time can steal ; a sweet perfume
 No winds can scatter ; an entire embrace
 That no satiety can e'er unlace :
 Ingraced into so high a favour ; there
 The saints with their beauperes whole worlds outwear,
 And things unseen do see, and things unheard do hear.

Ye blessed souls grown richer by your spoil,
 Whose loss tho' great, is cause of greater gains,
 Here may your weary spirits rest from toil,
 Spending your endless ev'ning that remains,
 Among those white flocks and celestial trains,
 That feed upon their Shepherd's eyes and frame
 That heavenly music of so wondrous fame,
 Psalming aloud the holy honours of his name.

Had I a voice of steel to tune my song,
 Were every verse as smoothly filed as glass,
 And every member turnéd to a tongue,
 And every tongue were made of sounding brass ;
 Yet all that skill and all this strength, alas !
 Should it presume to gild, were misadvised,
 The place where David hath new songs devised,
 As in his burning throne he sits emparadised.

Most happy Prince, whose eyes those stars behold,
Treading ours under feet ! now may'st thou pour
That overflowing skill, wherewith of old
Thou wontst to comb rough speech, now mayst thou
shower
Fresh streams of praise upon that holy bower,
Which well we heaven call ; not that it rolls,
But that it is the haven of our souls—
Most happy Prince, whose sight so heavenly sight be-
holds !

Ah, foolish shepherds, that were wont to esteem
Your God all rough and shaggy-haired to be !
And yet far wiser shepherds than ye seem ;
For who so poor (though who so rich) as He
When, with us hermiting in low degree,
He washed his flocks in Jordan's spotless tide,
And that his dear remembrance aye might bide,
Did to us come, and with us lived, and for us died.

But now so lively colours did embeam
His sparkling forehead, and so shiny rays
Kindled his flaming locks, that down did stream
In curls along his neck, where sweetly plays
(Singing his wounds of love in sacred lays)
His dearest spouse, spouse of the dearest lover,
Knitting a thousand knots over and over,
And dying still for love ; but they her still recover.

Fair Egliset, that at his eyes doth dress
Her glorious face, those eyes from whence are shed
Infinite belamours ; where, to express
His love, high God all heav'n as captive leads,
And all the banners of his grace dispreads,
And in those windows doth his arms englaze,
And on those eyes the angels all do gaze,
And from those eyes the lights of heaven do glean their
blaze.

Impotent words ; weak lines that strive in vain ;
In vain, alas ! to tell so heavenly sight !
So heavenly sight as none can greater feign,
Feign what he can, that seems of greatest might :
Could any yet compare with Infinite ?
Infinite sure those joys ; my words but light :
Light is the palace where she dwells ; oh then, how
bright !



(1591—16—.)

ROBERT HERRICK, or Heyrick, was born in Cheapside, London, in 1591. About the year 1615, he was entered of St. John's College, Cambridge, which he left, after a three years' residence, for Trinity Hall, with the intention of preparing himself for the law. His university expenses appear to have been defrayed by Sir William Herrick, his uncle, who was goldsmith to King James I. Having gained the patronage of the Earl of Exeter, Herrick abandoned the study of the law; and, entering holy orders, was, October 1st, 1629, through the interest of the above nobleman, presented by Charles I. to the vicarage of Dean Prior, in Devonshire, then vacant by the promotion of Dr. Barnaby Potter to the see of Carlisle. Here he passed about twenty years of his life amongst a people who seem to have been of a like character with Giles Fletcher's parishioners of Alderton. Instead of dying prematurely, however, as did that more sensitive poet, by way of protest against their want of culture and appreciation, the jovial Herrick contented himself with the revenge of branding his flock as a "wild amphibious race, churlish as the seas, and rude as savages." About 1647, he was ejected from his benefice, a loss of which the gain was that it "recalled him from a long and irksome banishment" to the "blest place of his nativity." With the intermission of the exercise of his clerical functions, Herrick seems to have held in abeyance all claim to the sanctity of the clerical character. He

lived in Westminster, and took his full share in the wild gaiety and the tavern jollities in which the full-blooded life of the wits of the age so freely expended itself; but his conduct, on his own penitent assurance, was at this time more blameless than his verses. With the restoration of Charles II., Herrick recovered his preferment, and died in some unascertained year later than 1660.

In 1647, about the time of the loss of his vicarage, Herrick published his "Noble Numbers: or his Pious Pieces, wherein (amongst other things) he sings the birth of his Christ, and sighes for his Saviour's suffering on the Crosse." His muse is harmonious, and some of his pieces exhibit an exquisite tenderness combined with a deep religious experience. In 1648, Herrick published his "Hesperides; or, Works both Humane and Divine," which he dedicated to "the most illustrious and most hopeful Prince Charles, Prince of Wales." In default of space to discuss the heterogeneous and unassimilated elements of a character in which all elements seem to have been present, but uncombined, we cannot do better than allow Herrick to epitomize himself in the following metrical "Argument of his Book":—

"I sing of brooks, of blossoms, birds, and bowers,
Of April, May, of June, and July flowers;
I sing of May-poles, hock-carts, wassails, wakes,
Of bridegrooms, brides, and of their bridal cakes.
I write of youth, of love, and have access
By these to sing of cleanly wantonness;
I sing of dews, of rains, and, piece by piece,
Of balm, of oil, of spice, and amber-greece.
I sing of times trans-shifting; and I write
How roses first came red, and lilies white;
I write of groves; of twilights; and I sing
The court of Mab, and of the fairy king.
I write of hell; I sing, and ever shall,
Of heaven, and hope to have it after all."

LITANY TO THE HOLY SPIRIT.

In the hour of my distress,
When temptations me oppress,
And when I my sins confess,
 Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

When I lie within my bed,
Sick at heart and sick in head,
And with doubts disquieted,
 Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

When the house doth sigh and weep,
And the world is drowned in sleep,
Yet mine eyes the watch do keep,
 Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

When the artless doctor sees
No one hope, but of his fees,
And his skill runs on the lees,
 Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

When his potion and his pill,
Has or none, or little skill,
Meet for nothing but to kill,
 Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

When the passing bell doth toll,
And the furies in a shoal,
Come to fright my parting soul,
 Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

When the tapers now burn blue,
And the comforters are few,
And that number more than true,
 Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

When the priest his last hath prayed,
And I nod to what is said,
Because my speech is now decayed,
 Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

When, God knows, I'm toss'd about,
Either with despair or doubt,
Yet before the glass be out,
 Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

When the tempter me pursu'th
With the sins of all my youth,
And half damns me with untruth,
 Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the flames and hellish cries,
Fright mine ears and fright mine eyes,
And all terrors me surprise,
 Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the judgment is revealed,
And that opened which was sealed,
When to Thee I have appealed,
 Sweet Spirit, comfort me

A THANKSGIVING FOR HIS HOUSE.

Lord, Thou hast given me a cell
 Wherein to dwell;
A little house, whose humble roof
 Is weather-proof;
Under the spars of which I lie
 Both soft and dry.
Where Thou, my chamber for to ward,
 Hast set a guard
Of harmless thoughts, to watch and keep
 Me while I sleep.
Low is my porch, as is my fate,
 Both void of state;
And yet the threshold of my door
 Is worn by the poor,
Who hither come, and freely get
 Good words or meat.
Like as my parlour, so my hall,
 And kitchen small;
A little buttery, and therein
 A little bin,
Which keeps my little loaf of bread
 Unchipt, unflead.
Some brittle stacks of thorn or briar
 Make me a fire,
Close by whose living coal I sit,
 And glow like it.

Lord, I confess, too, when I dine
 The pulse is thine,
And all those other bits that be
 There placed by Thee.
 The worts, the purslain, and the mess
 Of water-cress,
 Which of thy kindness Thou hast sent :
 And my content
 Makes these, and my belovéd beet
 To be more sweet.
 'Tis Thou that crown'st my glittering hearth
 With guiltless mirth ;
 And giv'st me wassail bowls to drink,
 Spiced to the brink.
 Lord, 'tis thy plenty-dropping hand
 That soils my land ;
 And giv'st me, for my bushel sown,
 Twice ten for one ;
 Thou makest my teeming hen to lay
 Her egg each day ;
 Besides my healthful ewes to bear
 Me twins each year ;
 The while the conduits of my kine
 Run cream for wine :
 All these, and better, Thou dost send
 Me, to this end :
 That I should render, for my part,
 A thankful heart,
 Which, fired with incense, I resign
 As wholly thine :
 But the acceptance that must be
 My Christ, by Thee.

TEMPTATIONS.

Temptations hurt not, though they have access ;
 Satan o'ercomes none but by willingness.

HONOURS AND HINDRANCES.

Give me honours : what are these
 But the pleasing hindrances,

Stiles, and stops, and stays, that come
In the way 'twixt me and home?
Clear the walk, and then shall I
To my heaven less run than fly.



AMONGST the names of men whose genius has been blighted by misfortune, and whose efforts after noblest thought have been baffled and tortured by circumstance, there are few more calculated to inspire a pity which is almost remorse—if it be possible for one generation to inherit the shame of an unappreciating neglect with which an ancestral one was more directly chargeable—than that which heads this brief notice. The place and the date alike of the birth and of the death of John Hagthorpe are unknown, and for his “ancient and not ignoble name” we have been unable, after considerable search, to trace any territorial connection. Nearly all that is ascertained of his personal history is to be gathered from the dedications quoted below, and from the incidental information, given by himself, that he wrote the poem “Art and Nature” whilst he lived “in the old castle of Scarborough, standing upon a most high rock almost surrounded by the sea.” Perhaps from the iteration in his Discourse, page 34, “I did live sometimes upon the sea-coast in the town and castle of Scarborough,” it should be inferred that this season was the one in a gloomy life upon which the shadows fell most lightly. A

small volume of “Divine Meditations and Elegies,” published in 1622, has the following dedication:—

“To the High Mighty Prince James, by the grace of God King of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, John Hagthorpe, in all humble duty and zealous affection, wisheth all health and prosperity in this world, and eternal happiness in the world to come.

“Pardon, mighty Prince, my boldness, thus presuming into your presence with so lame an oblation. Having a Suit to your Majesty (which is not for money, but a few good words), and having no friend in court, I thought a Petition might miscarry, and this therefore the safer kind of begging, to make Truth speak for herself. Whereas thereto I am much impoverished through Suits of Law wherein I have been ten years forbidden from mine own by the malice of a stronger adversary and many other bad debtors, who, by their ill dealing, compel me to transport myself and family into Virginia, or New England; my Suit is, that your Gracious Majesty would be pleased to speak a good word for me, that I may obtain the benefit of Master Sutton’s Charity for a little son of mine, whom I would gladly leave behind me to increase an ancient (and not ignoble) name again in your Majesty’s dominions, wherein there is not a man living of that name beside myself and mine. For which your gracious clemency, I shall not fail daily to pray for your Majesty’s health and prosperity in this world, and eternal happiness in the world to come. Your Majesty’s most humble and obedient subject, John Hagthorpe.”

That this petition did not obtain for him the succour so plaintively implored, may be gathered from the renewal of his suit in a dedication to Charles, then Prince of Wales, of his “*Visiones Rerum: the Visions of Things,*” published in the year 1623. In this dedication, Hagthorpe calls himself “the least and most unfortunate of all men, wrapt up, through infinite calamities, in Cim-

merian night of unknown obscurities ;” and proceeds :—
“ Having of late presented your royal father with a small book of meditations, and a suit ; so renewing the said suit, I make bold now again to present your grace with these most rude and most unpolished lines, but honest matter, and not unfit for your contemplation, which my poor muse, having wandered round the world to gather, lays down at length at your princely feet.”

In 1625, Hagthorpe turned his experience of the colonies to literary account in a quarto volume, entitled “ England’s Exchequer ; or, a Discourse of the Sea and Navigation, with some things therein coincident concerning plantations.”

In 1817, the poetical works of Hagthorpe experienced a partial resurrection, Sir Egerton Brydges having published from the Lee Priory press, “ Hagthorpe Revived ; or, Select Specimens of a Forgotten Poet.” “ The effusions of Hagthorpe,” says this generous editor, “ have a polished elegance ; they are harmonious, plaintive, and have all the vivid colouring and breadth of a poetical vein. All the stanzas of the lyric ‘ To Earth ’ are delicate, beautiful, and touching, both in sentiment and expression ; nor is the address ‘ To Death,’ or that ‘ To Time,’ less attractive and praiseworthy.”

TO EARTH.

Earth, thou art a barren field
Of delight and true contending ;
All the pleasures thou dost yield,
Give but cause of sad lamenting.
Where desires
Are the fires,
Still our souls tormenting.

Riches, honour, dignity
 Are the highway to misfortune;
 Greatness is a lethargy,
 That to death can soon transport one.
 To be fair
 Causeth care,
 Gifts chaste thoughts importune.

To be witty, quick of tongue,
 Sorrow to themselves returneth;
 To be healthful, young, and strong,
 Feeds the flames where passion burneth.
 Yet do men
 Covet them
 More than what adorneth.

To have friends and lovers kind,
 That us would environ;
 Wife and children though we find,
 These be robes that best attire one;
 Yet their loss
 Is a cross,
 Melting hearts of iron.

To be perfect here, and wise,
 Is to know our indiscretions;
 And our goodness chiefly lies
 In observing our transgressions;
 For we dwell
 As in hell,
 Thrall to bad impressions.

Then, alas! why long we so
 With loved sorrow still to languish?
 Is there aught on earth but woe,
 Aye renewing cares and anguish;
 Where new fears
 Still appears,
 Darts at us to brandish?

TO DEATH.

Then, Death, why shouldst thou dreaded be,
 And shunned as some great misery;

That cur'st our woes and strife;
Only because we're ill resolved,
And in dark error's clouds involved,
 Think death the end of life,
 Which most untrue,
 Each place we view,
 Gives testimonies rife.

The flowers that we behold each year,
In chequered meads their heads to rear,
 New rising from the tomb;
The eglantines, and honey-daisies,
And all those pretty smiling faces,
 That still in age grow young;
 Even those do cry,
 That though men die,
 Yet life from death may come.

The towering cedars tall and strong,
On Taurus and Mount Lebanon,
 In time they all decay;
Yet from their old and wasted roots,
At length again grow up young shoots,
 That are as fresh and gay;
 Then why should we
 Thus fear to die,
 Whose death brings life for aye?

The seed that in the earth we throw
Doth putrefy before it grow,
 Corrupting in its urn;
But at the spring it flourisheth,
When Phœbus only cherisheth,
 With life at his return.
 Doth Time's sun this?
 Then sure it is
 Time's Lord can more perform.



(1588—1667.)

GEORGE WITHER, the eldest son of a father of both his names, was born at Bentworth, near Alton, Hampshire, June 11th, 1588. After receiving his elementary classical education under John Greaves, of Colemore, a schoolmaster of much worth and of considerable local celebrity, Wither entered at Magdalen College, Oxford, in 1603 or 1604. Here he was placed under the tuition of John Warner, afterwards Bishop of Rochester; and, after three years' residence, during which he seems to have given scant attention to his graver academical studies, he was taken home, and thence presently “sent to one of the inns of Chancery in London, and afterwards to Lincoln's Inn, to obtain knowledge in the municipal law. But still his geny”—we are quoting Wood—“hanging after things more smooth and delightful, he did at length make himself known to the world, after he had taken several rambles therein, by certain specimens of poetry, which, being dispersed in several hands, he became shortly after a public author, and much admired by some in that age for his quick advancement in that faculty. But so it was, that he showing himself too busy and satirical in his ‘Abuses Stript and Whipt’ was committed prisoner to the Marshalsea, where, continuing several months, was the more cried up, especially by the Puritanical party, for his profuse pouring forth of English rhyme.”

The “Abuses Stript and Whipt” was published in 1613, and amongst the literary results of his incarceration in

the Marshalsea is his celebrated pastoral poem, called “The Shepherds’ Hunting.”* Before this, however, Wither had published “Prince Henry’s Obsequies; or, Mourful Elegies upon his Death.” The demise of this amiable young prince seems to have called forth all the rhythmical sorrow of which the nation was capable. The next manifestation of Wither’s loyalty was of a more cheerful kind : “Epithalamia; or, Nuptial Poems upon the most blessed and happy Marriage between the High and Mightie Prince Frederic the Fifth, Count Palatine of the Rhine, Duke of Bavier, etc., and the most virtuous, gracious, and thrice-excellent Princess Elizabeth, sole daughter to our dread Sovereign James, etc.”

In 1614, during his imprisonment, Wither addressed a powerful and outspoken “Satire to the King’s most excellent Majesty,” and either this, or the good offices of friends, or both, soon procured his enlargement. The royal favour did not stop here. The king conferred upon the poet a patent, which bears date the 17th day of February, 1622-3, for his “Hymns and Songs of the Church,” which were “esteemed worthie and profitabile to be inserted in convenient manner and due place into everie English Psalme-book in meeter.” The patent was to be in force “for the term of fifty and one years.” Other works of Wither are “Britain’s Remembrancer,” “Emblems, Ancient and Modern,” “Epigrams,” etc. These works were all collected and printed “for John Budge, dwelling in St. Paul’s Churchyard, at the sign of the Green Dragon, 1622.”

In 1639, Wither was a captain of horse in the expedition against the Scots, and quartermaster-general of the regiment—the Earl of Arundel’s—in which he held his

* The “Meditation in Prison,” which “is a very beautiful and ingenious adaptation of Scripture to his own peculiar case,” is put into the mouth of Philarete, an interloactor, in “The Shepherds’ Hunting,” with Willy and Roget. An apology for setting his sufferings to harmony is found by Wither in the “Example of the Psalmist, Shepherd, and King, in Kindred circumstances.”

commission. “But this our author”—it is once more Wood who speaks—“who was always from his youth Puritanically affected (sufficiently evidenced in his satyrs), sided with the Presbyterians in the beginning of the civil wars, raised by them anno 1642, became an enemy to the king and regality, sold the estate he had, and with the moneys received for it raised a troop of horse for the Parliament, was made a captain, and soon after a major, having this motto on his colours, *Pro Rege, Lege, Grege*; but being taken prisoner by the Cavaliers, Sir John Denham, the poet (some of whose land at Egham, in Surrey, Wither had got into his clutches), desired his majesty not to hang him, ‘because that so long as Wither lived, Denham would not be accounted the worst poet in England.’”

He was afterwards made, by the Long Parliament, justice of peace for the counties of Hampshire, Surrey, and Essex; and by Cromwell appointed major-general of all the horse and foot in the county of Surrey.

At the restoration he was stripped of all his possessions; and for libels which this confiscation provoked, he was thrown into prison, where he was treated with considerable rigour, although by the connivance of his keepers he was furnished with materials with which to produce several satires. In 1663 he was released, and died in London, May 2nd, 1667.

“The things that he hath written,” says Wood, who had a prejudice, it must be owned, both against poets and Puritans, “are very many, accounted by the generality of scholars mere scribbles, and the fancies of a conceited and confident, if not enthusiastical mind.” But the memory of his earlier poems at least has long been cherished by those who can appreciate with Ellis their “playful fancy, pure taste, and artless delicacy of sentiment” and who can recognize the pure Christianity of his muse, when untainted by the bitterness of that polemical strife in which he played so chequered a part.

THE CONVERSION OF ST. PAUL.

A blest conversion and a strange
 Was that, when Saul a Paul became;
 And, Lord, for making such a change
 We praise and glorify thy name;
 For whilst he went from place to place
 To persecute thy truth and Thee,
 And running to perdition was,
 By powerful grace called back was he.

When from thy truth we go astray,
 Or, wrong it through our pointed zeal,
 Oh, come and stop us in the way,
 And then thy will to us reveal.
 That brightness shew us from above,
 Which proves the sensual eyesight blind;
 And from our eyes those scales remove
 That hinder us thy ways to find.

And as thy blessed servant Paul,
 When he a convert once became,
 Exceeded thy apostles all
 In painful preaching of thy name;
 So grant that those who have in sin
 Exceeded others heretofore,
 The start of them in faith may win—
 Love, serve, and honour Thee the more.

MEDITATION IN PRISON.

Now that my body, dead alive,
 Bereaved of comfort, lies in thrall,
 Do thou, my soul, begin to thrive,
 And unto honey turn this gall;
 So shall we both, through outward woe,
 The way to inward comfort know.

For as that food my flesh I give
 Doth keep in me this mortal breath;
 So souls on meditation live,
 And shun thereby immortal death:
 Nor art thou ever nearer rest
 Than when thou find'st me most opprest.

First think, my soul, if I have foes
 That take a pleasure in my care,
 And to procure these outward woes,
 Have thus enwrapt me unaware,
 Thou should'st by much more careful be,
 Since greater foes lay wait for thee.

Then when mewed up in grates of steel,
 Minding those joys mine eyes do miss,
 Thou find'st no torment thou dost feel
 So grievous as privation is ;
 Muse how the damned in flames that glow
 Pine in the loss of bliss they know.

Thou seest there's given so great might
 To some that are but clay as I,
 Their very anger can affright ;
 Which if in any thou espy,
 Thus think : if mortal frowns strike fear,
 How dreadful will God's wrath appear !

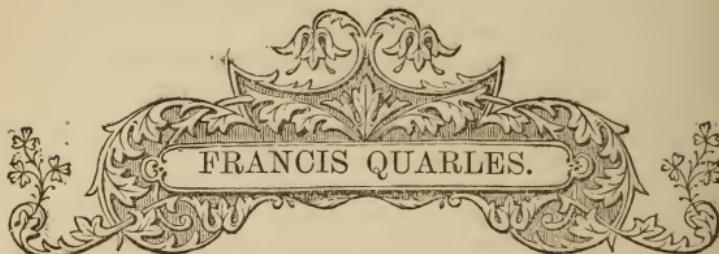
By my late hopes, that now are crost,
 Consider those that firmer be ;
 And make the freedom I have lost
 A means that may remember thee ;
 Had Christ not thy redeemer been,
 What horrid thrall thou had'st been in !

These iron chains, the bolts of steel,
 Which other poor offenders grind,
 The wants and cares which they do feel
 May bring some greater thing to mind ;
 For by their grief thou shalt do well
 To think upon the pains of hell.

Or when through me thou seest a man
 Condemned unto a mortal death,
 How sad he looks, how pale, how wan,
 Drawing with fear his panting breath ;
 Think if in that such grief thou see,
 How sad will, " Go, ye cursed !" be.

Again, when he that feared to die,
 Past hope, doth see his pardon brought,
 Read but the joy that's in his eye,
 And then convey it to thy thought ;
 There think betwixt my heart and thee,
 How sweet will, " Come, ye blessed !" be.

Thus if thou do, though closéd here,
 My bondage I shall deem the less ;
 I neither shall have cause to fear,
 Nor yet bewail my sad distress :
 For whether live, or pine, or die,
 We shall have bliss eternally.



(1592—1644.)

FRANCIS QUARLES, the son of James Quarles, Purveyor of the Navy to Queen Elizabeth, was born in 1592, at Stewards, in Romford Town Ward, Essex. From a school in the neighbourhood, at which he distinguished himself by his talent and assiduity, he was sent to Christ's College, Cambridge, where, in 1608, he took his bachelor's degree. He afterwards studied at Lincoln's Inn, not so much with a view to practise at the bar, as with the benevolent idea of turning his legal knowledge to account in the stifling of suits and the adjustment of differences amongst his friends and neighbours. For a period probably of about four years he filled the office of cup-bearer to Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia, the amiable and accomplished daughter of James I. In 1621, near the commencement of a protracted stay in Ireland, he published his "Argalus and Parthenia," having previously written the "Feast of Worms; or, the History of Jonah," which, from his calling it his "Morning Muse," it has been inferred was his earliest production. His other principal poems are his "Quintessence of

Meditation;" "Job Militant;" "The History of Queen Esther;" "Sion's Elegies," a paraphrase of Jeremiah; "The School of the Heart;" "Hieroglyphics of the Life of Man;" and "Divine Emblems." The "Emblems," from which two of the following extracts are taken, were first published about the year 1635, and were addressed to his "beloved friend, Edward Benlowes." In 1641, he published his "Enchiridion," a collection of short essays on miscellaneous subjects.

Quarles was sometime secretary to the pious and learned Archbishop Usher; and on the 4th of February, 1639, was appointed chronologer to the City of London, which situation he held till his death in 1644.

We quote the following from Mr. Headley, who published, in 1787, "Select Beauties of Ancient English Poetry, with Remarks, etc.," and who is the same genial and in the main, judicious critic, from whom we before adopted a somewhat lengthy estimate of the "Purple Island" of Phineas Fletcher.

"It is the fate of many to receive from posterity that commendation which, though deserved, they missed of during their lives; others, on the contrary, take their full complement of praise from their contemporaries, and gain nothing from their successors; a double payment is rarely the lot of any one. In every nation few indeed are they who, allied, as it were, to immortality, can boast of a reputation sufficiently bulky and well-founded, to catch and to detain the eye of each succeeding generation as it rises. The revolutions of opinions, gradual improvements, and new discoveries, will shake, if not demolish, the fairest fabrics of the human intellect. Fame, like virtue, is seldom stationary; if it ceases to advance, it inevitably goes backward, and speedy are the steps of its receding when compared with those of its advances. Writers who do not belong to the first class, yet are of distinguished merit, should rest content with the scanty

praise of the few for the present, and trust with confidence to posterity. He who writes well leaves a *κτῆμα ἐσ ἀει* behind him: the partial and veering gales of favour, though silent perhaps for one century, are sure to rise in the next. Truth, however tardy, is infallibly progressive, and with her walks Justice. Let this console deserted genius; those honours which, through envy or accident, are withheld in one age, are sure to be repaid with interest by taste and gratitude in another. These reflections were more immediately suggested by the memory of Quarles, which has been branded with more than common abuse, and who seems often to have been censured merely from the want of being read. If his poetry failed to gain him friends and readers, his piety should at least have secured him peace and goodwill. He too often, no doubt, mistook the enthusiasm of devotion for the inspiration of fancy; to mix the waters of Jordan and Helicon in the same cup was reserved for the hand of Milton, and for him, and him only, to find the bays of Mount Olivet equally verdant with those of Parnassus. Yet, as the effusions of a real poetical mind, however thwarted by untowardness of subject, will be seldom rendered totally abortive, we find in Quarles original imagery, striking sentiment, fertility of expression, and happy combinations, together with a compression of style that merits the observation of the writers of verse His 'Enchiridion,' consisting of select brief observations, moral and poetical, deserves republication, together with the best parts of his other works. Had this little piece been written at Athens or at Rome, its author would have been classed with the wise men of the century."

A RENEWED HEART.

So, now the soul's sublimed ; her sour desires
Are recalcined in heav'n's well tempered fires ;
The heart restored and purged from drossy nature
Now finds the freedom of a new-born creature :
It lives another life, it breathes new breath ;
It neither fears nor feels the sting of death :
Like as the idle vagrant (having none)
That boldly 'dopts each house he views, his own ;
Makes every purse his chequer ; and at pleasure
Walks forth and taxes all the world, like Cæsar :
At length by virtue of a just command,
His sides are lent to a severer hand ;
Whereon his pass, not fully understood,
Is tax'd in a manuscript of blood ;
Thus past from town to town ; until he come
A sore repentant to his native home ;
E'en so the rambling heart, that idly roves
From crimes to sin, and uncontrolled removes
From lust to lust, when wanton flesh invites
From old worn pleasures to new choice delights ;
At length corrected by the filial rod
Of his offended, but his gracious God,
And lashed from sins to sighs ; and by degrees,
From sighs to vows, from vows to bended knees ;
From bended knees to a true pensive breast ;
From thence to torments not by tongue express,
Returns ; and (from his sinful self exiled)
Finds a glad Father, He a welcome child ;
O then it lives ; O then it lives involved
In secret raptures ; pants to be dissolved ;
The royal offspring of a second birth,
Sets ope' to Heaven, and shuts the door to earth :
If love-sick Jove commanded clouds should hap
To rain such showers as quickened Danæ's lap ;
Or dogs (far kinder than their purple master),
Should lick his sores, he laughs, nor weeps the faster,
If earth (heav'n's rival) dart her idle ray ;
To heav'n 'tis wax, and to the world 'tis clay :
If earth present delights, it scorns to draw,
But like the jet unrubbed disdains that straw.
No hope deceives it, and no doubt divides it ;
No grief disturbs it, and no error guides it

No good contemns it, and no virtue blames it ;
 No guilt condemns it, and no folly shames it ;
 No sloth besots it, and no lust entrails it ;
 No scorn afflicts it, and no passion galls it ;
 It is a casket of immortal life ;
 An ark of peace ; the lists of sacred strife ;
 A purer piece of endless transitory ;
 A shrine of grace, a little throne of glory :
 A heav'n born offspring of a new-born birth ;
 An earthly heav'n ; an ounce of heav'nly earth.

DELIGHT IN GOD ONLY.

I love (and have some cause to love) the earth ;
 She is my Maker's creature, therefore good :
 She is my mother, for she gave me birth ;
 She is my tender nurse ; she gives me food :
 But what's a creature, Lord, compared with Thee ?
 Or what's my mother, or my nurse to me ?

I love the air ; her dainty sweets refresh
 My drooping soul, and to new sweets invite me ;
 Her shrill mouthed choir sustain me with their flesh,
 And with their polyphonian notes delight me :
 But what's the air, or all the sweets, that she
 Can bless my soul withal, compared to Thee ?

I love the sea ; she is my fellow creature,
 My careful purveyor ; she provides me store ;
 She walls me round ; she makes my diet greater ;
 She wafts my treasure from a foreign shore :
 But, Lord of oceans, when compared with Thee,
 What is the ocean, or her wealth to me ?

To heav'n's high city I direct my journey,
 Whose spangled suburbs entertain mine eye ;
 Mine eye, by contemplation's great attorney,
 Transcends the crystal pavement of the sky :
 But what is heav'n, great God, compared to Thee ?
 Without thy presence, heav'n's no heav'n to me.

Without thy presence, earth gives no refection ;
 Without thy presence, sea affords no treasure :
 Without thy presence, air's a rank infection ;
 Without thy presence, heav'n itself's no pleasure ;
 If not possessed, if not enjoyed in Thee,
 What's earth, or sea, or air, or heaven to me ?

The highest honours that the world can boast
 Are subjects far too low for my desire ;
 The brightest beams of glory are (at most)
 But dying sparkles of thy living fire :
 The proudest flames that earth can kindle be
 But mighty glowworms, if compared to Thee.

Without thy presence, wealth are bags of cares ;
 Wisdom, but folly ; joy, disquiet sadness :
 Friendship is treason, and delights are snares ;
 Pleasure's but pain, and mirth but pleasing madness ;
 Without thee, Lord, things be not what they be,
 Nor have their being, when compared with Thee.

In having all things, and not Thee, what have I ?
 Not having Thee, what have my labours got ?
 Let me enjoy but Thee, what farther crave I ?
 And having Thee alone, what have I not ?
 I wish nor sea, nor land ; nor would I be
 Possessed of heav'n, heav'n unpossessed of Thee.

THE ENLARGING OF THE HEART.

What a blessed change I find,
 Since I entertained this Guest !*
 Now methinks another mind
 Moves and rules within my breast.
 Surely I am not the same
 That I was before He came ;
 But I then was much to blame.

When, before my God commanded
 Anything He would have done,
 I was close and grapple-handed
 Made an end ere I begun.
 If He thought it fit to lay
 Judgments on me, I could say,
 They are good ; but shrink away.

* The Holy Spirit.

All the ways of righteousness
 I did think were full of trouble ;
 I complained of tediousness,
 And each duty seem'd double.
 Whilst I served Him but of fear,
 Ev'ry minute did appear
 Longer far than a whole year.

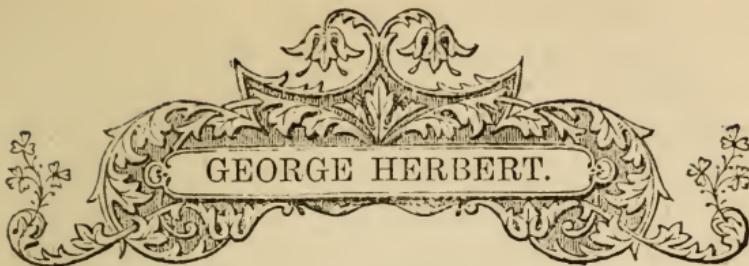
Strictness in religion seemed
 Like a pinnéd, pinioned thing ;
 Bolts and fetters I esteemed
 More beseeming for a king,
 Than for me to bow my neck,
 And be at another's beck,
 When I felt my conscience check.

But the case is altered now :
 He no sooner turns his eye,
 But I quickly bend and bow,
 Ready at his feet to lie ;
 Love hath taught me to obey
 All his precepts, and to say,
 Not to-morrow, but to-day.

What He wills I say I must :
 What I must, I say, I will :
 He commanding, it is just
 What He would I should fulfil.
 What He biddeth, I believe,
 What He calls for He will give :
 To obey Him is to live.

His commandments grievous are not
 Longer than men think them so :
 Though He send me forth, I care not,
 Whilst He gives me strength to go ;
 When or whither, all is one,
 On his business, not mine own,
 I shall never go alone.

If I be complete in Him,
 And in Him all fulness dwelleth,
 I am sure aloft to swim,
 Whilst that ocean over-swellet.
 Having Him that's All in All,
 I am confident I shall
 Nothing want for which I call.



THIS illustrious poet was born at Montgomery Castle, in 1593. He belonged to the ancient stock of the Herberts, Earls of Pembroke. His eldest brother was Lord Herbert of Cherbury, whose Autobiography is one of the most interesting works in the language, and whose philosophical writings still receive their meed of attention. In the Autobiography there are interesting notices of the writer's family, of whom the most remarkable was his mother, a woman of great piety, great strength of character, and masculine intellect. In the early part of his life, George Herbert lived at Oxford, where his mother resided during the education of her elder son. She afterwards took a house in London, while George attended Westminster School. Having obtained a scholarship, George proceeded in due course to Trinity College, Cambridge. Whilst he was at Westminster he appears to have commenced, and at Trinity to have elaborated and completed a remarkable set of Latin verses, entitled "Musæ Responsoriæ," in answer to a satirical poem written in Latin sapphics, by Andrew Melvin, on the occasion of the steps taken by the two universities in reference to the Millenary Petition. These poems are remarkable both for their intrinsic merit, and also as offering the very best example of Latin poetry that had been as yet published in England. In 1615, having taken his bachelor's degree in 1612, Herbert became M.A., and fellow of his college; and a few years afterwards was

made Public Orator of the University. This was a much coveted position, as it brought the holder of it into close connection with the court, and frequently proved an avenue to high political distinction. Before long Herbert stood high in the favour of royalty, and entertained a reasonable expectation of being appointed a Secretary of State. The popular notion that makes George Herbert simply a “country parson” is inaccurate ; he took orders late, and died before he had been long ordained ; his best years were spent as a courtier and scholar, and he was so distinguished that Lord Bacon dedicated to him one of his productions, and submitted others to his revision.

Lord Herbert of Cherbury has bluntly but truly indicated the real cause of his brother becoming a clergyman—the disappointment of his hopes at court. With the new reign of Charles I. passed away the expectations he had founded upon the favour of the old king ; and it happened, moreover, that his two powerful friends, Lodowick, Duke of Richmond, and James, Marquis of Hamilton, also died within a short space of time. He had always been a good man ; but now a further remarkable change seems to have passed over his mind. He resolved to consecrate his future life entirely to his sacred duties ; and he henceforth exhibited a rare extent of labour, sacrifice, and intense devotion. It was not, however, till he became a priest that he exchanged his sword and silken clothes for the canonical dress ; deacon’s orders being then more really distinct from the other orders than is the case at present. In the meantime he married, having known his bride only for three days previously : they had however long heard of each other. Herbert’s quaint biographer, Izaak Walton, says, “They had wooed so like princes as to have select proxies. . . . The eternal Lover of mankind made them happy in each other’s mutual affection and compliance.” The living of Fugglestone

with Bemerton was bestowed upon him by the king, at the request of his kinsman, the Earl of Pembroke. It lies about a mile and a half from Salisbury, a fair garden slopes down to a brawling rivulet, the Nadder, close by are the noble woods of Wilton, and not far off stretches the great plain; a long extent of flat meadow-land is crowned by the cathedral spire. His beautiful and benevolent life at Bemerton is related by Walton in what is perhaps the best of his biographies; where even the common people would leave the plough when Mr. Herbert's *Saintsbell* summoned them to prayers twice every day. At this season he composed many of his sacred poems, which he set and sung to his lute or viol. His view of life, to which his own character did not fail to approximate, is set forth in his "*Country Parson*," a very favourable specimen of English prose, although Mr. Hallam, with a want of sympathy which frequently detracts from the value of his criticisms, pronounces it to be "*frigid*." In it the accomplished scholar quaintly recommends the clergy to familiarize themselves with the Dialogues of Plato, that they may acquire a winning and courtly way of dealing with their parishioners.

His health had always been delicate; and he had not been at Bemerton more than a year or two before consumption set in, accelerated, it is to be feared, by his ascetic habits. In the last days of his weakness he sent the manuscript of "*The Temple*" to his friend, Mr. Ferrar, with the message: "Desire him to read it; and then, if he can think it may turn to the advantage of any dejected poor soul, let it be made public; if not, let him burn it; for I and it are less than the least of God's mercies." On the Sunday before his death, he called for his lute, and played and sung a portion of the poem named after the day, which is quoted as "a composition peculiarly characteristic of the author." Herbert died in 1632-3; and so escaped the dark days coming upon his

beloved Church of England, the signs of which the prescient eyes of his friend Ferrar had not been slow to discern. He was buried, according to his own desire, with the singing-service for the burial of the dead, by the singing-men of the neighbouring cathedral of Salisbury. For many years he lay in the chancel of Bemerton Church with no greater mark of distinction than a marble grave-stone of moderate quality and dimensions, and without any inscription. The year 1861 saw the completion of a beautiful memorial church, erected to his memory at Bemerton, in great measure by the late Lord Herbert of Lea, who delighted in his family connection with the poet. It has a mural inscription in Latin, from the pen of Lord Lyttelton.

The popularity of "The Temple" has been very great. Walton, in his day, calculated that more than twenty thousand copies had been sold. From King Charles, who had it in his hands on the scaffold, to the humblest subject, this book has been a source of delight and consolation. Its merits belong to a region higher than those amenable to the laws of criticism. Yet even according to the rules of criticism it will not be difficult to account for the extraordinary and permanent popularity of his poems. He has sometimes been included in that body of men whom Dr. Johnson oddly and inaccurately denominates the *Metaphysical* school of poets—the set which commences with Donne, who was Herbert's friend, and perhaps his tutor, and whose declining influence pervades even the earlier productions of Dryden. But Herbert merely played with the verbal subtleties in which that school delighted. He has himself exposed its trickery, and he never sacrifices his thoughts to his diction. He has a great variety of merits. In his opening *Perirrhanterium* he displays the consummate good sense and good manners of the high-bred English gentleman. In his management of the sonnet he indicates

the Italian scholar, and the few poems which he has written in this form may be placed by the side of those by Shakespere and Milton ; and some of his sacred pieces have the lyric sweetness and boldness of the best song-writers of the Elizabethan period. But the singular charm of "The Temple" consists in its autobiographic character. Many of his poems are confessions as truthful as the Confessions of Rousseau ; or, to name one to whom he is more akin, the Confessions of Augustin. He sets forth all his experience of wit, love, beauty, mirth, and pleasure, the cheating and transitory nature of earthly things, the forgiveness, peace, and happiness which he sought and found. Singularly enough he has written a little poem called "The Pilgrimage," which in a fashion anticipates the "Pilgrim's Progress;" and many of his other poems vividly delineate scenes of the Christian pilgrimage. He makes some use of the scholarship and philosophy of his day ; and this, which might once be thought the beauty, now constitutes the obscurity of his writings, but the difficulties disappear before a little study which will find itself amply repaid.

PRAYER.

Prayer, the church's banquet, angels' age,
God's breath in man returning to his birth,
The soul in paraphrase, heart in pilgrimage,
The Christian plummet sounding heaven and earth :

Engine against the Almighty, sinner's tower,
Reversed thunder, Christ-side-piercing spear,
The six days' world transposing in an hour,
A kind of tune, which all things hear and fear ;

Softness, and peace, and joy, and love, and bliss,
Exalted manna, gladness of the best,
Heaven in ordinary, man well drest,
The milky way, the bird of Paradise,

Church bells beyond the stars heard, the soul's blood,
The land of spices, something understood.

GRACE.

My stock lies dead, and no increase
 Doth my dull husbandry improve:
 O let thy graces without cease
 Drop from above!

If still the sun should hide his face,
 Thy house would but a dungeon prove,
 Thy works night's captives : O let grace
 Drop from above!

The dew doth every morning fall ;
 And shall the dew outstrip thy dove ?
 The dew, for which grass cannot call
 Drop from above !

Death is still working like a mole,
 And digs my grave at each remove :
 Let grace work too, and on my soul
 Drop from above !

Sin is still hammering my heart
 Unto a hardness, void of love :
 Let suppling grace, to cross his art,
 Drop from above !

O come ! for thou dost know the way.
 Or if to me Thou wilt not move,
 Remove me where I need not say—
 Drop from above !

SUNDAY.

O day most calm, most bright,
 The fruit of this, the next world's bud,
 The indorsement of supreme delight,
 Writ by a Friend, and with his blood ;
 The couch of time ; care's balm and bay :
 The week were dark, but for thy light :
 Thy torch doth show the way.

The other days and thou
 Make up one man; whose face thou art,
 Knocking at heaven with thy brow:
 The working-days are the back part;
 The burden of the week lies there,
 Making the whole to stoop and bow,
 Till thy release appear.

Man had straight forward gone
 To endless death: but thou dost pull
 And turn us round, to look on One,
 Whom, if we were not very dull,
 We could not choose but look on still;
 Since there is no place so alone,
 The which He doth not fill.

Sundays the pillars are,
 On which heav'n's palace archéd lies;
 The other days fill up the spare
 And hollow room with vanities.
 They are the fruitful beds and borders
 In God's rich garden: that is bare
 Which parts their ranks and orders.

The Sundays of man's life,
 Threaded together on Time's string,
 Make bracelets to adorn the wife
 Of the eternal, glorious King.
 On Sunday Heaven's gate stands ope;
 Blessings are plentiful and rife—
 More plentiful than hope.

This day my Saviour rose,
 And did enclose this light for his;
 That, as each beast his manger knows,
 Man might not of his fodder miss.
 Christ hath took in this piece of ground,
 And made a garden there for those
 Who want herbs for their wound.

The rest of our creation
 Our great Redeemer did remove
 With the same shake, which at his passion
 Did the earth and all things with it move.
 As Samson bore the doors away,
 Christ's hands, though nailed, wrought our salvation,
 And did unhinge that day.

The brightness of that day
We sullied by our foul offence :
Wherefore that robe we cast away,
Having a new at his expense,
Whose drops of blood paid the full price,
That was required to make us gay,
And fit for Paradise.

Thou art a day of mirth :
And where the week-days trail on ground,
Thy flight is higher, as thy birth :
O let me take thee at the bound,
Leaping with thee from seven to seve
Till that we both, being tossed from earth,
Fly hand in hand to heaven !

VIRTUE.

Sweet Day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky,
The dews shall weep thy fall to-night;
For thou must die.

Sweet Rose, whose hue angry and brave
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye ;
Thy root is ever in its grave,
And thou must die.

Sweet Spring, full of sweet days and roses,
A box where sweets compacted lie,
Thy music shows ye have your closes,
And all must die.

Only a sweet, and virtuous soul,
Like seasoned timber, never gives ;
But, though the whole world turn to coal,
Then chiefly lives.

THE PEARL.

Matt. xiii.

I know the ways of learning; both the head
 And pipes that feed the press, and make it run;
 What reason hath from nature borrow'd,
 Or of itself, like a good housewife, spun
 In laws and policy; what the stars conspire,
 What willing nature speaks, what forced by fire;
 Both the old discoveries, and the new-found seas,
 The stock and surplus, cause and history:
 All these stand open, or I have the keys:
 Yet I love thee.

I know the ways of honour, what maintains
 The quick returns of courtesy and wit:
 In vies of favours whether party gains,
 When glory swells the heart, and mouldeth it
 To all expressions both of hand and eye,
 Which on the world a true love-knot may tie,
 And bear the bundle, whereso'er it goes:
 How many drams of spirit there must be
 To sell my life unto my friends or foes:
 Yet I love thee.

I know the ways of pleasure, the sweet strains,
 The lullings and the relishes of it;
 The propositions of hot blood and brains;
 What mirth and music mean; what love and wit
 Have done these twenty hundred years, and more:
 I know the projects of unbridled store:
 My staff is flesh, not brass; my senses live,
 And grumble oft, that they have more in me
 Than He that curbs them, being but one to five:
 Yet I love thee.

I know all these, and have them in my hand:
 Therefore not seal'd, but with open eyes
 I fly to thee, and fully understand
 Both the main sale, and the commodities;
 And at what race and price I have thy love;
 With all the circumstances that may move:
 Yet through the labyrinths, not my grovelling wit,
 But thy silk-twist let down from heaven to me,
 Did both conduct and teach me, how by it
 To climb to thee.

THE QUIP.

The merry world did on a day
With his train-bands and mates agree
To meet together where I lay,
And all in sport to jeer at me.

First, Beauty crept into a rose ;
Which when I pluckt not, Sir, said she,
Tell me, I pray, whose hands are those ?
But Thou shalt answer, Lord, for me.

Then Money came, and chinking still,
What tune is this, poor man ? said he ;
I heard in music you had skill :
But thou shalt answer, Lord for me.

Then came brave Glory, puffing by
In silks that whistled, Who but he
He scarce allowed me half an eye :
But thou shalt answer, Lord, for me

Then came quick Wit and Conversation,
And he would needs a comfort be
And, to be short, made an oration
But thou shalt answer, Lord, for me.

Yet when the hour of thy design
To answer these fine things shall come ;
Speak not at large, say, I am thine,
And then they have their answer home.

PEACE.

Sweet Peace, where dost thou dwell ? I humbly crave,
Let me once know.
I sought thee in a secret cave,
And asked, if Peace were there.
A hollow wind did seem to answer, No :
Go seek elsewhere.



PEACE.—*Page 163.*

“There was a Prince of old
At Salem dwelt, who lived with good increase
Of flock and fold.”

I did ; and going did a rainbow note :
 Surely, thought I,
 This is the lace of Peace's coat :
 I will search out the matter.
 But while I looked, the clouds immediately
 Did break and scatter.

Then went I to a garden, and did spy
 A gallant flower,
 The crown Imperial : Sure, said I,
 Peace at the root must dwell.
 But when I digged, I saw a worm devour
 What showed so well.

At length I met a reverend good old man :
 Whom when for Peace
 I did demand, he thus began :
 There was a Prince of old
 At Salem dwelt, who lived with good increase
 Of flock and fold.

He sweetly lived ; yet sweetness did not save
 His life from foes.
 But after death out of his grave
 There sprang twelve stalks of wheat :
 Which many wondering at, got some of those
 To plant and set.

It prospered strangely, and did soon disperse
 Through all the earth :
 For they that taste it do rehearse,
 That virtue lies therein ;
 A secret virtue, bringing peace and mirth
 By flight of sin.

Take of this grain, which in my garden grows,
 And grows for you ;
 Make bread of it : and that repose
 And peace, which everywhere
 With so much earnestness you do pursue
 Is only there.

PRAISE.

King of Glory, King of Peace,
 I will love Thee :
 And that love may never cease,
 I will move Thee.

Thou hast granted my request,
 Thou hast heard me :
 Thou didst note my working breast,
 Thou hast spared me.

Wherefore with my utmost art
 I will sing Thee,
 And the cream of all my heart
 I will bring Thee.

Though my sins against me cried,
 Thou didst clear me ;
 And alone, when they replied,
 Thou didst hear me.

Seven whole days, not one in seven,
 I will praise Thee.
 In my heart, though not in heaven,
 I can raise Thee.

Thou grew'st soft and moist with tears,
 Thou relentedst ;
 And when Justice called for fears,
 Thou dissentedst.

Small it is, in this poor fort
 To enrol Thee :
 E'en eternity is too short
 To extol Thee.

THE ELIXIR.

Teach me, my God and King,
 In all things Thee to see,
 And what I do in anything,
 To do it as for Thee.

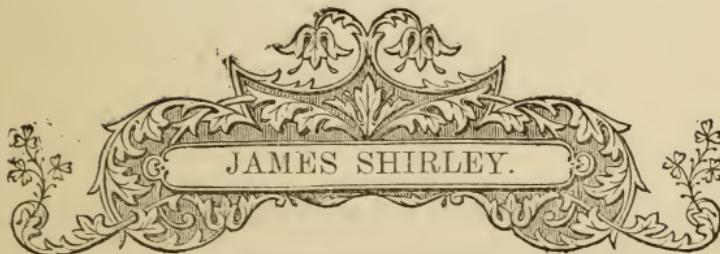
Not rudely, as a beast,
To run into an action ;
But still to make Thee prepossess,
And give it his perfection.

A man that looks on glass,
On it may stay his eye ;
Or, if he pleaseth, through it pass,
And then the heaven espy.

All may of Thee partake :
Nothing can be so mean,
Which with his tincture (for thy sake)
Will not grow bright and clean.

A servant with this clause
Makes drudgery divine :
Who sweeps a room as for thy laws,
Makes that and the action fine.

This is the famous stone
That turneth all to gold :
For that which God doth touch and own
Cannot for less be told.



(ABOUT 1594—1666.)

JAMES SHIRLEY, “the last of a great race” of dramatists, was born in London about the year 1594. His university education commenced at Oxford, whence he migrated to Cambridge, where he took the degree of M.A. He officiated for some time as a curate in Hertfordshire; but,

going over to the Church of Rome, became successively a schoolmaster at St. Alban's, and a dramatic writer in London. His first play, the comedy of "The Wedding," was published in 1629; and between that date and his death he produced in all about forty plays. His dramas were remarkable in an age of licence for the purity of their thought and their freedom from profanity. During the civil war Shirley took the field under his patron, the Earl of Newcastle. During the ascendancy of Cromwell he resumed his intermittent occupation of a schoolmaster. The fire of London, 1666, drove him and his family from their house in Whitefriars; and presently after, Shirley and his wife both died on the same day.

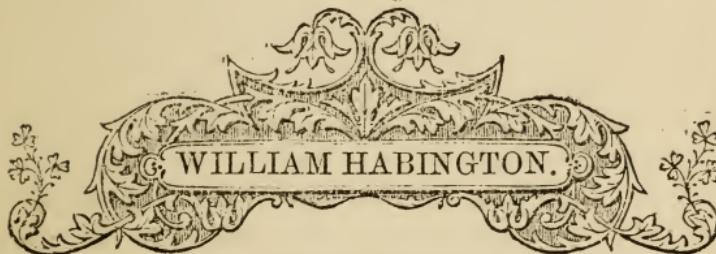
As a dramatist it has been objected to Shirley that he has no originality, no force or intensity of passion or pathos. "But," says Mr. Hallam, "his mind was poetical;" and although no play of surpassing power was produced by him, "nor possibly any good scene, . . . he has many lines of considerable beauty." The following short poem from "The Contentions of Ajax and Ulysses for Achilles' Armour," published in 1659, carries its own recommendation; whilst the fact that it was a great favourite with Charles II. may serve to vindicate the character of that somewhat frivolous monarch as not altogether unsusceptible of grave and serious reflection.

DEATH'S FINAL CONQUEST.

The glories of our birth and state
Are shadows, not substantial things;
There is no armour against fate;
Death lays his icy hands on kings,
Sceptre and crown
Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crookéd scythe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the field,
 And plant fresh laurels where they kill ;
 But their strong nerves at last must yield,
 They tame but one another still ;
 Early or late,
 They stoop to fate,
 And must give up their murmuring breath
 When they, pale captives, creep to death.

The garlands wither on your brow,
 Then boast no more your mighty deeds ;
 Upon death's purple altar, now,
 See where the victor victim bleeds ;
 All heads must come
 To the cold tomb,
 Only the actions of the just
 Smell sweet, and blossom in the dust.



(1605—1654.)

WILLIAM HABINGTON, "a gentleman," to use the words of Langbaine, "that lived in the times of the late civil wars; and, slighting Bellona, gave himself up entirely to the Muses," was born at Hendlip, in the county of Worcester, towards the latter end of the year 1605. The quiet of his own life has been pointed by the political restlessness of other members of his family; his father having been implicated in Babington's conspiracy, and his uncle having suffered death for his share in the same transaction.

Habington was educated successively at St. Omer's and

at Paris. He withstood the solicitations of the Jesuits, who endeavoured to compass his adoption of the rules of their order, and returned to England, where he further continued his studies under the direction of his father, a man of considerable scholarship and refinement. At an early age, having grown into an accomplished gentleman, he married Lucia, daughter of the first Lord Powis, whom he had poetically celebrated under the name of Castara, and who is said to have been a lady of rare endowments and beauty.

He was favourably known as an historian, for his "Life of Edward IV.;" and Mr. Kirkman has ascribed a dramatic piece to him, entitled "The Queen of Arragon; a Tragi-Comedy, acted at Court and the Black-Fryars," and published in London in 1640. His poems, which had been at first privately circulated among his friends, were published about the year 1635. His own estimate of them was as modest as his muse was pure and unaffected; and in their tender domesticity, and their religious contentment, his verses were a reflex of his amiable and blameless life. "Had I slept," he says, "in the silence of my acquaintance, and affected no study beyond what the chase or the field allows, poetry had then been no scandal upon me, and the love of learning no suspicion of ill husbandry. If these lines want that courtship which insinuates itself into the favour of great men, best, they partake of my modesty; if satire, to win applause with the envious multitude, they express my content, which maliceth none the fruition of that they esteem happy."

Habington died in 1654, and was buried in the family vault at Hendlip.

NON NOBIS DOMINE.

No marble statué, nor high
Aspiring pyramid, be raised
To lose its head within the sky !
What claim have I to memory ?
God, be Thou only praised !

Thou in a moment canst defeat
The mighty conquests of the proud,
And blast the laurels of the great.
Thou canst make brightest glory set
O' th' sudden in a cloud.

How can the feeble works of art
Hold out 'gainst the assault of storms ?
Or how can brass to him impart
Sense of surviving fame, whose heart
Is now resolved to worms ?

Blind folly of triumphing pride !
Eternity, why buildst thou here ?
Dost thou not see the highest tide
Its humbled stream in the ocean hide,
And ne'er the same appear ?

That tide which did its banks o'erflow,
As sent abroad by the angry sea
To level vastest buildings low,
And all our trophies overthrow,
Ebbs like a thief away.

And thou who to preserve thy name,
Leavest statues in some conquered land !
How will posterity scorn fame,
When the idol shall receive a maim,
And lose a foot or hand ?

How wilt thou hate thy wars, when he,
Who only for his hire did raise
Thy counterfeit in stone, with thee
Shall stand competitor, and be
Perhaps thought worthier praise ?

No laurel wreath about my brow !
To Thee, my God, all praise, whose law
The conquered doth and conqueror bow !
For both dissolve to air, if Thou
Thy influence but withdraw.



RICHARD CRASHAW, the dates of whose birth and death can be given only approximately, was born in London about the year 1615. His father, William Crashaw, was a divine of some literary eminence, preacher at the Temple Church, and on terms of intimacy with Archbishop Usher. Through the interest of two of his father's friends, Sir Henry Yelverton and Sir Randolph Carew, Richard was placed on the foundation of the Charterhouse School. He was afterwards, March 26, 1632, elected a scholar of Pembroke Hall, Cambridge. In 1633, he took his degree of bachelor of arts; removed in November 1636 to Peterhouse, of which he was made a fellow in 1637. He took his master's degree in 1638. Entering into holy orders, he became a preacher of great power and poetic fervour. During his residence of about a dozen years at Cambridge, he employed himself largely in writing devotional and other poetry; and for the greater part of several years he lived in St. Mary's Church "like a primitive saint, offering up more prayers by night than others usually offer in the day." On the 8th of April, 1644, Crashaw was ejected from his fellowship; and joined the communion of the Church of Rome about the same time that he removed to France. The poverty and privations he experienced here were opportunely relieved by an introduction, possibly from Cowley, to Henrietta Maria, Queen of Charles I., who gave him letters of recommendation to Italy. He became secretary to one of the

cardinals. Dr. John Bargrave, who had been Crashaw's fellow-collegian at Peterhouse, and who, having been driven from Cambridge by the warrant of the Earl of Manchester, had gone abroad, has left the following account of the poet:—"When I first went of my four times to Rome, there were three or four revolters to the Roman Church, that had been fellows of Peterhouse, in Cambridge, with myself. The name of one of them was Mr. R. Crashaw, who was of the Seguita (as their term is), that is, an attendant, or one of the followers of Cardinal Palotta, for which he had a salary of crowns by the month (as the custom is), but no diet. Mr. Crashaw infinitely commended his Cardinal, but complained extremely of the wickedness of those of his retinue; of which he, having his Cardinal's ear, complained to him; upon which the Italians fell so far out with him, that the Cardinal, to secure his life, was fain to put him from his service, and procuring him some small employ at the Lady's of Loretto, whither he went in pilgrimage in the summer time, and, over-heating himself died in a few weeks after he came thither; and it was doubtful whether he was not poisoned." Crashaw's death occurred probably in the year 1650.

Crashaw, who was conversant with several modern languages, has signalized his skill as a translator by an English version of the "Sospetto d'Herode," from the Italian of Marino, a work to which Milton was considerably a debtor. In 1652, the chief of Crashaw's sacred poems were printed at Paris, under the direction of Thomas Car, his literary executor. It has been Crashaw's lot to be for the most part coldly judged, and few of his critics seem to have recognized the wonderful and passionate religious fervour and devotion with which he was permeated and possessed, and of which we have so remarkable an instance in the Hymn to the Name of Jesus, of which the defects have the misfortune to be the most superficial,

and, by consequence, the most readily perceived. Mr. Headley says:—"With a peculiar devotional cast, he possessed one of those ineffable minds which border on enthusiasm, and, when fortunately directed, occasionally produce great things." The following generously admiring lines to his friend Crashaw are from the pen of Abraham Cowley:—

"Poet and saint ! to thee alone are given
 The two most sacred names of earth and heaven,
 The hard and rarest union which can be,
 Next that of Godhead with humanity.
 Long did the Muses banished slaves abide,
 And built their pyramids to human pride ;
 Like Moses, thou, though spells and charms withstand,
 Hast brought them nobly back to their Holy Land.
 Hail, Bard triumphant, and some care bestow
 On us, the poets militant below,
 Opposed by our old enemy, adverse chance,
 Attacked by envy and by ignorance.
 Thou from low earth in nobler flames didst rise,
 And like Elijah mount alive the skies."

EASTER DAY.

Rise, heir of fresh eternity,
 From thy virgin-tomb :
 Rise, mighty man of wonders, and thy world with thee,
 Thy tomb, the universal east,
 Nature's new womb ;
 Thy tomb, fair immortality's perfum'd nest.

Of all the glories make noon gay
 This is the morn,
 This rock buds forth the fountain of the stream of day.
 In joy's white annals live this hour,
 When life was born,
 No cloud scowl on his radiant lids, no tempest lour !

Life, by this light's nativity,
 All creatures have.
 Death only by this day's just doom is forced to die ;
 Nor is death forced ; for may he lie
 Throned in thy grave,
 Death will on this condition be content to die.

TO THE NAME ABOVE EVERY NAME—THE NAME
OF JESUS.

A HYMN.

I sing the Name which none can say,
But touched with an interior ray;
The name of our new peace; our good;
Our bliss, and supernatural blood;
The name of all our lives and loves:
Hearken and help, ye heavenly doves!
The high-born brood of day; you bright
Candidates of blissful light,
The heirs elect of love; whose names belong
Unto the everlasting life of song;
All ye wise souls, who in the wealthy breast
Of this unbounded Name build your warm nest.
Awake, my glory! soul (if such thou be,
And that fair word at all refer to thee),
 Awake and sing,
 And be all wing!
Bring hither thy whole self; and let me see
What of thy parent heaven yet speaks in thee.
 O thou art poor
 Of noble powers, I see,
And full of nothing else but empty me
Narrow and low, and infinitely less
Than this great morning's mighty business.
 One little world or two,
 Alas! will never do;
 We must have store;
Go, soul, out of thyself, and seek for more;
 Go and request
Great Nature for the key of her huge chest
Of heavens, the self-revolving set of spheres,
Which dull mortality more feels than hears;
 Then rouse the nest
Of nimble art, and traverse round
The airy shop of soul-appeasing sound:
And beat a summons in the same
 All-sovereign Name,
To warn each several kind
And shape of sweetness—be they such
 As sigh with supple wind
 Or answer artful touch—

That they convene and come away
To wait at the love-crowned doors of that illustrious day.
Shall we dare this, my soul? We'll do it and bring
No other note for't but the Name we sing.

Wake lute and harp,
And every sweet-lipped thing
That talks with tuneful string,
Start into life, and leap with me
Into a hasty fit-toned harmony.

Nor must you think it much
To obey my bolder touch;
I have authority in Love's name to take you,
And to the work of love this morning wake you;

Wake in the name
Of Him who never sleeps, all things that are,
Or, what's the same,
Are musical;
Answer my call
And come along;

Help me to meditate mine immortal song.
Come, ye soft ministers of sweet sad mirth,
Bring all your household-stuff of heaven on earth;
O you, my soul's most certain wings,
Complaining pipes, and Prattling strings,
Bring all the store
Of sweets you have, and murmur that you have no more.

Come, ne'er to part,
Nature and art!
Come, and come strong,
To the conspiracy of our spacious song.
Bring all the powers of praise
Your provinces of well-united worlds can raise;
Bring all your lutes and harps of Heaven and Earth;
Whate'er co-operates to the common mirth,

Vessels of vocal joys,
Or you, more noble architects of intellectual noise,
Cymbals of heaven, or human spheres,
Solicitors of souls or ears;

And when you are come, with all
That you can bring, or we can call,
O may you fix
For ever here, and mix
Yourselves into the long
And everlasting series of a deathless song;

Mix all your many worlds, above,
And loose them into one of love.

Cheer thee, my heart !
For thou too hast thy part
And place in the great throng

Of this unbounded, all-embracing song.

Powers of my soul, be proud !
And speak aloud

To all the dear-bought nations this redeeming name,
And in the wealth of one rich word proclaim
New similes to Nature. May it be no wrong
Blest Heavens, to you, and your superior song,
That we, dark sons of dust and sorrow,

Awhile dare borrow

The name of your delights and our desires,
And fit it to so far inferior lyres.
Our murmurs have their music too,
Ye mighty orbs, as well as you,

Nor yields the noblest nest
Of warbling seraphim to the ears of love
A choicer lesson than the joyful breast
Of a poor panting turtle-dove.

And we, poor worms, have leave to do
The same bright business, ye third Heavens, with you.
Gentle spirits, do not complain ;

We will have care
To keep it fair,

And send it back to you again.

Come, lovely Name ! appear from forth the bright

Regions of perfect light ;

Look from thine own illustrious home,
Fair king of names, and come :
Leave all thy native glories in their gorgeous nest,
And give thyself awhile the gracious guest
Of humble souls, that seek to find

The hidden sweets
Which man's heart meets

When thou art master of the mind.

Come, lovely Name ! life of our hope !

Lo, we hold our hearts wide ope !

Unlock thy cabinet of day,

Dearest sweet, and come away.

Lo, how the thirsty lands

Gasp for thy golden showers, with long-stretched
hands !

Lo, how the labouring earth,
That hopes to be
All heaven by thee,
Leaps at thy birth !

The attending world, to wait thy rise,
First turned to eyes ;
And then, not knowing what to do,
Turned them to tears, and spent them too.
Come, royal Name ! and pay the expense
Of all this precious patience.

Oh, come away
And kill the death of this delay.
Oh, see so many worlds of barren years
Melted and measured out in seas of tears
Oh, see the weary lids of wakeful hope
(Love's eastern windows) all wide ope
With curtains drawn,
To catch the daybreak of thy dawn !
Oh, dawn at last, long looked-for day !
Take thine own wings, and come away.
Lo, where aloft it comes ! It comes, among
The conduct of adoring spirits, that throng
Like diligent bees, and swarm about it.
Oh, they are wise,

And know what sweets are sucked from out it.

It is the hive
By which they thrive,
Where all their hoard of honey lies.
Lo, where it comes, upon the snowy dove's
Soft back, and brings a bosom big with loves.
Welcome to our dark world, thou womb of day !
Unfold thy fair conceptions ; and display
The birth of our bright joys. Oh, thou compacted
Body of blessings ! spirit of souls extracted !
Oh, dissipate thy spicy powers,
Cloud of condens'd sweets ! and break upon us

In balmy showers !
Oh, fill our senses, and take from us
All force of so profane a fallacy,
To think aught sweet but that which smells of thee.
Fair flowery Name ! in none but thee,
And thy nectareal fragrancy,

Hourly there meets
An universal synod of all sweets ;

By whom it is defined thus
 That no perfume
 For ever shall presume
 To pass for odoriferous,
 But such alone whose sacred pedigree
 Can prove itself some kin, sweet Name ! to thee.
 Sweet Name, in thy each syllable
 A thousand blest Arabias dwell ;
 A thousand hills of frankincense ;
 Mountains of myrrh and beds of spices,
 And ten thousand paradises,
 The soul that tastes thee takes from thence.
 How many unknown worlds there are
 Of comforts, which thou hast in keeping !
 How many thousand mercies there
 In pity's soft lap lie a-sleeping.
 Happy he who has the art
 To awake them,
 And to take them
 Home, and lodge them in his heart.
 Oh, that it were as it was wont to be,
 When thy old friends, on fire all full of thee,
 Fought against frowns with smiles ; gave glorious chase
 To persecutions ; and against the face
 Of death and fiercest dangers, durst with brave
 And sober pace march on to meet a grave.
 On their bold breasts about the world they bore thee,
 And to the teeth of hell stood up to teach thee ;
 In centre of their inmost souls they wore thee
 Where racks and torments strived in vain to reach thee.
 Little, alas ! thought they
 Who tore the fair breasts of thy friends,
 Their fury but made way
 For thee, and served them in thy glorious ends.
 What did their weapons, but with wider pores
 Enlarge thy flaming-breasted lovers,
 More freely to transpire
 That impatient fire
 The heart that hides thee hardly covers ?
 What did their weapons, but set wide the doors
 For thee ? fair purple doors, of love's devising ;
 The ruby windows which enriched the east
 Of thy so oft-repeated rising.
 Each wound of theirs was thy new morning ;

And re-enthroned thee in thy rosy nest,
 With blush of thine own blood thy day adorning :
 It was the wit of love o'erflowed the bounds
 Of wrath, and made the way through all these wounds.
 Welcome, dear, all-adoréd name !

For sure there is no knee
 That knows not thee ;
 Or if there be such sons of shame,
 Alas ! what will they do,
 When stubborn rocks shall bow,
 And hills hang down their heaven-saluting heads
 To seek for humble beds
 Of dust, where, in the bashful shades of night,
 Next to their own low nothing they may lie,
 And couch before the dazzling light of thy dread Majesty.
 They that by love's mild dictate now
 Will not adore thee,
 Shall then, with just confusion, bow
 And break before thee.



(1613—1667.)

JEREMY TAYLOR, the “Spenser of our prose writers,” though of honourable descent, was the son of a barber at Cambridge, where he was born in the year 1613. He received his elementary education at the Free Grammar School, and in his thirteenth year entered Caius College as a sizar. In 1631 he took his bachelor’s degree. Having received holy orders, he attracted the notice and the patronage of Archbishop Laud, who procured for him a fellowship at Oxford, and made him his chaplain. He ob-

tained also the rectory of Uppingham, in the county of Rutland. In 1639 he married Phœbe Langdale, who, having borne him three sons, died in 1642. At the breaking out of the civil war he espoused the side of royalty, and became chaplain to the king, in virtue of whose mandate he was made a Doctor of Divinity. In 1644 Taylor, who accompanied the royal army, was taken prisoner by the Parliamentary forces in a battle fought before Cardigan Castle; but his release followed speedily. His prospects darkened with the ruin of the king's fortunes; and during the ascendancy of Cromwell he secluded himself in Wales, keeping a school at Newton Hall, Caermarthenshire, where he wrote many of those discourses which have immortalized his name.

He married for his second wife Mrs. Joanna Bridges, a lady of fortune in the county of Caermarthen; but their resources were crippled by the fines and sequestrations of the Parliamentary party. Taylor visited London in 1657. Thence he accompanied the Earl of Conway to Ireland, where he remained as lecturer in a church at Lisburn till 1660, when he again visited London for literary purposes. In August of this year—the year of the Restoration—he was appointed Bishop of Down and Connor, to which the see of Dromore was added “on account of his virtue, wisdom, and industry.” He died at Lisburn in 1667, in the fifty-fifth year of his age.

It is to the prose works of Jeremy Taylor that we have chiefly to look for his poetry. Of these one of the most remarkable is his “*Theologia Eclectica: a Discourse of the Liberty of Prophecying, showing the Unreasonableness of Persecution to other Men's Faith, and the Iniquity of Persecuting Differing Opinions.*” This Discourse was published in 1647. His Sermons; his “*Golden Grove;*” his “*Holy Living;*” and his “*Contemplations on the State of Man,*” present many passages which exhibit an eloquence unsurpassed by any writer in the language.

"Taylor is unrivalled," says Mr. Craik, "in abundance of thought; in ingenuity of argument; in opulence of imagination; in a soul made alike for the feeling of the sublime, of the beautiful, and of the picturesque; and in a style answering in its compass, flexibility, and sweetness, to the demands of all these powers."

The whole works of Jeremy Taylor were published in 1822 in fifteen volumes, "with a life of the author and a critical examination of his writings by Reginald Heber, A.M., Canon of St. Asaph, Rector of Hodnet, and late fellow of All Souls' College, Cambridge." In the Life of Taylor, Heber says, "At the end of the 'Golden Grove' are some hymns for different festivals, which, had they no other merit, would be interesting as the only remaining specimens of that which a mind so intrinsically poetical as Taylor's was, could effect when he attempted to arrange his conceptions in a metrical form. They are, however, in themselves, and on their own account, very interesting compositions. Their metre, indeed, which is that species of spurious Pindaric which was fashionable with his contemporaries, is an obstacle, and must always have been one, to their introduction into public or private psalmody; and the mixture of that alloy of conceits and quibbles which was an equally frequent and still greater defilement of some of the finest poetry of the seventeenth century, will materially diminish their effect as devotional or descriptive odes. Yet, with all these faults, they are powerful, affecting, and often harmonious. There are many passages of which Cowley need not have been ashamed, and some which remind us, not disadvantageously, of the corresponding productions of Milton."

Such is the whole of the "Second Hymn for Advent"—the one quoted. Such, too, is the passage in his "Meditation of Heaven," commencing with the line "That bright eternity," to the end.

A HYMN FOR ADVENT; OR, CHRIST'S COMING TO
JERUSALEM IN TRIUMPH.

Lord, come away;
Why dost Thou stay?
Thy road is ready; and thy paths, made straight,
With longing expectation wait
The consecration of thy beauteous feet.
Ride on triumphantly: behold, we lay
Our lusts and proud wills in thy way.
Hosannah, welcome to our hearts: Lord, hero
Thou hast a temple too, and full as dear
As that of Sion; and as full of sin;—
Nothing but thieves and robbers dwell therein,
Enter and chase them forth, and cleanse the floor;
Crucify them, that they may never more
Profane that holy place,
Where Thou hast chose to set thy face.
And then if our stiff tongues shall be
Mute in the praises of thy deity,
The stones out of the temple-wall
Shall cry aloud and call
Hosannah! and thy glorious footsteps greet. Amen.

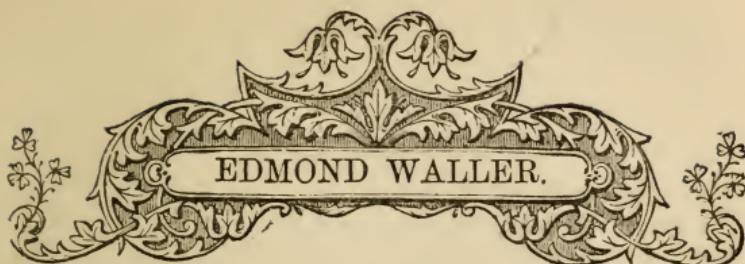
A MEDITATION OF HEAVEN.

O beauteous God, uncircumscribéd treasure
Of an eternal pleasure,
Thy throne is seated far
Above the highest star,
Where thou preparest a glorious place
Within the brightness of thy face
For every spirit
To inherit,
That builds his hopes on thy merit,
And loves Thee with a holy charity.
What ravisht heart, seraphic tongue or eyes,
Clear as the morning's rise,
Can speak, or think, or see
That bright eternity?
Where the great King's transparent throne
Is of an entire jasper stone;

There the eye
 O' the chrysolite,
 And a sky
 Of diamonds, rubies, chrysoprase,
 And, above all, thy holy face
 Makes an eternal charity.
 When Thou thy jewels up dost bind, that day
 Remember us, we pray,—
 That where the beryl lies
 And the crystal, 'bove the skies,
 There Thou may'st appoint us place
 Within the brightness of thy face ;
 And our soul
 In the scroll
 Of life and blissfulness enrol,
 That we may praise Thee to eternity. Amen.

A PRAYER FOR CHARITY.

Full of mercy, full of love,
 Look upon us from above ;
 Thou who taught'st the blind man's night
 To entertain a double light,
 Thine, and the day's (and that thine too);
 The lame away his crutches threw;
 The parchéd crust of leprosy
 Returned unto its infancy :
 The dumb amazéd was to hear
 His own unchained tongue strike his ear :
 Thy powerful mercy did even chase
 The devil from his usurped place,
 Where Thou thyself should'st dwell, not he.
 O let thy love our pattern be ;
 Let thy mercy teach one brother
 To forgive and love another ;
 That copying thy mercy here,
 Thy goodness may hereafter rear
 Our souls unto thy glory, when
 Our dust shall cease to be with men. Amen.



(1605—1687.)

EDMOND WALLER was born at Coleshill, in Hertfordshire, in the year 1605. His mother was sister to the patriot Hampden. He entered Parliament at the early age of eighteen, and at the same time commenced a long era of poetical production. In 1630 he married, and became a widower the same year. He now devoted his attentions and his muse in a hopeless suit to Lady Dorothea Sidney, eldest daughter of the Earl of Leicester. This lady he celebrated under the name of Sacharissa. He was convicted of having been concerned in a plot to surprise the City Militia and to let in the king's forces; and for this he was sentenced to pay a fine of £10,000, and to suffer a year's imprisonment. At the expiration of this term he went over to France; from which, after ten years of exile, he returned during the Protectorate. He wrote a vigorous panegyric at the time of Cromwell's death; and with a time-serving but inferior inspiration, welcomed Charles II. to the throne of his ancestors. Waller served in several Parliaments, during which, according to Bishop Burnet, he was the delight of the House of Commons. He died at Beaconsfield in 1687.

The following lines form the third canto of a poem "Of Divine Love," in six cantos, which he wrote at four-score, as an *amende* for long years of frivolity. His regret then was that he had not dedicated his more youthful muse to serious subjects; but he professed that his lofty argu-

ment elevated him to its own height; and that, apart from the feebleness of his aged faculties, the subject brought its own inspiration, and made him "able to indite."

REDEEMING LOVE.

Not willing terror should his image move,
He gives a pattern of eternal love;
His Son descends, to treat a peace with those
Which were, and must have ever been his foes.
Poor He became, and left his glorious seat,
To make us humble, and to make us great:
His business here was happiness to give
To those whose malice would not let Him live.

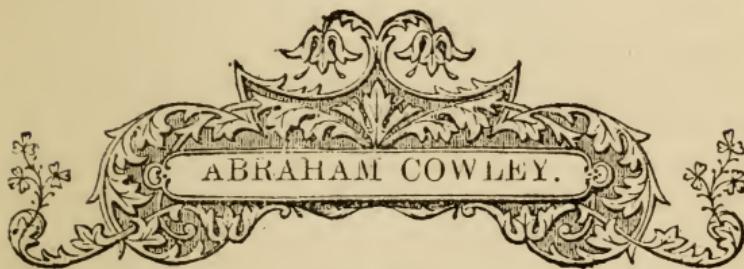
Legions of angels, which he might have used
(For us resolved to perish), He refused:
While they stood ready to prevent his loss,
Love took Him up, and nailed Him to the cross.
Immortal love! which in his bowels reigned
That we might be by such great love constrained
To make return of love: upon this pole
Our duty does, and our religion, roll.
To love is to believe, to hope, to know;
'Tis an essay, a taste of heaven below!

He to proud potentates would not be known;
Of those that loved Him He was hid from none.
Till love appear, we live in anxious doubt;
But smoke will vanish when that flame breaks out;
This is the fire that would consume our dross,
Refine, and make us richer by the loss.

Could we forbear dispute and practise love,
We should agree as angels do above.
Where love presides, not vice alone does find
No entrance there, but virtues stay behind;
Both faith and hope, and all the meander train
Of moral virtues, at the door remain.
Love only enters as a native there;
For, born in heaven, it does but sojourn here.

He that alone would wise and mighty be,
Commands that others love as well as He,
Love as He loved! How can we soar so high?
He can add wings when He commands to fly.

Nor should we be with this command dismayed;
He that examples gives will give his aid:
For He took flesh, that, where his precepts fail,
His practice as a pattern may prevail.
His love at once, and dread instruct our thought;
As man He suffered, and as God He taught.
Will for the deed He takes: we may with ease
Obedient be, for if we love we please.
Weak though we are, to love is no hard task,
And love for love is all that heaven does ask.
Love! that would all men just and temperate make,
Kind to themselves and others for his sake.
'Tis with our minds as with a fertile ground,
Wanting this love they must with weeds abound,
(Unruly passions) whose effects are worse
Than thorns and thistles springing from the curse.



(1618—1667.)

ABRAHAM COWLEY, the posthumous son of a respectable tradesman, was born in London in the year 1618. He was admitted as a king's scholar at Westminster, and elected to Trinity College, Cambridge, in his eighteenth year. When his opinions, which were obnoxious to the Parliamentary party, caused his ejection from Cambridge, he sought the more loyal University of Oxford, and studied there for some time. He accompanied the queen to France, where he served her as secretary, and was employed on various important and secret missions. After twelve years of expatriation, Cowley returned to England, where he hoped great things from the grati-

tude of the restored king, Charles II. Disappointed, however, in his expectations of state preferment, he obtained, through Lord St. Alban's and the Duke of Buckingham, the lease of some lands belonging to the queen, worth about £300 per annum. On this provision he settled at Chertsey, an ancient town on the Surrey side of the Thames, which, unfortunately, he did not experience to be a paradise. Cowley passed about seven years in his retirement, and died, after a fortnight's illness, July 28th, 1667. "Here the last accents fell from Cowley's tongue," is the inscription which still appears upon a projecting portion of the house in which he lived; and a room called after his name, and adorned with his relics and *souvenirs*, still engages the pious care of the present occupant. Cowley's remains were conveyed by water to Westminster, and were interred with considerable splendour in the abbey.

Cowley's genius was precocious; before he was fifteen he published a volume of poems, under the title of "Poetic Blossoms," one of the pieces in which, "The Tragical History of Pyramus and Thisbe," had been written five years before. The four books of his unfinished epic, entitled "Davideis," were mostly written while he was a student of Trinity College, Cambridge. Other works were, a pastoral drama, called "Love's Riddle;" a Latin comedy, "Naufragium Joculare;" "The Mistress;" and a comedy, first known as "The Guardian," and afterwards, with alterations, as "The Cutter of Coleman Street;" and the "Pindarique Odes." Dr. Thomas Sprat, Bishop of Rochester, Cowley's literary executor, wrote the life of the poet; and, in accordance with his will, revised all his works that had been already printed, and collected "those papers which he had designed for the press." The popularity of Cowley as a poet, once so wide spread and remarkable, is now barely sustained by the respectability of his character as a Christian.

REASON :

THE USE OF IT IN DIVINE MATTERS.

Some blind themselves, 'cause possibly they may
 Be led by others a right way ;
 They build on sands, which if unmoved they find,
 'Tis that there was no wind.
 Less hard 'tis not to err ourselves, than know
 If our forefathers erred or no,
 When we trust men concerning God, we then
 Trust not God concerning men.

Visions and inspirations some expect
 Their course here to direct ;
 Like senseless chymists their own wealth destroy,
 Imaginary gold t' enjoy :
 So stars appear to drop to us from sky,
 And gild the passage as they fly ;
 But when they fall, and meet the opposing ground,
 What but a sordid slime is found ?

Sometimes their fancies they 'bove reason set,
 And fast, that they may dream of meat ;
 Sometimes ill spirits their sickly souls delude,
 And bastard forms obtrude ;
 So Endor's wretched sorceress, although
 She Saul through his disguise did know,
 Yet, when the devil comes up disguised, she cries,
 "Behold the gods arise."

In vain, alas ! these outward hopes are tried ;
 Reason within 's our only guide ;
 Reason, which (God be praised !) still walks, for all
 Its old original fall ;
 And, since itself the boundless Godhead joined,
 With a reasonable mind,
 It plainly shows that mysteries divine
 May with our reason join.

The holy book, like the eighth sphere, does shine
 With thousand lights of truth divine ;
 So numberless the stars, that to the eye
 It makes but all one galaxy.
 Yet reason must assist too ; for in seas
 So vast and dangerous as these,
 Our course by stars above we cannot know,
 Without the compass too below.

Though reason cannot through Faith's mysteries see,
 It sees that there and such they be;
 Leads to heaven's door, and there does humbly keep,
 And there through chinks and keyholes peep;
 Though it, like Moses, by a sad command
 Must not come into th' Holy Land,
 Yet thither it infallibly does guide,
 And from afar 'tis all descried.

THE SHORTNESS OF LIFE AND UNCERTAINTY OF RICHES.

Why dost thou heap up wealth which thou must quit,
 Or, what is worse, be left by it?
 Why dost thou load thyself when thou'rt to fly,
 Oh man! ordained to die?

Why dost thou build up stately rooms on high,
 Thou who art under ground to lie?
 Thou sowest and plantest, but no fruit must see,
 For Death, alas! is reaping thee.

Suppose thou Fortune could'st to tameness bring,
 And clip or pinion her wing;
 Suppose thou could'st on fate so far prevail,
 As not to cut off thy entail;

Yet Death at all that subtlety will laugh,
 Death will that foolish gard'ner mock,
 Who does a slight and annual plant ingraff
 Upon a lasting stock.

Thou dost thyself wise and industrious deem;
 A mighty husband thou wouldst seem;
 Fond man! like a bought slave, thou all the while
 Dost but for others sweat and toil.

Officious fool! that needs must meddling be
 In business that concerns not thee;
 For when to future years thou extend'st thy cares,
 Thou deal'st with other men's affairs.

Ev'n aged men, as if they truly were
Children again, for age prepare;
Provision for long travel they design,
In the last point of their short line.

Wisely the ant against poor winter hoards
The stock which summer's wealth affords;
In grasshoppers, that must at autumn die,
How vain were such an industry!

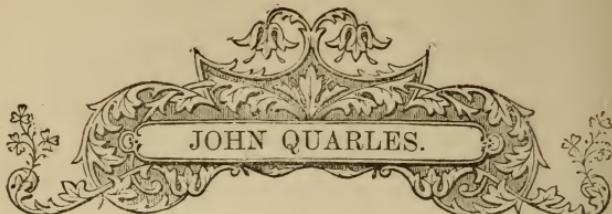
Of power and honour the deceitful light
Might half excuse our cheated sight,
If it of life the whole small time would stay,
And be our sunshine all the day.

Like lightning that, begot but in a cloud
(Though shining bright, and speaking loud),
Whilst it begins, concludes its violent race,
And where it gilds, it wounds the place.

Oh, scene of fortune! which dost fair appear
Only to men that stand not near:
Proud Poverty, that tinsel bravery wears,
And, like a rainbow, painted tears!

Be prudent, and the shore in prospect keep!
In a weak boat trust not the deep;
Placed beneath envy—above envying rise;
Pity great men—great things despise.

The wise example of the heavenly lark,
Thy fellow-poet, Cowley, mark;
Above the clouds let thy proud music sound;
Thy humble nest build on the ground.



(ABOUT 1624—1665.)

JOHN QUARLES, son of Francis Quarles, who has already come under our notice, was born in Essex, about the year 1624. According to Wood, he “became a battler of Exeter College in the latter end of 1642, and in that of his age eighteen bore arms within the garrison of Oxon for his majesty, and was afterwards, as ‘tis said, a captain in one of his armies; but upon the declining of his majesty’s cause, he retired to London in a mean condition, where he wrote several things merely for maintenance’ sake; among which were these:—‘Elegy upon that never-to-be-forgotten Charles I., late (but too soon martyr’d) King of England;’ ‘Jeremiah’s Lamentations paraphrased, with Divine Meditations;’ ‘Divine Meditations upon several subjects; whereunto is annexed God’s Love and Man’s Unworthiness, with several Divine Ejaculations.’” It is from the last of these that the following stanzas are selected. Besides the works mentioned by Wood as having been written by John Quarles, may be mentioned “An Elegie on James Usher, Lord Archbishop of Armagh,” published in London in 1656. Of this learned prelate he appears to have been a *protegé*, as his father was sometime secretary, and to have cherished for his person and his memory a profound and reverent attachment. About the year 1649, Quarles seems to have been banished for a time to Flanders.

“This person,” to return to Wood’s account of him,

"was esteemed by some a good poet and a great royalist, for which he suffered, and lived therefore mostly in a poor condition. At length, upon the raging of the plague in and near London, he was swept away there among thousands that died of that disease in 1665; but where his carkass was lodged I cannot tell. One John Quarles occurs Archdeacon of Northampton an. 1640, and was living after the restoration of Charles II.; but he is not to be taken the same with John Quarles the poet."

DIVINE EJACULATIONS.

In all extremes, Lord, Thou art still
The mount whereto my hopes do flee;
O make my soul detest all ill,
Because so much abhorred by Thee:
Lord, let thy gracious trials show
That I am just, or make me so.

Shall mountain, desert, beast, and tree
Yield to that heavenly voice of thine;
And shall that voice not startle me,
Nor stir this stone, this heart of mine?
No, Lord, till Thou new bore mine ear
Thy voice is lost, I cannot hear.

Fountain of light and living breath,
Whose mercies never fail nor fade,
Fill me with life that hath no death,
Fill me with light that hath no shade;
Appoint the remant of my days
To see thy power and sing thy praise.

O Thou that sitt'st in heaven, and see'st
My deeds without, my thoughts within,
Be Thou my prince, be Thou my priest;
Command my soul, and cure my sin:
How bitter my afflictions be
I care not, so I rise to Thee.

What I possess, or what I crave,
Brings no content, great God to me,
If what I would, or what I have,
Be not possest and blest in Thee:

What I enjoy, oh, make it mine,
In making me, that have it, thine !

When winter fortunes cloud the brows
Of summer friends; when eyes grow strange;
When plighted faith forgets its vows;
When earth and all things in it change,
O Lord, thy mercies fail me never.
Where once Thou lov'st, Thou lov'st for ever.



(1608—1674.)

JOHN MILTON was born in Bread Street, London, December, 9, 1608. His father followed the profession of a scrivener, having been disinherited for his attachment to the Reformed Religion. After spending some time under the educational care, first of Thomas Young, privately, and then of Alexander Gill, at St. Paul's school, he was admitted a pensioner of Christ's College, Cambridge, February 12, 1624. At the University he distinguished himself by the unique and classic elegance of his Latin verses. He graduated as B.A. in 1628, and proceeded master in 1632; but from some circumstances that have not been clearly ascertained, he left Cambridge with anything but a friendly or filial feeling. On quitting college

with the resolution not to enter the Church, for which he had hitherto been destined, he retired to his father's residence at Horton, in Buckinghamshire, where he continued five years, during which he made himself thoroughly acquainted with the Greek and Latin classics, and also contributed to English poetical literature his "Comus," "Arcades," "L'Allegro," "Il Pensero," and the exquisite elegy entitled "Lycidas," on the death of Mr. King, son of Sir John King, Secretary for Ireland.

After the death of his mother he set out upon his continental travels, for the conduct of which he obtained the written advice of the accomplished and amiable Sir Henry Wotton, Provost of Eton. Leaving England in 1638, he made first for France, and at Paris was introduced to the celebrated Grotius, then resident at the French court as ambassador for Sweden. He next proceeded to Italy, "the most accomplished Englishman that ever visited her classic shores." Here he became acquainted with several celebrated scholars, and probably at Arcetri, made the acquaintance of the illustrious Galileo, the "Tuscan Artist," whose celestial explorations he in short records in the first book of "Paradise Lost." After an absence of fifteen months he was recalled to his native land by the troubles which were already beginning to cloud the political horizon. On his return to London, he hired a lodgings in St. Bride's Churchyard, Fleet Street, at the house of one Russell, a tailor, and undertook the instruction of his two nephews, John and Edward Philips. The political controversies into which Milton now entered do not properly come within the scope of this notice: he was strictly attached to the Parliamentary party, and waged a paper war against the court, and against episcopacy.

In his thirty-fifth year, Milton married his first wife, the daughter of Mr. Powell, a justice of the peace, of Forest Hill, in Oxfordshire; whose family, bitterly opposed to his own principles, he afterwards succoured

in the misfortunes that thickened about the Royalists. After the death of the king, he was appointed Latin secretary to Cromwell and the Parliament. His wife having died in childbed, and himself having been deprived of sight, Milton married the daughter of a Captain Woodcock, of Hackney, who died within a year from the same cause as his former wife. This second wife is the "late espoused saint" of his eighteenth sonnet. Afterwards he married a third wife.

Three works now occupied his attention, only one of which he lived to complete—A History of his Native Country, a Latin Dictionary, and an Epic Poem. This last was the "Paradise Lost," a work which Dr. Johnson has declared to be "not the greatest of heroic poems, only because it was not the first." Such a verdict may stand as the present sole notice of the immortal work, the epic glory of the language; the beginning of *criticism* would here be "as when one letteth out water." Four years after the completion of this work, he published "Paradise Regained," and "Samson Agonistes." Milton died of gout, with which he had been long afflicted, on the 10th of November, 1674, at his house in Bunhill Fields, and was buried with great splendour by the side of his father in the chancel of St. Giles', Cripplegate. A monument has been erected to his memory in Westminster Abbey.

ON THE MORNING OF CHRIST'S NATIVITY.

This is the month, and this the happy morn,
Wherein the Son of Heaven's eternal King,
Of wedded Maid, and Virgin-mother born,
Our great redemption from above did bring;
For so the holy sages once did sing,
That He our deadly forfeit should release,
And with his Father work us a perpetual peace.

That glorious form, that light unsufferable,
 And that far beaming blaze of majesty,
 Wherewith He wont at Heaven's high council-table
 To sit the midst of Trinal Unity,
 He laid aside; and here with us to be,
 Forsook the courts of everlasting day,
 And chose with us a darksome house of mortal clay.

Say Heavenly Muse, shall not thy sacred vein
 Afford a present to the Infant God?
 Hast thou no verse, no hymn, or solemn strain,
 To welcome Him to this his new abode,
 Now while the heaven by the sun's beam untrod,
 Hath took no print of the approaching light,
 And all the spangled host keep watch in squadrons
 bright?

See how from far upon the eastern road
 The star-led wizards haste with odours sweet:
 O run, prevent them with thy humble ode,
 And lay it lowly at his blessed feet;
 Have thou the honour first thy Lord to greet,
 And join thy voice unto the angel-choir,
 From out his secret altar touched with hallowed fire.

THE HYMN

It was the winter wild,
 While the heaven-born child,
 All meanly wrapt in the mean manger lies;
 Nature in awe to Him
 Had doffed her gaudy trim,
 With her great Master so to sympathize;
 It was no season then for her
 To wanton with the sun, her lusty paramour.

Only with speeches fair
 She woos the gentle air,
 To hide her guilty front with innocent snow,
 And on her naked shame,
 Pollute with sinful blame,
 The saintly veil of maiden white to throw,
 Confounded, that her Maker's eyes
 Should look so near upon her foul deformities.

But He, her fears to cease,
Sent down the meek-eyed Peace;
She, crowned with olive green, came swiftly sliding
Down through the turning sphere,
His ready harbinger,
With turtle wing the amorous clouds dividing,
And, waving wide her myrtle wand,
She strikes a universal peace through sea and land.

No war, or battle's sound
Was heard the world around;
The idle spear and shield were high up hung;
The hookéd chariot stood
Unstained with hostile blood;
The trumpet spake not to the arméd throng,
And kings sat still with awful eye,
As if they surely knew their sov'reign Lord was by.

But peaceful was the night,
Wherein the Prince of Light
His reign of peace upon the earth began;
The winds with wonder wist
Smoothly the waters kist,
Whispering new joys to the mild ocean,
Who now hath quite forgot to rave,
While birds of calm set brooding on the charméd wave.

The stars, with deep amaze,
Stand fixed in stedfast gaze,
Bending one way their precious influence;
And will not take their flight,
For all the morning light,
Or Lucifer that often warned them thence;
But in their glimmering orbs did glow,
Until the Lord himself bespoke, and bid them go.

And though the shady gloom
Had given day her room,
The Sun himself withheld his wonted speed,
And hid his head for shame,
As his inferior flame
The new enlightened world no more should need:
He saw a greater Sun appear
Than his bright throne, or burning axle-tree could bear.

The shepherds on the lawn,
 Or e'er the point of dawn,
 Sat simply chatting in a rustic row ;
 Full little thought they then
 That the mighty Pan
 Was kindly come to live with them below ;
 Perhaps their loves, or else their sheep,
 Was all that did their silly thoughts so busy keep.

When such music sweet
 Their hearts and ears did greet,
 As never was by mortal finger strook ;
 Divinely-warbled voice
 Answering their stringed noise,
 As all their souls in blissful rapture took ;
 The air such pleasure loth to lose,
 With thousand echoes still prolongs each heavenly close.

Nature that heard such sound,
 Beneath the hollow round
 Of Cynthia's seat, the airy region thrilling,
 Now was almost won
 To think her part was done,
 And that her reign had here its last fulfilling ;
 She knew such harmony alone
 Could hold all heaven and earth in happier union.

At last surrounds their sight
 A globe of circular light,
 That with long beams the shame-faced night arrayed ;
 The helméd cherubim
 The sworded seraphim
 Are seen in glittering ranks with wings displayed,
 Harping in loud and solemn quire,
 With unexpressive notes to heaven's new-born Heir.

Such music (as 'tis said)
 Before was never made,
 But when of old the sons of morning sung,
 While the Creator great
 His Constellations set,
 And the well-balanced world on hinges hung ;
 And cast the dark foundations deep,
 And bid the weltering waves their oozy channel keep.

Ring out, ye crystal spheres,
Once bless our humble ears,
(If ye have power to touch our senses so ;)
And let your silver chime
Move in melodious time,
And let the bass of heaven's deep organ blow,
And, with your nine-fold harmony,
Make up full concert to the angelic symphony.

For, if such holy song
Enwrap our fancy long,
Time will run back and fetch the age of gold ;
And speckled Vanity
Will sicken soon and die,
And leprous Sin will melt with earthly mould ;
And Hell itself will pass away,
And leave her dolorous mansions to the peering day.

Yea, Truth and Justice then
Will down return to men,
Orbed in a rainbow ; and, like glories wearing,
Mercy will sit between,
Throned in celestial sheen,
With radiant feet the tissued clouds down steering ;
And Heaven, as at some festival,
Will open wide the gates of her high palace hall.

But wisest Fate says, No,
This must not yet be so,
The Babe lies yet in smiling infancy,
That on the bitter cross
Must redeem our loss ;
So both Himself and us to glorify :
Yet first to those enchain'd in sleep,
The wakeful trump of Doom must thunder through the
deep.

With such a horrid clang
As on Mount Sinai rang,
While the red fire and smouldering clouds outbrake,
The aged Earth aghast,
With terror of that blast,
Shall from the surface to the centre shake ;
When at the world's last session,
The dreadful Judge in middle air shall spread his throne.

And then at last our bliss
Full and perfect is,

But now begins ; for, from this happy day,
The old Dragon, under ground
In straiter limits bound,

Not half so far casts his usurpéd sway ;
And wroth to see his kingdom fail,
Swindges the scaly horror of his folded tail.

The oracles are dumb,
No voice or hideous hum
Runs through the archéd roof in words deceiving.

Apollo from his shrine
Can no more divine,
With hollow shriek the steep of Delphos leaving.
No nightly trance, or breathéd spell,
Inspires the pale-eyed priest from the prophetic cell.

The lonely mountains o'er,
And the resounding shore,
A voice of weeping heard and loud lament ;

From haunted spring and dale
Edged with poplar pale,
The parting Genius is with sighing sent ;
With flower-inwoven tresses torn,
The nymphs in twilight shades of tangled thickets mourn

In consecrated earth,
And on the holy hearth,
The Lars and Lemures moan with midnight plaint ;
In urns and altars round,
A drear and dying sound
Affrights the Flamens at their service quaint ;
And the chill marble seems to sweat,
While each peculiar power foregoes his wonted seat.

Peor and Baálim
Forsake their temples dim,
With that twice battered god of Palestine ;
And moonéd Ashtaroth,
Heaven's queen and mother both,
Now sits not girt with tapers' holy shrine ;
The Lybic Hammon shrinks his horn,
In vain the Tyrian maids their wounded Thammuz mourn.

And sullen Moloch, fled,
Hath left in shadows dread
 His burning idol all of blackest hue
In vain with cymbals' ring,
They call the grisly king,
 In dismal dance about the furnace blue ;
The brutish gods of Nile as fast,
Isis, and Orus, and the dog Anubis, haste.

Nor is Osiris seen
In Memphian grove or green,
 Trampling the unshowered grass with lowings loud ;
Nor can he be at rest
Within his sacred chest,
 Nought but profoundest hell can be his shroud ;
In vain with timbrelled anthems dark,
The sable-stoled sorcerers bear his worshipped ark.

He feels from Juda's land
The dreaded Infant's hand,
 The rays of Bethlehem blind his dusky eyn ;
Nor all the gods beside
Longer dare abide,
 Not Typhon huge ending in snaky twine :
Our Babe to show his Godhead true,
Can in his swaddling bands control the damnéd crew.

So when the Sun in bed
Curtained with cloudy red,
 Pillows his chin upon an orient wave,
The flocking shadows pale
Troop to the infernal jail,
 Each fettered ghost slips to his several grave,
And the yellow-skirted Fays
Fly after the night-steeds, leaving their moon-loved maze.

But see the Virgin blest,
Hath laid her Babe to rest ;
 Time is our tedious song should here have ending :
Heaven's youngest-teeméd star
Hath fixed her polished car,
 Her sleeping Lord with handmaid lamp attending ;
And all about the courtly stable
Bright-harnessed angels sit in order serviceable.

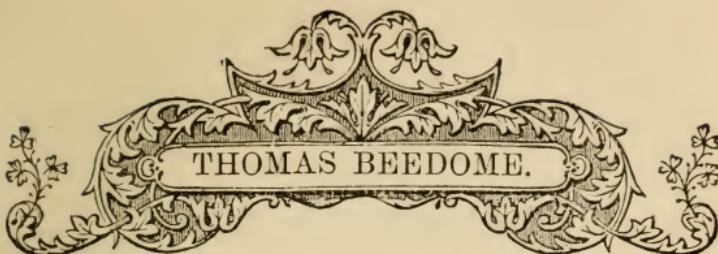
SONNET ON HIS OWN BLINDNESS.

When I consider how my light is spent
 Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
 And that our talent which is death to hide,
 Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent
 To serve therewith my Maker, and present
 My true account, lest He, returning, chide ;
 "Doth God exact day-labour, light denied?"
 I fondly ask ; but Patience, to prevent
 That murmur, soon replies, "God doth not need
 Either man's work, or his own gifts ; who best
 Bear his mild yoke, they serve Him best ; his state
 Is kingly ; thousands at his bidding speed,
 And post o'er land and ocean without rest ;
 They also serve who only stand and wait!"

MORNING HYMN IN PARADISE.

These are thy glorious works, Parent of good,
 Almighty ! thine this universal frame,
 Thus wondrous fair ; Thyself how wondrous then,
 Unspeakable ! who sitt'st above these heavens
 To us invisible, or dimly seen
 In these thy lowest works ; yet these declare
 Thy goodness beyond thought, and power divine.
 Speak ye who best can tell, ye sons of light,
 Angels ! for ye behold Him, and with songs
 And choral symphonies, day without night,
 Circle his throne rejoicing ; ye in heaven,
 On earth join all ye creatures, to extol
 Him first, Him last, Him midst, and without end !
 Fairest of stars, last in the train of night,
 If better thou belong not to the dawn,
 Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the smiling morn
 With thy bright circlet, praise Him in thy sphere
 While day arises, that sweet hour of prime.
 Thou sun ! of this great world both eye and soul,
 Acknowledge Him thy greater ; sound his praise,
 In thy eternal course, both when thou climb'st,
 And when high noon hast gained, and when thou fall'st.
 Moon ! that now meet'st the orient sun, now fly'st,
 With the fixed stars, fixed in their orb that flies ;

And ye five other wandering fires ! that move
In mystic dance not without song, resound
His praise, who out of darkness called up light.
Air ! and ye elements ! the eldest birth
Of Nature's womb, that in quaternion run
Perpetual circle, multiform ; and mix,
And nourish all things ; let your ceaseless change
Vary to our great Maker still new praise.
Ye mists and exhalations ! that now rise
From hill or steaming lake, dusky or gray,
Till the sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold,
In honour to the world's great Author rise ;
Whether to deck with clouds the uncoloured sky,
Or wet the thirsty earth with falling showers,
Rising or falling, still advance his praise.
His praise, ye winds ! that from four quarters blow,
Breathe soft or loud ; and wave your tops, ye pines !
With every plant, in sign of worship wave.
Fountains, and ye that warble as ye flow,
Melodious murmurs, warbling tune his praise.
Join voices all, ye living souls ; ye birds
That singing up to heaven-gate ascend,
Bear on your wings and in your notes his praise.
Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk
The earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep,
Witness if I be silent, morn or even,
To hill, or valley, mountain, or fresh shade,
Made vocal by my song, and taught his praise.
Hail, universal Lord ! be bounteous still
To give us only good ; and, if the night
Have gathered aught of evil or concealed,
Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark.



(ABOUT 1615—ABOUT 1640.)

THOMAS BEEDOME is the name of a poet who died young shortly before 1641, or possibly in the early part of that year; in which was published a posthumous volume of "Poems Divine and Humane, by Thomas Beedome, 1641." If the fame of Beedome, which at present is probably as near zero as possible, was never universal, it was certainly intense and enthusiastic within a circle more or less limited. Half a score sets of complimentary verses usher in the productions of the author, amongst which is one by Henry Glapthorne, himself a poet, who also appears to have acted as editor, and who furnishes the preface. It is sufficiently amusing to quote. Admiration for Beedome, and the duty of a knowledge of his works is not a matter of taste or opinion but of fact; not to know and not to appreciate convict the offender of hopeless stupidity. The arrogant partiality of the friend, however, should not turn aside from Thomas Beedome the more measured praise which his merits deserve.

"To the Reader,—Books are the pictures of men's lives delineated first by fancy, and by judgment drawn to the life. Such is this piece, the living Idea of him that writ it, who though now dead, has a living monument to his worth: His Booke, which despight of fire, can never convert to ashes. 'Tis Lentum Ilium, slow Troy, that will not bee easily consumed; he shall live in Paper, which shall make him live in's Marble. And in this, good Reader, his worth shall be emergent, he has done many things

well, and nothing ill. Therefore receive him as an absolute testimony of wit and fancy, or else deceive thyselfe, since his workes are as excellent as singular.

HEN. GLAPTHORNE."

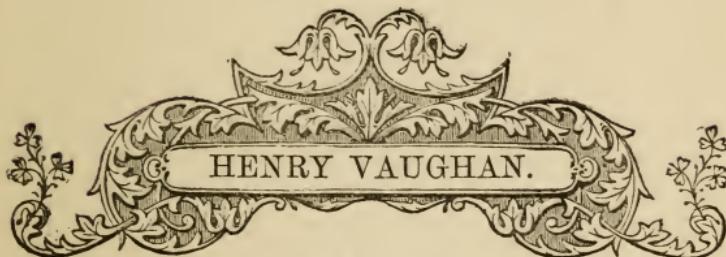
COME LORD : COME QUICKLY.

Why wouldst thou live, fond soul, dost thou not know
 From whence thou cam'st, and whither thou must go?
 Can walls of clay so much thy sense delight
 As to debar thee from that glorious flight
 Which thou shouldst covet? Canst thou idly prize
 The mire that loads thy wings unfit to rise?
 Shouldst thou still live, it were but still to see
 Some new scene acted of thy tragedy:
 Thou couldst but do to-morrow, as this day,
 Commit fresh sin, sleep, eat, or drink, and play.
 No matter then how soon thou die: then come
 Prepare thyself to wait thy Judge's doom.
 Thou camest from heaven; then labour to draw near
 Thy quiet centre; if thou once rest there,
 Thy walls of clay, the mire that loads thy wings,
 Shall be a mansion for the King of kings.
 Thy tragedy shall end, thy sin shall cease,
 And thou rest ever in an endless peace;
 Be't when Thou please, good God, at morn or noon;
 So I die well, no matter, Lord, how soon.

ON ETERNITY.

Good God! eternity, what can
Astonish more the faith of man?
 When it shall please Thee, God, that I
 On my unfriendly sick bed lie,
 And those about me shall descrie,
 In my pale face death's livery;
 When breath shall fleet, and leave for me
 The relique of death's victory,
 A grim sad corse, oh! must my light
 Astonished soul then take her flight

To that long home, where it shall see
 Or blest, or curst eternity ?
 Shall she for ever, ever dwell
 A saint in heaven, or fiend in hell ?
 When ages numberless are gone,
 Shall it be as if we had passed none ?
 'Tis so, my God, which when I think,
 My staggard reason 'gins to sink ;
 My brain turns giddy, and weak I
 Am wrapt in wonder's ecstasy.
 Forgive me, Lord, that thus presume
 To question thine eternal doom :
 And since our minute life must gain
 Pleasures eternal, or such pain ;
 Assist me so, my God, that when
 I shall forsake the sons of men,
 My jocund soul may sainted be
 In heaven and thy eternity !



(1621—1695.)

HENRY VAUGHAN, called the Silurist, was born at Newton St. Bridget, situated on the river Usk, in Brecknockshire, South Wales. He spent six years under the tuition of Matthew Herbert, a schoolmaster of considerable local celebrity; and entered of Jesus College, Oxford, in Michaelmas Term, 1638. After a residence of about two years, during which he attained some proficiency "in logicals, under a noted tutor, he was," says Anthony à Wood, "taken thence and designed by his father for the obtaining of some knowledge in the municipal laws at

London. But soon after the civil war beginning, to the horror of all good men, he was sent for home, followed the pleasant paths of poetry and philology, became noted for his ingenuity, and published several specimens thereof, of which his ‘Olor Iscanus’ was most valued. Afterwards, applying his mind to the study of physic, became at length eminent in his own country for the practice thereof, and was esteemed by scholars an ingenious person, but proud and humourous. He died in the latter end of April (about the 29th day) in 1695, and was buried in the parish church of Llans-*aufried*, about two miles distant from Brecknock in Brecknockshire.”

The poems quoted are selected from the “Silex Scintillans; or, the Bleeding Heart: Sacred Poems and Private Ejaculations in Two Books.” “Rules and Lessons” is a poem of that directly didactic order to which belong the “Perirrhanterium” of George Herbert, of whom Vaughan was a compatriot and ardent admirer, and the “Patrikon Doron” of Henry Delaune, first published in 1651, as “a legacy to his sons, being a miscellany of precepts, theological, moral, political, and coconomical, digested into seven centurys of quadrins.”

Mr. Campbell, with considerably less than his usually safe perception of excellence, has stigmatized Vaughan as “one of the harshest even of the inferior order of the school of conceit.” It would be satisfactory to regard this verdict as one of *à priori* indifference. Later and more genial critics have remarked the “originality and picturesque grace” of his sacred productions; the masterly hand with which he occasionally swept the lyre; and the intensity of feeling which he manifested in a degree only inferior to the rapt and saintly Crashaw.

RULES AND LESSONS.

When first thy eyes unveil give thy soul leave
 To do the like ; our bodies but forerun
 The spirit's duty : true hearts spread and heave
 Unto their God, as flowers do to the sun :
 Give Him thy first thoughts then, so shalt thou keep
 Him company all day, and in Him sleep.

Yet never sleep the sun up ; prayer should
 Dawn with the day : there are set awful hours
 'Twixt heaven and us ; the manna was not good
 After sun-rising ; far day sullies flowers :
 Rise to prevent the sun ; sleep doth sins glut,
 And heaven's gate opens when the world's is shut.

Walk with thy fellow creatures ; note the hush
 And whisperings amongst them. Not a spring
 Or leaf but hath his morning hymn ; each bush
 And oak doth know I AM. Canst thou not sing ?
 Oh leave thy cares and follies ! Go this way,
 And thou art sure to prosper all the day.

Serve God before the world ; let Him not go
 Until thou hast a blessing ; then resign
 The whole unto Him, and remember who
 Prevailed by wrestling ere the sun did shine :
 Pour oil upon the stones, weep for thy sin,
 Then journey on, and have an eye to heaven.

Mornings are mysteries ; the first, the world's youth,
 Man's resurrection, and the future's bud,
 Shroud in their births ; the crown of life, light, truth,
 Is styled their star ; the stone and hidden food :
 Three blessings wait upon them, one of which
 Should move—they make us holy, happy, rich.

When the world's up, and every swarm abroad,
 Keep well thy temper, mix not with each clay ;
 Despatch necessities ; life hath a load
 Which must be carried on, and safely may ;
 Yet keep those cares without thee ; let the heart
 Be God's alone, and choose the better part.

Through all thy actions, counsels, and discourse
Let mildness and religion guide thee out;
If truth be thine, what needs a brutish force,
But what's not good and just ne'er go about.

Wrong not thy conscience for a rotten stick,
That gain is dreadful, which makes spirits sick.

To God, thy country, and thy friend be true,
If priest and people change, keep thou thy ground;
Who sells religion is a Judas Jew,
And oaths once broke, the soul can not be sound.

The perjuror's a devil let loose, what can
Tie up his hands that dares mock God and man?

Seek not the same steps with the crowd; stick thou
To thy sure trot; a constant, humble mind
Is both his own joy and his Maker's too;
Let folly dust it on or lag behind.

A sweet self-privacy in a right soul
Outruns the earth, and lines the utmost pole.

To all that see thee bear an open heart,
Make not thyself a labyrinth or trap,
If trials come this will make good thy part,
For honesty is safe come what can hap;

It is the good man's feast, the prince of flowers
Which thrives in storms, and smells best after showers.

Seal not thy eyes up from the poor, but give
Proportion to their merits, and thy purse;
Thou mayst in rags a mighty prince relieve
Who when thy sins call for't can fence a curse.

Thou shalt not lose one mite. Tho' waters stray,
The bread we cast returns in fraughts one day.

Spend not an hour, so as to weep another,
For tears are not thine own; if thou giv'st words
Dash not thy friend nor heaven; O smother
A vig'rous thought; some syllables are swords.

Unbitted tongues are in their penance double,
They shame their owners, and the hearers trouble.

Injure not modest blood, whose spirits rise
In judgment against lewdness; that's base wit
That voids but filth and stench. Hast thou no prize
But sickness or infection? Stifle it.

Who makes his jests of sins, must be at least,
If not a very devil, worse than a beast.

Yet fly no friend, if he be such indeed,
 But meet to quench his longings and thy thirst ;
 Allow your joys religion ; that done, speed
 And bring the same man back thou wert at first.

Whoso returns not cannot pray aright,
 But shuts his door and leaves God out all night.

To heighten thy devotions and keep low
 All mutinous thoughts, what business e'er thou hast
 Observe God in his works ; here fountains flow,
 Birds sing, beasts feed, fish leap, and the earth stands fast :

Above are restless motions, running lights,
 Vast circling azure, giddy clouds, days, nights.

When seasons change, then lay before thine eyes
 His wondrous method, mark the various scenes
 In heaven ; hail, thunder, rainbows, snow, and ice,
 Calms, tempests, light, and darkness by his means ;

Thou canst not miss his praise, each tree, herb, flower,
 Are shadows of his wisdom and his power.

To meals when thou dost come, give Him the praise
 Whose arm supplied thee ; take what may suffice,
 And then be thankful : O admire his ways
 Who fills the world's unemptied granaries !

A thankless feeder is a thief, his feast
 A very robbery and himself no guest.

High noon thus past, thy time decays ; provide
 Thee other thoughts ; away with friends and mirth ;
 The sun now stoops and hastens his beams to hide
 Under the dark and melancholy earth.

All but preludes thy end. Thou art the man
 Whose rise, height, and descent is but a span.

Yet, set as he doth, and 'tis well. Have all
 Thy beams home with thee ; trim thy lamp, buy oil,
 And then set forth, who is thus drest, the fall
 Furthering his glory, and gives death the foil.

Man is a summer's day, whose youth and fire
 Cool to a glorious evening and expire.

When night comes, lift thy deeds ; make plain the way
 'Twixt heaven and thee ; block it not with delays.
 But perfect all before thou sleep'st, then say,
 There's one sun more strung on my bead of days.

What's good score up for joy ; the bad well scanned
 Wash off with tears, and get thy Master's hand.

Thy account thus made, spend in the grave an hour
 Before thy time. Be not a stranger there,
 Where thou may'st sleep whole ages ; life's poor flower
 Lasts but a night sometimes. Bad spirits fear

This conversation, but the good man lies
 Entombéd many days before he dies.

Being laid and dressed for sleep, close not thy eyes
 Up with thy curtains, give thy soul the wing
 In some good thoughts ; so when the day shall rise
 And thou unrak'st thy fire, those sparks will bring
 New flames : besides where these lodge vain hearts
 mourn
 And die : That bush where God is shall not burn.

When the nap's over, stir thy fire, unrake
 In that dead age, one beam i' the dark outvies
 Two in the day ; then from the damps and ache
 Of night shut up thy leaves, be chaste ; God pries
 Through thickest night ; though then the sun be far
 Do thou the works of day, and rise a star.

Briefly. Do as thou would'st be done unto,
 Love God, and love thy neighbour ; watch and pray.
 These are the words and works of life. This do,
 And live ; who doth not thus hath lost heaven's way.
 O lose it not ! look up, wilt change those lights
 For chains of darkness, and eternal nights ?

DAY OF JUDGMENT.

When through the north a fire shall rush
 And roll into the east,
 And like a fiery torrent brush
 And sweep up south and west.

When all shall stream and lighten round,
 And with surprising flames
 Both stars and elements confound,
 And quite blot out their names.

When thou shalt spend thy sacred store
 Of thunders in that heat,
 And low as e'er they lay before
 Thy six-days' buildings beat.

When like a scroll the heaven shall pass
 And vanish clean away,
 And nought must stand of that vast space
 Which held up night and day.

When one loud blast shall rend the deep,
 And from the womb of earth
 Summon up all that are asleep
 Unto a second birth.

When Thou shalt make the clouds thy seat,
 And in the open air
 The quick and dead, both small and great
 Must to thy bar repair.

O then it will be all too late
 To say, what shall I do ?
 Repentance there is out of date
 And so is mercy too.

Prepare, prepare me then, O God !
 And let me now begin
 To feel my loving Father's rod
 Killing the man of sin !

Give me, Oh ! give me crosses here,
 Still more afflictions lend :
 That pill, though bitter, is most dear
 That brings health in the end.

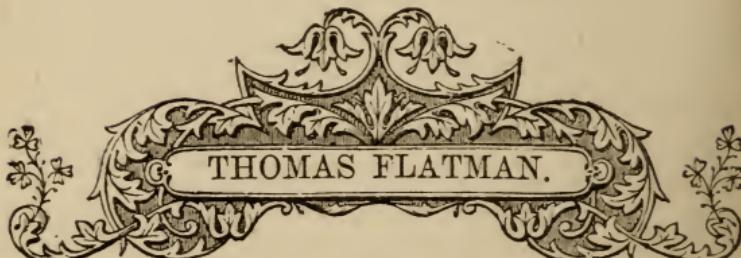
Lord God ! I beg not friends nor wealth
 But pray against them both :
 Three things I'd have, my soul's chief health !
 And one of these seems loth.

A living faith, a heart of flesh,
 The world an enemy—
 This last will keep the first two fresh,
 And bring me where I'd be.

PEACE.

My soul, there is a country,
 Far beyond the stars,
 Where stands a wingéd Sentry
 All skilful in the wars ;
 There above all noise and danger,
 Sweet Peace sits crowned with smiles,
 And One born in a manger
 Commands the beauteous files.

He is thy gracious Friend,
 And (O my soul awake !)
 Did in pure love descend
 To die here for thy sake.
 If thou canst get but thither,
 There grows the flower of Peace,
 The rose that cannot wither,
 Thy fortress and thy ease ;
 Leave, then, thy foolish ranges,
 For none can that secure ;
 But One who never changes—
 Thy God, thy Life, thy Cure.



(ABOUT 1635—1688.)

“THOMAS FLATMAN,” in the words of Wood, “an eminent poet of his time, was born in Aldersgate Street, in the suburb of London, educated in grammar learning in Wykeham’s School, near Winchester, elected fellow of New College (Oxford), in 1654, left it before he took a

degree,* retired to the Inner Temple, of which he became a barrister, and equally ingenious in the two noble faculties of poetry and painting, or limning, as several choice pieces show." It has been said, however, that he painted better than he wrote; and that one judge at least esteemed one of his heads worth a ream of his Pindarics. His principal works are "Pindarique" odes, either of an elegiac or a congratulatory kind; and celebrate the virtues of members of the royal family, or their friends and adherents. His "Poems and Songs" were first published in 1674; an enlarged and amended edition in 1676; and, again, a third edition, with additions and a portrait of the author, in 1682. At the age of fifty-three, Flatman "gave way to fate in his house, in Fleet Street, on the eighth day of December, in sixteen hundred eighty and eight, and was three days after buried in the church of St. Bride, alias Bridget, near to the rails of the communion table."

The "Thought of Death" is not animated by any jubilant degree of Christian expectation; but it occupies an interesting position as intermediate between the famous poem of the Emperor Hadrian, commencing "Animula vagula, blandula," and the more thoroughly evangelical version presented by Pope in the "Dying Christian to his Soul." Fairness, also, at once to Flatman and to Pope, makes it desirable to offer a poem by the former, of which the latter almost certainly availed himself "without thinking it necessary to mention the obligation."

A THOUGHT OF DEATH.

When on my sick bed I languish,
Full of sorrow, full of anguish,
Fainting, gasping, trembling, crying,
Panting, groaning, speechless, dying,

* Flatman was A.M. of Cambridge, by the King's letters, dated December 11th, 1666; having been some time before admitted bachelor of arts of Oxford.

My soul just now about to take her flight
Into the regions of eternal night—

Oh ! tell me you

That have been long below,

What shall I do ?

What shall I think, when cruel death appears,

That may extenuate my fears ?

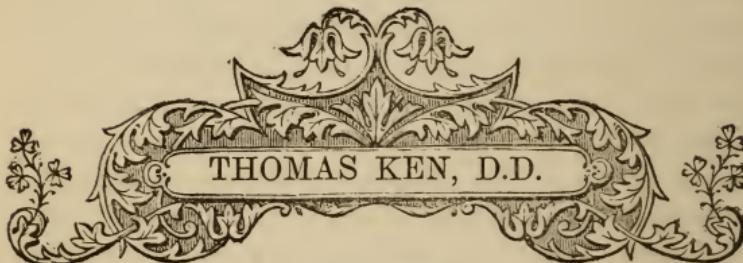
Methinks I hear some gentle spirit say,

Be not fearful, come away !

Think with thyself that now thou shalt be free,
And find thy long expected liberty !

Better thou mayest, but worse thou canst not be
Than in this vale of tears and misery.

Like Cæsar, with assurance then come on,
And unamazed, attempt the laurel crown
That lies on t'other side death's Rubicon.



(1637—1711.)

THOMAS KEN was born in July, 1637, at Berkhamstead, in Hertfordshire. He received from his "virtuous parents" an "education pious, careful, mild." Anne, the elder of his two sisters, was married to Izaak Walton, the famous angler and biographer. In January, 1650-1, Ken was admitted to Winchester, and in 1655-6, in default of a vacancy at New College, he was entered of Hart Hall, which then occupied the site of Magdalen College, Oxford. He took his bachelor's degree in 1661, and received ordination soon after. In 1666, he was elected to the vacant fellowship in Winchester College; and, upon his going to reside there, was welcomed by

Bishop Morley, to whom he became domestic chaplain, and by whom he was preferred in his profession. About this time he produced his "Manual of Prayers," and the "Morning, Evening, and Midnight Hymns," for the use of the Winchester scholars. It was his habit to sing the "Morning Hymn," to the accompaniment of his lute, when—often very early in the day, or, as we should now be inclined to call it, very late in the night—he awoke from his first sleep, which, once broken, he never sought to resume.

In 1675, he accompanied his nephew, the son of Izaak Walton, to Italy; and, although envious and railing tongues professed to discover in this a tendency to the Romish doctrine and Church system, he professed that his Protestantism was fortified by the near view it afforded him of Papal corruption. In 1679, he was appointed chaplain to the Princess of Orange at the Hague. He filled this office for a year, and then returned to England. During a voyage which he made with the expedition of Lord Dartmouth against Tangier, in 1683, he wrote an epic poem entitled "Edmond." He had been already appointed chaplain to the king; and on the 25th January, 1684, was consecrated to the see of Bath and Wells, vacant by the translation of Bishop Mew to the diocese of Winchester. Ken attended Charles II. in his last illness, but all his pious prayers and ejaculations seem to have passed the dying king without arresting his attention. Ken was a laborious and devoted bishop; constant in earnest and eloquent ministrations. He composed his "Exposition of the Church Catechism" for the enlightening of the darkness which he sorrowfully found too prevalent. He was one of the bishops who, in May, 1688, were committed to the tower for refusing to read the *Declaration of Indulgence*. The conscientious recusants were released on their own recognizances on the 15th of June, tried on the 29th, and acquitted, to the great and

grateful joy of the people. As a non-juror, Ken was in 1691 deprived of his episcopal emoluments; and, after protest, he resigned his title and his see in favour of his friend, Dr. Hooper. He retired to Longleate, where, after many years of precarious health and great suffering, he died in March, 1711. He was buried at sunrise, and the attendants upon his funeral, having seen his body committed to the tomb, broke forth in salutation to the day in the strains of his "Morning Hymn."

Although the knowledge of parts of this hymn is co-extensive with the language in which it is written, comparatively few persons are acquainted with it, as here presented, in its integrity. The "Anodyne" quoted is one of forty-two with which the pious author sought to relieve the tedium and the paroxysms incident to ten years of bodily affliction. The thirty-second "Anodyne" has for its first stanza:—

"Two lustres now are well nigh flown,
Since pain was my familiar grown;
She haunts me day and night,
Wounds me with sting and bite:
She on my tender membranes preys,
No med'cine can approach her where she stays."

From a somewhat minute knowledge of "Hymnotheo; or, the Penitent"—from which the first of the following poems is extracted—which we discovered to be very exceptional, we had prepared an analysis, for which, because it has at least the merit of being shorter, we substitute one adopted by Mr. Willmott in his "Life of Ken," from the editor of the bishop's "Select Poetry:" "In the church of Smyrna was a catechumen, by name Hymnotheo, peculiarly distinguished by the apostle John, and recommended by him to the care of the aged Bucolo, who then presided over the church. Thus eminently favoured the youth gradually increased in genius and accomplishments, a poet hardly inferior to Homer, until the death of Bucolo, when, becoming inflated with spiritual pride,

Satan gains admission to his heart, and in the temporary absence of his guardian angel, Phylacter, under the form of a spirit of light, lures the unsuspecting youth to an aerial journey, in quest of ‘celestial prospects.’ The chariot destined to convey him in this perilous voyage was formed of six round shields, and drawn by ‘airy ghosts,’ chosen out of the apostate army. After various temptations, Satan descends with Hymnotheo in the beautiful gardens of Daphne, which are described with some spirit. Having indulged himself in all the luxuries of this seductive abode, the youth begins to think of committing suicide, when Satan reappears and conveys him to a mountain cave near Smyrna, the resort of banditti, who elect him their captain. At this critical period, St. John revisits Smyrna, and having learned from Polycarp the melancholy fate of Hymnotheo, he immediately sets out to discover his hiding-place, and succeeds in awakening a feeling of repentance in his bosom. Satan, however, again recovers his ascendancy over the youth, who is rescued from his power by the interference of his guardian angel, and delivered up to St. John, whom he accompanies in a chariot drawn by eagles, while a vision of the future world—the miseries of the wicked and the happiness of the blest—passes before him. After numerous scenes of penitential suffering Hymnotheo is reconciled to the church.” The original source of this poem, which is very pious in spirit, and very shambling and incongruous in execution, is to be found in the *Ecclesiastical History* of Eusebius.

CHARACTER OF THE HAPPY MAN.

Thrice happy man, lodged in sweet private shade,
Which nor contempt nor envy e'er invade;
Who has great God his Father and his Friend,
Who heaven proposes for his journey's end;

Wont to his God his troubles to disclose,
And from his promise to derive repose ;
Whose prayers ascend to heaven with vig'rous flight,
Who keeps God always in his awful sight ;
Ejaculating praise in every place,
Who to his work, as to his meat, says grace ;
To whose repentance God a pardon seals ;
Who the reviving rays of pardon feels ;
Whose zeal is for God's glory ever warm,
Who would his life, not ancient faith, reform ;
Who all his dangers on his God depends,
Whose safety an angelic host defends ;
Who persecuted duty ne'er declines ;
Whose spirit trouble breaks not, but refines ;
Who daily sacred writ devoutly reads,
And with fresh subjects meditation feeds ;
Whose inoffensive conscience at full rest,
Creates habitual joy within his breast ;
In simple truth whose wisdom only lies,
And never feels embroilments of disguise ;
Who all affronts with patience entertains,
And ground by meekness, not abjection, gains ;
Who by converse his neighbour ne'er defiles,
Who none despises, injures, or reviles ;
Whose charity, like God, is unconfined,
And would be benefactor to mankind ;
Whose little flock by liberal alms is blessed,
Who oft makes Jesus, in the poor, his guest ;
Whose virtue's uniform, and heart sincere,
To others easy, to himself severe ;
Who well meant error with compassion treats,
Fired by no party with eccentric heats ;
Whose soft reproofs have an obliging force ;
Who with a relish can of heaven discourse ;
Who by example more than counsel sways,
Who ills with overplus of good repays ;
Who others' wrongs, as God his sins, forgives,
Of his own heart in jealous caution lives ;
His ghostly watch and weapons daily plies,
Ne'er thinks his spirit safe from a surprise ;
His tenderest concerns with God can trust,
And rather would be needy than unjust ;
Who acquiesces in plain truths revealed,
Pries into no abstrusities concealed ;

Primeval saintship reverently esteems,
In his religion owns no modern schemes ;
Whom no one fashionable vice can taint,
Who in a Sodom can continue saint ;
Who in the world, makes from the world retreat,
Still studies to be rather good than great ;
In a mean pleasant cottage stands secure,
Wondering how men can wealth and pomp endure ;
Resolves town noise, stink, philtres to avoid,
Still on his field, or on a book employed ;
Of temper even, of a constant mind,
Whom no strong passion can enslave or blind ;
Whose duty lies in a proportioned sphere,
Has competence his station to endear ;
Would be himself, and nothing else requires,
No disappointment feels, since no desires ;
Chooses plain, wholesome, cleanly food to eat,
Rising refreshed, not glutted, from his meat ;
Free from the anguish of a life misled,
And previous horrors which the impious dread ;
Who from God's blessings severs the abuse,
Has no fruition of the world but use ;
Whose care is for the present manna spent,
Who with his daily omer lives content ;
Who takes in revolutions the right side,
And makes the law, not multitude, his guide ;
Who still remembers death before he sleeps,
His last accounts adjusted daily keeps ;
Who public sins with secret tears bewails,
And for arrest of judgment oft prevails !
Who when great God for vengeance armed appears,
Has midst a shower of thunderbolts no fears ;
No bolts at his innocuous head are aimed,
Who all the sins which drew them down disclaimed ;
Who is the mighty Thunderer's constant care,
And stops his ireful hand by fervent prayer ;
His will to God strives wholly to resign,
Who has no will himself but the divine ;
Prepared to undergo a martyr's doom,
Yet dares not to seek martyrdom presume ;
Who daily grows of bliss more humbly sure,
More like to Jesus, more for heaven mature ;
Sings his own *Nunc dimittis* when he dies,
And on his angel's wings to glory flies.

MORNING HYMN.

Awake, my soul ! and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run ;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

Thy precious time misspent, redeem ;
Each present day thy last esteem ;
Improve thy talents with due care,
For the great day thyself prepare.

In conversation be sincere
Keep conscience as the noontide clear ;
Think how all-seeing God thy ways,
And all thy secret thoughts surveys.

By influence of the light divine,
Let thy own light to others shine ;
Reflect all heaven's propitious rays,
In ardent love and cheerful praise.

Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear a part,
Who all night long unwearied sing
High praise to the eternal King.

I wake ! I wake ! ye heavenly choir,
May your devotion me inspire,
That I, like you, my age may spend,
Like you, may on my God attend.

May I, like you, in God delight,
Have all day long my God in sight,
Perform, like you, my Maker's will ;—
O may I never more do ill.

Had I your wings, to heaven I'd fly,
But God shall that defect supply ;
And my soul winged with warm desire,
Shall all day long to heaven aspire.

All praise to Thee, who safe hast kept,
And hast refreshed me while I slept.
Grant, Lord, when I from death awake,
I may of endless life partake.

I would not wake or rise again,
Even heaven itself I would disdain,
Were not Thou there to be enjoyed,
And I in hymns to be employed.

Heaven is, dear Lord, where'er Thou art ;
O, never Thou from me depart ;
For to my soul, 'tis hell to be,
But for one moment, void of Thee.

Lord, I my vows to Thee renew,
Disperse my sins as morning dew ;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with thyself my spirit fill.

Direct, control, suggest this day,
All I design, or do, or say ;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite.

Praise God from whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him, all creatures here below,
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost !

AN ANODYNE ; OR, ALLEVIATION OF PAIN.

Pain keeps me waking in the night,
• I longing lie for morning's light ;
 Methinks the sluggish Sun
Forgets he this day's course must run :
O heavenly torch, why this delay
In giving us our wonted day ?

Sure some new spots your face besmear,
And you're ashamed to reappear ;
 Or clouds surround your head,

And damp the rays you would have shed ;
Or some eclipse now masks your beams,
And intercepts your morning gleams.

Or night your rising now restrains,
Till it the ten degrees regains
It lost, when back you went,
And the sick king learned Heaven's intent ;
Assured of supplemental years,
By your re-measuring the spheres.

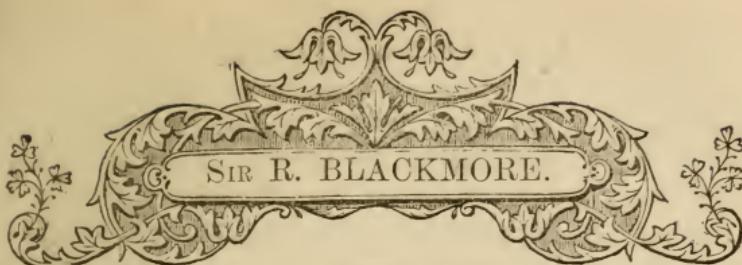
I feel my* watch, I tell the clock,
I hear each crowing of the cock ;
Even Egypt, when three days,
The heavens withheld the solar rays,
And all in thickest darkness dwelt,
Night more afflicting never felt.

With joy and light the saints are blest,
Thick night and pain the damned molest ;
My dolours to excite
Pain and darkness both unite,
Yet in my darkness and my pain,
Some gleams of joy and light remain.

God's favours darkest clouds expel,
By pains He frights my soul from hell ;
Melts me to humble tears,
And his soft love each pang endears ;
While gracious God I strive to please,
I never want or light or ease.

Sun, mend not then for me your pace,
But at your will defer your race ;
I am refreshed by light,
Than you ten thousand times more bright ;
I, when tow'rds Chaos you decline,
Shall have both light and joy divine.

* His watch was purposely so contrived as that he could by his finger discover the time, to half a quarter of an hour.



(ABOUT 1653—1729.)

SIR RICHARD BLACKMORE, descended of a respectable family in Wiltshire, was born about the year 1653. He received his elementary education successively at a country school and at Westminster, whence he removed, in 1668, to Edmund Hall, Oxford. He took his M.A. degree on the 3rd of June, 1676; and protracted his university residence till it had reached a term of thirteen years. He dropped the profession of a schoolmaster, in which he was for some time engaged, to proceed to Italy; and graduated as Doctor of Medicine at the University of Padua. After a further period of a year and a half, spent in continental travel, he returned to England, and attained to considerable eminence and to an extensive practice in his profession. One instance of royal favour conferred upon Blackmore is commemorated by Pope in the well-known couplet :—

“The hero William, and the martyr Charles,
One knighted Blackmore, and one pensioned Quarles.”

It is yet undecided in what proportions Blackmore, who was a stanch Whig, owed this distinction to his politics, his physic, and his poetry. He closed a life of piety and benevolence on the 8th of October, 1729.

At the present day, the verses of Blackmore are well-nigh as dead as his patients. He is one of the best pelted men who ever stood in the literary pillory. From Garth to Dryden, from Pope to Gay and Dennis, from epigram to abuse, every man and every weapon were against him;

whilst he—to the honour of his fortitude and forbearance it should be recorded—almost uniformly smiled at their noble rage. His epics were nearly as numerous as his prescriptions, and were written in the intervals of the latter, which gave occasion for Dryden to say of “Prince Arthur, an Heroic Poem, in Ten Books,” published in 1695, that it was written “to the rumbling of his chariot-wheels.” Other epic poems were “King Arthur,” in twelve books (1697); “King Alfred;” “Eliza,” in ten books (1705), of whom Dr. Johnson says, “She dropped, as it seems, dead-born from the press.” It will suffice to mention one other, and that the best of his works, “Creation; a Philosophical Poem, in Seven Books,” published in 1712, which, amongst other favourable notices, received the hearty commendation of Addison.

In one of the numbers of the “Spectator,” it is said that this poem “was undertaken with so good an intention, and executed with so great a mastery, that it deserves to be looked upon as one of the best in our English verse. The reader cannot but be pleased to see the depths of philosophy enlivened with all the charms of poetry, and to see so great a strength of reason amidst so beautiful a redundancy of the imagination.” Dennis, also, notwithstanding his asperity towards Blackmore in other instances, calls his “Creation” a “philosophical poem, which has equalled that of Lucretius in the beauty of its versification, and infinitely surpassed it in the solidity and strength of its reasoning.” Blackmore has confronted the author of the “De Rerum Natura” at every step; the following extract bears to have been conceived with the express intention of confuting the foaming unfairness of the paragraphs “Laus Inventoris,” and “Exemplum Religionis” of the first book of the Roman hierophant of the godless mysteries of Epicurus.

BLESSINGS OF RELIGION.

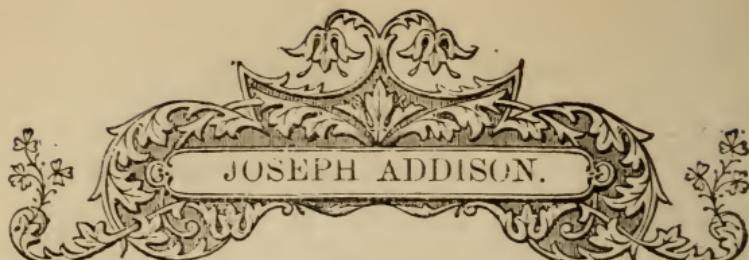
Offspring divine ! by thee we bless the Cause
Who formed the world, and rules it by his laws ;
His independent being we adore,
Extol his goodness, and revere his power.

Our wondering eyes his high perfections view,
The lofty contemplation we pursue
Till, ravished, we the great Idea find
Shining in bright impressions on our mind.

Inspired by thee, guest of celestial race,
With generous love, we human kind embrace ;
We provocations unprovoked receive,
Patient of wrong, and easy to forgive ;
Protect the orphan, plead the widow's cause,
Nor deviate from the line unerring justice draws.

Thy lustre, blest effulgence, can dispel
The clouds of error, and the gloom of hell ;
Can to the soul impart ethereal light,
Give life divine and intellectual sight :
Before our ravished eyes thy beams display,
The opening scenes of bliss and endless day ;
By which incited we with ardour rise,
Scorn this inferior ball, and claim the skies.

Tyrants to thee a change of nature owe,
Break all their tortures, and indulgent grow.
Ambitious conquerors in their mad career,
Checked by thy voice, lay down the sword and spear.
The boldest champions of impiety,
Scornful of heaven, subdued or won by thee,
Before thy hallowed altars bend the knee.
Loose wits, made wise, a public good become,
The sons of pride an humble mien assume ;
The profligate, in morals grow severe,
Defrauders just, and sycophants sincere.



(1672—1719.)

JOSEPH ADDISON, one of the most distinguished *luces et tutamina* of English letters, the son of a dean of Lichfield and rector of Milston, in Wiltshire, was born at the latter place in the year 1672. The first rudiments of education he received at home; and was thence successively removed to Salisbury, Lichfield, and the Charterhouse Schools. At the age of fifteen he was sent to Queen's College, Oxford; and after some time migrated to Magdalen, under the auspices and encouragement of Dr. Lancaster, of the latter college. Whilst at the University, he became distinguished for his skill in Latin verse, in which, a few years after, he composed a poem, of the mingled Whiggism and elegance of which King William, to whom it was dedicated, conceived so high an opinion that he rewarded the author with a pension of £300 a year. Addison now found it possible to travel; he visited France and Italy, writing from the latter his celebrated letter to Lord Halifax, in which, with much fire and enthusiasm, he treated of the phenomena of the fair classic land, whether antiquarian, picturesque, natural, or artistic. In 1702 he returned to England, and published an account of his travels, as well as his "Dialogues on Medals." Upon the accession of Queen Anne his pension ceased; but having celebrated the battle of Blenheim in a poem, "The Campaign," which was fortunate enough to secure the admiration of the Lord Treasurer, Godolphin, he was rewarded with the post

of Commissioner of Appeals. He was next made Under-secretary of State, and went to Ireland as secretary to the Lord Lieutenant, the Marquis of Wharton. Before this, Addison had brought out his unsuccessful opera of "Rosamond;" and written a comedy entitled "The Drummer, or the Haunted House," which was not produced on the stage till it appeared under the auspices of Sir Richard Steele—between whom and Addison a friendship had already commenced while they were schoolfellows at the Charter-House—after the death of the author. In 1709, jointly with Steele, Addison initiated that series which, under the names of the "Tatler," the "Spectator," and the "Guardian," has ever since commanded so extensive an interest and popularity, and which even yet exercises a beneficial and elevating, if indirect, influence upon our literature. The series terminated in the year 1714, with the 175th number of the "Guardian," having been only in a very small proportion indebted for its contributions to any other pens than to those of the two illustrious friends whose amity political differences presently came in to destroy. But their names are for ever honourable as the fathers of the periodical essay. In 1713, the year, in the words of Johnson, of "the grand climacteric of Addison's reputation," appeared the tragedy of "Cato," which Whigs vied with Tories to applaud. It has always been regarded—at once from its lack of dramatic interest, and its correct language and noble sentiments—as more fit to be enjoyed in reading than in representation. "It is a splendid and imposing work of art, with the grace and majesty, and also the lifelessness, of a noble antique statue." Yet it is surprising how many phrases of a play which was never, in a strict sense, dramatically popular, have assumed and held a place among the household words of the people.

In 1716, Addison married the countess-dowager of Warwick, to whom he had first become known by having

been tutor to her son. This marriage was not a happy one, and the husband too frequently sought a refuge from its infelicity in tavern convivialities. In 1717 he became Secretary of State ; but his constitutional timidity and want of ready eloquence made him unequal to the discharge of the duties of the office, which he presently resigned on the plea of ill-health, with a pension of £1500 a-year. During his privacy he engaged himself with a work on the Evidences of the Christian Religion, which, still incomplete, was published after his death. Concerning this last event, there is a freely circulated anecdote, which, if it were not based on questionable authority, might very well convict him of something more than questionable taste. It is to the effect that, being given over by the faculty, he sent for his step-son, the Earl of Warwick, whose irregular life had caused him disquiet, and grasped his hand, with the exclamation, " See how a Christian can die !" Addison departed this life in 1719.

"I never read him," says Dr. Young, "but I am struck with such a disheartening idea of perfection, that I drop my pen. And, indeed, far superior writers should forget his compositions, if they would be greatly pleased with their own. And yet (perhaps you have not observed it), what is the common language of the world, even of his admirers, concerning him? They call him an *elegant* writer : that elegance which shines on the surface of his compositions seems to dazzle their understanding, and render it a little blind to the depth of sentiment which lies beneath. Thus he loses reputation with them by doubling his title to it. On subjects the most interesting and important, no author of his age has written with greater, I had almost said, with equal weight. And they who commend him for his elegance, pay him such a sort of compliment by their abstemious praise, as they would pay to Lucretia, if they should

commend her only for her beauty.” The sacred songs of Addison have been admired for their faultlessness of taste and reverent feeling.

GLORY TO GOD IN CREATION.

The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.
The unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator’s power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth ;
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings, as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though in solemn silence all
Move round this dark terrestrial ball ?
What though no real voice or sound
Amidst their radiant orbs be found ?
In reason’s ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
For ever singing, as they shine,
“ The hand that made us is divine ! ”

REVIEW OF GOD’S MERCIES.

When all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I’m lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

O how shall words with equal warmth
The gratitude declare,
That glows within my ravished heart !
But Thou canst read it there.

Thy Providence my life sustained
And all my wants redrest,
When in the silent womb I lay,
And hung upon the breast.

To all my weak complaints and cries
Thy mercy lent an ear,
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learned
To form themselves in prayer.

Unnumbered comforts to my soul
Thy tender care bestowed,
Before my infant heart conceived
From whence those comforts flowed.

When in the slippery paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm unseen conveyed me safe,
And led me up to man.

Through hidden dangers, toils, and deaths,
It gently cleared my way ;
And through the pleasing snares of vice,
More to be feared than they.

When worn with sickness, oft hast Thou
With health renewed my face ;
And, when in sins and sorrows sunk,
Revived my soul with grace.

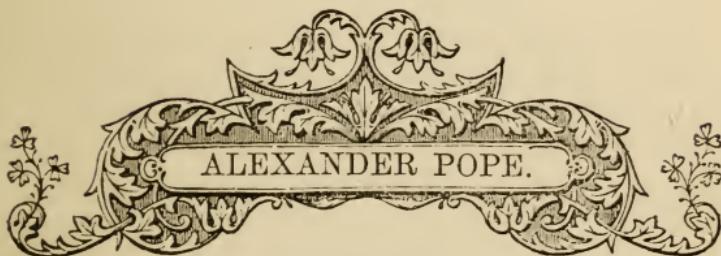
Thy bounteous hand with worldly bliss
Hath made my cup run o'er ;
And in a kind and faithful friend
Hath doubled all my store.

Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

When Nature fails, and day and night
Divide thy works no more,
My ever grateful heart, O Lord,
Thy mercy shall adore.

Through all eternity to Thee
A joyful song I'll raise:
But oh! eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise!



A NOTICE of the man who was first, without a second, amongst the poetical writers of his day, whose personal literary life demands for its exhibition a *résumé* of all contemporaneous literary activity, can be written at no medium length. The dimensions of the present sketch may, under the circumstances, be safely proportioned to the degree in which Pope was a sacred poet; for but little information is imperative about an author, a knowledge of whom is still, with every person of taste, direct and first-handed.

Alexander Pope was born in May, 1688, and spent his early years at Binfield, in Windsor Forest, whither his father, a Roman Catholic and adherent of the Stuarts,

retired upon the accession of William of Orange. He “lisped in numbers,” and could not recollect the time when he did not write poetry. He was educated first by the priest of the family; then he was sent successively to two Catholic schools, and from twelve years of age became his own instructor. By the time he was thirty years old, Pope had realized a sum sufficient to purchase the villa at Twickenham where he resided till his death in 1744. A monument erected to him in the parish church of Twickenham is defaced by a priggish and conceited epitaph :—

“ Heroes and kings your distance keep,
In peace let one poor poet sleep,
Who never flattered folks like you—
Let Horace blush, and Virgil too.”

The principal works of Pope are his “Pastorals,” “Odes,” “Windsor Forest,” “Epistles,” “Satires,” “Essay on Criticism,” “Essay on Man,” “The Rape of the Lock,” “The Dunciad,” and translations of the Iliad and the Odyssy of Homer. “The Dying Christian to his Soul” is the same poem, in its third stage of hopeful Christianity, which we have previously remarked in the intermediate version of Flatman, as having had its origin with the Emperor Hadrian. The “Messiah,” a sacred eclogue, composed of several passages of Isaiah the prophet, written in imitation of Virgil’s “Pollio,” was first published in No. 378 of the “Spectator” (Wednesday, May 14th, 1712), with the following short introduction by the Spectator himself: “I will make no apology for entertaining the reader with the following poem, which is written by a great Genius, a Friend of mine in the Country, who is not ashamed to employ his Wit in the praise of his Maker.”

THE DYING CHRISTIAN TO HIS SOUL.

Vital spark of heavenly flame,
 Quit, oh, quit this mortal frame :
 Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying—
 Oh, the pain, the bliss of dying !
 Cease, fond Nature, cease thy strife,
 And let me languish into life !

Hark ! they whisper ; angels say,
 “ Sister spirit, come away ! ”
 What is this absorbs me quite,
 Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
 Drowns my spirits, draws my breath ?
 Tell me, my soul, can this be death ?

The world recedes, it disappears !
 Heaven opens on my eyes ! my ears
 With sounds seraphic ring :
 Lend, lend your wings ! I mount ! I fly !
 O grave ! where is thy victory ?
 O death ! where is thy sting ?

THE MESSIAH.

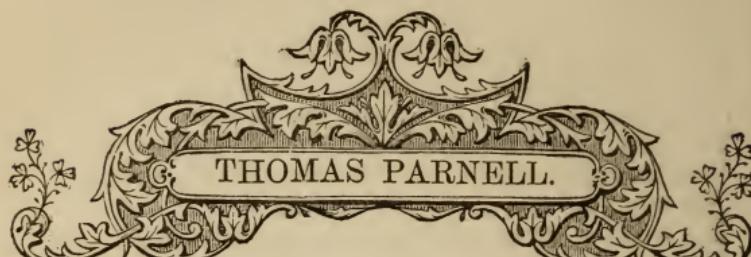
Ye nymphs of Solyma, begin the song ;
 To heavenly themes sublimer strains belong.
 The mossy fountains and the sylvan shades,
 The dreams of Pindus and the Aonian maid们,
 Delight no more—O Thou my voice inspire,
 Who touched Isaiah’s hallowed lips with fire !

Rapt into future times, the bard begun :
 A virgin shall conceive, a virgin bear a son !
 From Jesse’s root behold a Branch arise,
 Whose sacred flower with fragrance fills the skies ;
 The ethereal spirit o’er its leaves shall move,
 And on its top descends the mystic dove.
 Ye heaven ! from high the dewy nectar pour,
 And in soft silence shed the kindly shower !
 The sick and weak the healing plant shall aid,
 From storms a shelter and from heat a shade.

All crimes shall cease, and ancient frauds shall fail ;
Returning Justice lift aloft her scale ;
Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend,
And white-robed Innocence from heaven descend.
Swift fly the years, and rise the expected morn !
Oh, spring to light, auspicious Babe, be born !
See, nature hastens her earliest wreaths to bring,
With all the incense of the breathing spring ;
See lofty Lebanon his head advance ;
See nodding forests on the mountains dance ;
See spicy clouds from lowly Sharon rise ;
And Carmel's flowery top perfumes the skies !
Hark a glad voice the lonely desert cheers :
Prepare the way ! a God ! a God appears !
A God ! a God ! the vocal hills reply ;
The rocks proclaim the approaching Deity.
Lo ! earth receives Him from the bending skies ;
Sink down, ye mountains ; and ye valleys rise ;
With heads declined, ye cedars, homage pay ;
Be smooth, ye rocks ; ye rapid floods, give way !
The Saviour comes ! by ancient bards foretold :
Hear Him, ye deaf ; and all ye blind behold !
He from thick films shall purge the visual ray,
And on the sightless eyeball pour the day ;
'Tis He the obstructed paths of sound shall clear,
And bid new music charm the unfolding ear ;
The dumb shall sing ; the lame his crutch forego,
And leap exulting like the bounding roe.
No sigh, no murmur, the wide world shall hear ;
From every face he wipes off every tear.
In adamantine chains shall death be bound,
And hell's grim tyrant feel the eternal wound.
As the good shepherd tends his fleecy care,
Seeks freshest pasture, and the purest air ;
Explores the lost, the wandering sheep directs,
By day o'ersees them, and by night protects ;
The tender lambs He raises in his arms,
Feeds from his hand, and in his bosom warms ;
Thus shall mankind his guardian care engage,
The promised father of the future age.
No more shall nation against nation rise,
Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes ;
Nor fields with gleaming steel be covered o'er,
The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more ;

But useless lances into scythes shall bend,
And the broad falchion in a ploughshare end.
Then palaces shall rise; the joyful son
Shall finish what his short-lived sire begun;
Their vines a shadow to their race shall yield,
And the same hand that sowed shall reap the field.
The swain in barren deserts with surprise
Sees lilies spring, and sudden verdure rise;
And starts, amidst the thirsty wilds to hear
New falls of water murmuring in his ear.
On rifted rocks, the dragons' late abodes,
The green reed trembles, and the bulrush nods.
Waste sandy valleys, once perplexed with thorn,
The spiry fir and stately box adorn:
The leafless shrubs the flowery palms succeed,
And odorous myrtle to the noisome weed.
The lambs with wolves shall graze the verdant mead,
And boys in flowery band the tiger lead.
The steer and lion at one crib shall meet,
And harmless serpents lick the pilgrim's feet.
The smiling infant in his hand shall take
The crested basilisk and speckled snake;
Pleased, the green lustre of the scales survey,
And with their forked tongue shall innocently play.
Rise, crowned with light, imperial Salem, rise!
Exalt thy towery head, and lift thy eyes!
See a long race the spacious courts adorn!
See future sons and daughters, yet unborn,
In crowding ranks on every side arise,
Demanding life, impatient for the skies!
See barbarous nations at thy gates attend,
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend!
See thy bright altars thronged with prostrate kings,
And heaped with products of Sabeans springs.
For thee Idume's spicy forests blow,
And seeds of gold in Ophir's mountains glow.
See heaven its sparkling portals wide display,
And break upon thee in a flood of day!
No more the rising sun shall gild the morn,
Nor evening Cynthia fill her silver horn;
But lost, dissolved in thy superior rays,
One tide of glory, one unclouded blaze,
O'erflow thy courts: the Light himself shall shine
Revealed, and God's eternal day be thine!

The seas shall waste, the skies in smoke decay,
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away ;
But fixed his word, his saving power remains ;
Thy realm for ever lasts, thy own Messiah reigns !



(1679—1718.)

THOMAS PARNELL, whose father, though the proprietor of considerable estates in Ireland, was descended from an ancient Cheshire family, was born in 1679 at Dublin, where also he received his university education. He entered into holy orders, and in his twenty-sixth year was appointed to the archdeaconry of Clogher by the bishop of that diocese. Later, when a providential change of political conviction, which by early education and habit were identical with those of Addison and his friends—with whom he was, to a small extent, a fellow-contributor to the “Spectator” and the “Guardian”—made him eligible for preferment under Tory auspices, he received, through the interest of Swift, the living of Finglass, in the diocese of Dublin, worth £400 a year. But no preferment could make him love his native country; and he spent a large proportion of his time in London, where his pulpit ministrations were very popular and effective.

Always liable to great inequality of spirits, his fits of depression became longer and more frequent, from grief for the loss of his wife, an amiable young lady of much worth and beauty, who died a few years after their mar-

riage. He never recovered the blow which this loss dealt him ; and unhappily he strove to mitigate its severity by acts of intemperance, which precipitated his malady into a fatal disease. He died at Chester, when on his way to Ireland, in 1718.

Parnell was an accomplished scholar, and as such considerably trusted by Pope, for whom he wrote the Life prefixed to the translation of the Iliad of Homer. Goldsmith, his countryman, who wrote his life, was proud of Parnell as being the last of the great school that had modelled "itself upon the ancients." His versification is pleasing, simple, and harmonious. Of his works, which are miscellaneous in character—translations, songs, hymns, epistles—"The Hermit" is at once the most celebrated and the most familiarly known. Pope pronounced it to be "very good;" and the ease and melody of its rhythm, the gracefulness of its movement, and its cheery way of exhibiting the workings of a departmental Providence, deserve this encomium. It is only when it is estimated according to what it professes to be, or else professes nothing—an exhaustive and philosophical explanation of God's government of the world—that it becomes inevitably obnoxious to the charge of impertinent quackery.

A DESIRE TO PRAISE.

Propitious Son of God, to Thee
With all my soul I bend my knee;
My wish I send, my want impart,
And dedicate my mind and heart:
For, as an absent parent's son,
Whose second year is only run
When no protecting friend is near,
Void of wit, and void of fear,

With things that hurt him fondly plays,
Or here he falls, or there he strays;
Lo, should my soul's eternal guide,
The Sacred Spirit, be denied,
Thy servant soon the loss would know,
And sink in sin, or run to woe.

O Spirit, bountifully kind,
Warm, possess, and fill my mind ;
Disperse my sins with light divine,
And raise the flames of love with thine ;
Before thy pleasures rightly prized,
Let wealth and honour be despised ;
And let the Father's glory be
More dear than life itself to me.

Sing of Jesus ! virgins, sing
Him, your everlasting King !
Sing of Jesus ! cheerful youth,
Him, the God of love and truth !
Write and raise a song divine,
Or come and hear, and borrow mine.
Son eternal, Word supreme,
Who made the universal frame,
Heaven, and all its shining show,
Earth, and all it holds below :
Bow with mercy, bow thine ear,
While we sing thy praises here.
Son eternal, ever blest,
Resting on the Father's breast,
Whose tender love for all provides,
Whose power over all presides ;
Bow with pity, bow thine ear,
While we sing thy praises, hear !
Thou, by pity's soft extreme,
Moved, and won, and set on flame,
Assumed the form of man, and fell
In pains, to rescue man from hell ;
How bright thine humble glories rise,
And match the lustre of the skies !
From death and hell's dejected state
Arising, Thou resumed thy seat,
And golden thrones of bliss prepared
Above, to be thy saints' reward.
How bright thy glorious honours rise,
And with new lustre grace the skies !

For Thee the sweet seraphic choir
Raise the voice and tune the lyre,
And praises with harmonious sound
Through all the highest heaven rebound.
O make our notes with theirs agree,
And bless the souls that sing of Thee !
To Thee the churches here rejoice,
The solemn organs aid the voice :
To sacred roofs the sound we raise :
The sacred roofs resound thy praise ;
And while our notes in one agree,
O bless the Church that sings to Thee !

HYMN FOR NOON.

The sun is swiftly mounted high,
It glitters in the southern sky !
Its beams with force and glory beat,
And fruitful earth is filled with heat.
Father ! also with thy fire
Warm the cold, the dead desire,
And make the sacred love of Thee
Within my soul a sun to me !
Let it shine so fairly bright
That nothing else be took for light ;
That worldly charms be seen to fade,
And in its lustre find a shade !
Let it strongly shine within,
To scatter all the clouds of sin,
That drive when gusts of passion rise,
And intercept it from our eyes !
Let its glory more than vie
With the sun that lights the sky !
Let it swiftly mount in air,
Mount with that, and leave it there ;
And soar, with more aspiring flight,
To realms of everlasting light !
Thus while here I'm forced to be
I daily wish to live with Thee ;
And feel that union which thy love
Will, after death, complete above,

From my soul I send my prayer—
Great Creator, bow thine ear !
Thou, for whose propitious sway
The world was taught to see the day ;
Who spake the word, and earth begun,
And showed its beauties in the sun ;
With pleasure I thy creatures view,
And would with good affection too ;
Good affection sweetly free,
Loose from them and move to Thee :
O ! teach me due returns to give,
And to thy glory let me live !
And then my days shall shine the more,
Or pass more blessed than before.



(1664—1721.)

THE birth of Prior is variously referred to the city of London and to Wimborne, in Dorsetshire. What is ascertained is, that his father died early, and that he owed his first training to his uncle, a vintner at Charing Cross, who sent him to Westminster School. He went to Cambridge at the expense of the Earl of Dorset, who further, after his publication, jointly with Charles Montague, of the "City Mouse and the Country Mouse," written in ridicule of Dryden's "Hind and Panther," caused him to be appointed secretary to the English embassy at the Hague. In 1697 he was Secretary of Legation at the treaty of Ryswick; and in the following year was appointed ambassador at the court of Versailles. On his

return he was made Under-secretary of State, and on losing his place at the Earl of Jersey's removal, he was made, in 1701, a commissioner of trade. Soon after this he went over to the Tory party, and was employed by the Government during the reign of Queen Anne in high political and diplomatic functions. Upon the accession of the House of Hanover, he was impeached by the Whigs for his conduct in reference to the peace of Utrecht, and committed to custody for two years. After his release, he found a refuge from pecuniary distress in the publication of his poems by subscription, and in the patronage of Lord Harley, who purchased an estate for him. He died in 1721, at Wimpole, a seat of the Earl of Oxford.

His poems consist of epistles, humorous tales, fables, epigrams, and other miscellaneous works. His style is graceful and sparkling, and full of a pleasant banter. "Dear Mat Prior's easy jingle," celebrated by Cowper, is not more loose than the average morals of his pieces. Perhaps the occurrence of the name of the author of "Hans Carvel" and "Paulo Purganti" on the scroll of sacred poets is to be attributed to the fact that man, as man, cannot live without a recognition of religious obligation, which, if circumstances favour such a method of exhibition, may assume a vocal or a rhythmical form.

CHARITY.

A PARAPHRASE ON THE 13TH CHAPTER OF THE FIRST EPISTLE TO THE CORINTHIANS.

Did sweeter sounds adorn my flowing tongue
Than ever man pronounced or angel sung;
Had I all knowledge, human and divine,
That thought can reach, or science can define;
And had I power to give that knowledge birth
In all the speeches of the babbling earth;

Did Shadrach's zeal my glowing breast inspire,
To weary tortures, and rejoice in fire ;
Or had I faith like that which Israel saw,
When Moses gave them miracle and law ;
Yet, gracious charity ! indulgent guest !
Were not thy power exerted in my breast,
Those speeches would send up unheeded prayer,
That scorn of life would be but wild despair ;
A cymbal's sound were better than my voice ;
My faith were form, my eloquence were noise.

Charity ! decent, modest, easy, kind,
Softens the high, and rears the abject mind ;
Knows the just reins and gentle hand to guide
Betwixt vile shame and arbitrary pride.
Not soon provoked, she easily forgives,
And much she suffers, as she much believes ;
Soft peace she brings wherever she arrives ;
She builds our quiet, as she forms our lives ;
Lays the rough paths of peevish Nature even,
And opens in each heart a little heaven.

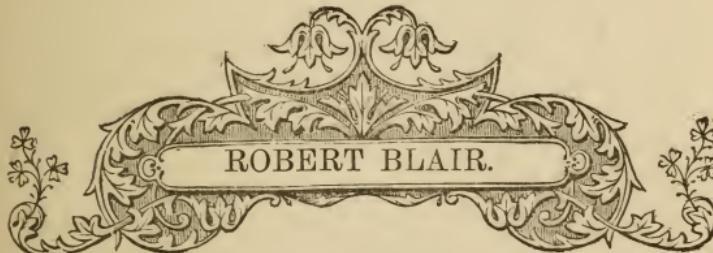
Each other gift which God on man bestows,
Its proper bounds and due restriction knows ;
To one fixed purpose dedicates its power,
And finishing its act, exists no more.
Thus in obedience to what heaven decrees,
Knowledge shall fail, and prophecy shall cease ;
But lasting Charity's more ample sway,
Nor bound by time, nor subject to decay,
In happy triumph shall for ever live,
And endless good diffuse, and endless praise receive.

As through the artist's intervening glass,
Our eye observes the distant planets pass,
A little we discover, but allow
That more remains unseen than art can show ;
So whilst our mind its knowledge would improve
(Its feeble eye intent on things above),
High as we may we lift our reason up,
By Faith directed, and confirmed by Hope ;
Yet are we able only to survey
Dawnings of beams and promises of day.
Heaven's fuller effluence mocks our dazzled sight,
Too great its swiftness, and too strong its light.

But soon the mediate clouds shall be dispelled,
The Sun shall soon be face to face beheld,

In all his robes, with all his glory on,
Seated sublime on his meridian throne.

Then constant Faith and holy Hope shall die,
One lost in certainty, and one in joy;
Whilst thou, more happy power, fair Charity,
Triumphant sister, greatest of the three,
Thy office and thy nature still the same,
Lasting thy lamp, and unconsumed thy flame,
Shalt still survive—
Shalt stand before the host of heaven confest,
For ever blessing, and for ever blest.



(1699—1746.)

ROBERT BLAIR, eldest son of the Rev. David Blair, one of the ministers of Edinburgh, and chaplain to the king, was born about the year 1699. Having completed his education at the University of Edinburgh, he spent some time in continental travel, and after his return was ordained to the parish of Athelstaneford, in East Lothian, January 5th, 1731. He died of a fever, February 4th, 1746, and was succeeded in his incumbency by Home, the author of the tragedy of "Douglas."

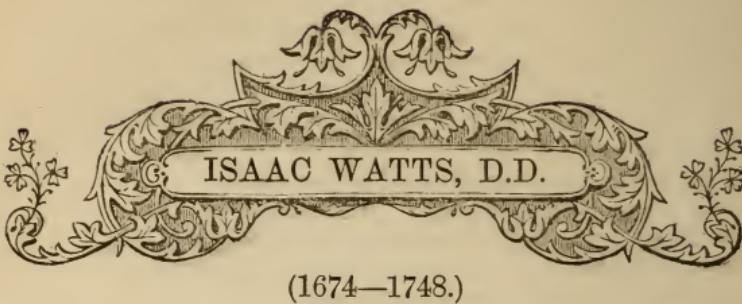
Blair was a man of general and elegant attainments, "of sincere piety, and very assiduous in discharging the duties of his clerical function. As a preacher he was serious and warm, and discovered the imagination of the poet." To this verdict of his biographer, Dr. Anderson, it may be added, that as a poet he discovered the fervour

and directness of the preacher. His well-known poem in blank verse, called "The Grave," is "remarkable," says Craik, "for its masculine vigour of thought and expression, and for the imaginative solemnity with which it invests the most familiar truths; and it has always been one of our most popular religious poems."

"O GRAVE! WHERE IS THY VICTORY?"

But know that thou must render up thy dead,
And with high interest too. They are not thine,
But only in thy keeping for a season,
Till the great promised day of restitution;
When loud diffusive sound from brazen trump
Of strong-lunged cherub shall alarm thy captives,
And rouse the long, long sleepers into life,
Daylight, and liberty.
Then must thy doors fly open and reveal
The mines, that lay long forming under ground,
In their dark cells immured; but now full ripe,
And pure as silver from the crucible,
That twice has stood the torture of the fire,
And inquisition of the forge. We know
The illustrious Deliverer of mankind,
The Son of God, thee foiled. Him in thy power
Thou couldst not hold: self-vigorous He rose,
And, shaking off thy fetters, soon retook
Those spoils his voluntary yielding lent:
(Sure pledge of our releasement from thy thrall !)
Twice twenty days he sojourned here on earth,
And showed Himself alive to chosen witnesses,
By proof so strong that the most slow assenting
Had not a scruple left. This having done,
He mounted up to heaven. Methinks I see Him
Climb the aërial heights, and glide along
Athwart the severing clouds: but the faint eye,
Flung backwards in the chase, soon drops its hold,
Disabled quite, and jaded with pursuing.
Heaven's portals wide expand to let Him in!
Nor are his friends shut out; as a great prince

Not for himself alone procures admission,
But for his train. It was his royal will,
That where He is, there should his followers be ;
Death only lies between—a gloomy path !
Made yet more gloomy by our coward fears :
But not untrod nor tedious : the fatigue
Will soon go off. Besides, there's no by-road
To bliss. Then why, like ill-conditioned children,
Start we at transient hardships in the way
That leads to purer air and softer skies,
And a ne'er-setting sun ? Fools that we are !
We wish to be where sweets unwithering bloom ;
But straight our wish revoke, and will not go.
So have I seen, upon a summer's even,
Fast by the rivulet's brink, a youngster play :
How wishfully he looks to stem the tide !
This moment resolute, next unresolved :
At last he dips his foot ; but as he dips,
His fears redouble, and he runs away
From the inoffensive stream, unmindful now
Of all the flowers that paint the further bank,
And smiled so sweet of late. Thrice welcome, Death !
That after many a painful bleeding step
Conducts us to our home, and lands us safe
On the long wished-for shore. Prodigious change ;
Our bane turned to a blessing ! Death disarmed
Loses its fellness quite. All thanks to Him
Who scourged the venom out !



ISAAC WATTS, eldest of the nine children of a father of both his names, who kept a boarding-school of considerable repute at Southampton, was born in that town in July, 1674. Being a strict Nonconformist, and the son of parents who had suffered severely for the same religious opinions, he declined the offer made by some gentlemen of his native town to defray his expenses at one of the universities. In 1690 he repaired to London, to prosecute his education in the academy of Mr. Rowe, and in 1696 accepted the situation of tutor in the family of Sir John Hartopp. In 1702 he assumed the pastorate of a dissenting congregation in London, the duties of which his feeble health—and it was said of him by Whitefield, that for years together he might be said rather to gasp than to live—compelled him to relinquish. He went, in 1712, to reside with Sir Thomas Abney, and prolonged what was intended for a week's stay to a period of thirty-six years. This visit, in the thirtieth year of its duration, Lady Abney, to the credit of all parties, handsomely declared to have been the shortest her family ever received. Dr. Watts died at the house of the hospitable knight, November 25th, 1748.

In his blameless character, Dr. Johnson, in such a case likely to be cynical, could find no fault except his

nonconformity. It has been the distinguishing and almost unique honour of Dr. Watts, that, with powers approved as equal to the discussion of any subject within the grasp of the intellect of man, he descended to homely and familiar poems for the instruction and edification of the young. His principal productions are his "Logic," and a supplementary treatise on "The Improvement of the Mind," "Philosophical Essays," "Psalms, Hymns, and Divine Songs." With the three last, or specimens of them, every one is familiar. From his "Horæ Lyricæ, in three books," is extracted an ode on "The Day of Judgment," which may be comparatively novel. The "Horæ Lyricæ" is divided into poems (Book I.), Sacred to Devotion and Piety; (II.) Sacred to Virtue, Honour, and Friendship; and (III.) Sacred to the Memory of the Dead.

THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

AN ODE, ATTEMPTED IN THE ENGLISH SAPPHIC.

When the fierce north-wind with his airy forces
Rears up the Baltic to a foaming fury;
And the red lightning, with a storm of hail, comes
Rushing amain down;

How the poor sailors stand amazed and tremble,
While the hoarse thunder, like a bloody trumpet,
Roars a loud onset to the gaping waters,
Quick to devour them.

Such shall the noise be, and the wild disorder,
(If things eternal may be like those earthly),
Such the dire terror, when the great archangel
Shakes the creation;

Tears the strong pillars of the vault of heaven;
Breaks up old marble, the repose of princes;
See the graves open, and the bones arising—
Flames all around them!

Hark, the shrill outcries of the guilty wretches !
 Lively-bright horror and amazing anguish
 Stare through their eyelids, while the living worm lies
 Gnawing within them.

Thoughts, like old vultures, prey upon their heart-strings,
 And the smart twinges, when the eyes behold the
 Lofty Judge, frowning, and a flood of vengeance
 Rolling afore Him.

Stop here, my fancy ; (all away, ye horrid
 Doleful ideas :) come, arise to Jesus !
 How He sits, Godlike ! and the saints around Him
 Throned, yet adoring !

O may I sit there, when He comes triumphant,
 Dooming the nations ! then ascend to glory !
 While our hosannahs all along the passage,
 Shout the Redeemer.

CRUCIFIXION TO THE WORLD BY THE CROSS OF CHRIST.

When I survey the wondrous cross
 On which the Prince of glory died,
 My richest gain I count but loss,
 And pour contempt on all my pride.

Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
 Save in the death of Christ, my God ;
 All the vain things that charm me most,
 I sacrifice them to his blood.

See from his head, his hands, his feet,
 Sorrow and love flow mingled down !
 Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
 Or thorns compose so rich a crown ?

His dying crimson, like a robe,
 Spreads o'er his body on the tree ;
 Then am I dead to all the globe,
 And all the globe is dead to me.

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
 That were a present far too small ;
 Love so amazing, so divine,
 Demands my soul, my life, my all.

GOD'S PRESENCE IS LIGHT IN DARKNESS.

My God, the spring of all my joys,
 The life of my delights,
 The glory of my brightest days,
 And comfort of my nights :

In darkest shades if He appear,
 My dawning is begun ;
 He is my soul's sweet morning-star,
 And He my rising sun.

The opening heavens around me shine
 With beams of sacred bliss,
 While Jesus shows his heart is mine,
 And whispers, *I am his.*

My soul would leave this heavy clay
 At that transporting word,
 Run up with joy the shining way
 T' embrace my dearest Lord.

Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
 I'd break through every foe :
 The wings of love, and arms of faith,
 Should bear me conqueror through.

A DOXOLOGY.

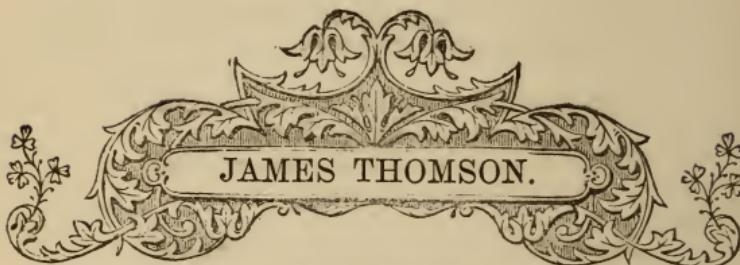
▲ SONG OF PRAISE TO THE EVER-BLESSED TRINITY, GOD
 THE FATHER, SON, AND SPIRIT.

Blest be the Father, and his love,
 To whose celestial source we owe
 Rivers of endless joy above,
 And rills of comfort here below.

Glory to Thee, great Son of God,
From whose dear wounded body rolls
A precious stream of vital blood,
Pardon and life for dying souls.

We give Thee, sacred Spirit, praise,
Who in our hearts of sin and woe
Makes living springs of grace arise,
And into boundless glory flow.

Thus God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, we adore ;
That sea of life and love unknown,
Without a bottom or a shore.



(1700—1748.)

JAMES THOMSON was born September 7th, 1700, at Ednam, in Roxburghshire, of which parish his father was minister. After receiving his preparatory education at the school of Jedburgh, he studied at the University of Edinburgh, with the intention of fitting himself for the clerical profession. Abandoning this design, he repaired, in 1725, to London, which seemed to offer the only stage on which he could appear with advantage in his elected character of poet. Here he published successively those poems, "Winter," "Summer," "Spring," and "Autumn," called collectively the "Seasons," and completed in 1730, which have established his reputation as the great prophet of Nature, and won for him that more pregnant and expressive title of her "Druid." In

1727, Thomson produced the tragedy of "Sophonisba," which fell flat upon the ears of an audience prepared to receive it enthusiastically. During a course of travel which he undertook with the eldest son of Chancellor Talbot, he collected materials for a poem in five books, which he published, after his return, under the title of "Liberty." In 1738, he produced his tragedy of "Agamemnon," and in 1745, "Tancred and Sigismunda," the best and most successful of all his tragedies. His "Castle of Indolence," published the same year, is a poem displaying much luxuriance of imagery and melody of rhythm, but abounding in archaic forms and phraseology. Thomson died in 1748, and was buried at Richmond. It was said of him by his friend and patron, Lord Lyttelton, that he had written

"No line which, dying, he could wish to blot ;"

Than this, purer and more enviable praise is inconceivable. The hymn quoted below is the grand concluding doxology of the seasons in their revolution.

HYMN ON THE SEASONS.

These, as they change, Almighty Father, these
Are but the varied God. The rolling year
Is full of Thee. Forth in the pleasing Spring
Thy beauty walks, thy tenderness and love.
Wide flush the fields; the softening air is balm;
Echo the mountains round; the forest smiles;
And every sense and every heart is joy.
Then comes thy glory in the Summer months,
With light and heat resplendent. Then thy Sun
Shoots full perfection through the swelling year:
And oft thy voice in dreadful thunder speaks;
And oft at dawn, deep noon, or falling eve,
By brooks and groves, in hollow-whispering gales.
Thy bounty shines in Autumn unconfined,
And spreads a common feast for all that lives.
In Winter, awful Thou! with clouds and storms

Around Thee thrown, tempest o'er tempest rolled,
 Majestic darkness ! on the whirlwind's wing
 Riding sublime, Thou bidst the world adore,
 And humblest Nature with thy northern blast.

Mysterious round ! what skill, what force divine,
 Deep felt, in these appear ! a simple train,
 Yet so delightful mixed, with such kind art,
 Such beauty and beneficence combined ;
 Shade, unperceived, so softening into shade ;
 And all so forming an harmonious whole ;
 That, as they still succeed, they ravish still.
 But wandering oft, with brute unconscious gaze,
 Man marks not Thee, marks not the mighty hand
 That, ever busy, wheels the silent spheres ;
 Works in the secret deep ; shoots steaming thence
 The fair profusion that o'erspreads the spring ;
 Flings from the Sun direct the flaming day ;
 Feeds every creature ; hurls the tempest forth ;
 And, as on earth this grateful change revolves,
 With transport touches all the springs of life.

Nature, attend ! join, every living soul,
 Beneath the spacious temple of the sky,
 In adoration join ; and, ardent, raise
 One general song ! To Him, ye vocal gales,
 Breathe soft, whose spirit in your freshness breathes ;
 Oh ! talk of Him in solitary glooms,
 Where, o'er the rock, the scarcely-waving pine
 Fills the brown shade with a religious awe.
 And ye, whose bolder note is heard afar,
 Who shake the astonished world lift high to heaven
 The impetuous song, and say from whom you rage.
 His praise, ye brooks, attune, ye trembling rills ;
 And let me catch it as I muse along.
 Ye headlong torrents, rapid and profound ;
 Ye softer floods, that lead the humid maze
 Along the vale ; and thou, majestic main,
 A secret world of wonders in thyself,
 Sound his stupendous praise ; whose greater voice
 Or bids you roar, or bids your roarings fall.

Soft roll your incense, herbs, and fruits, and flowers,
 In mingled clouds to Him, whose sun exalts,
 Whose breath perfumes you, and whose pencil paints.
 Ye forests bend, ye harvests wave, to Him ;
 Breathe your still song into the reaper's heart,

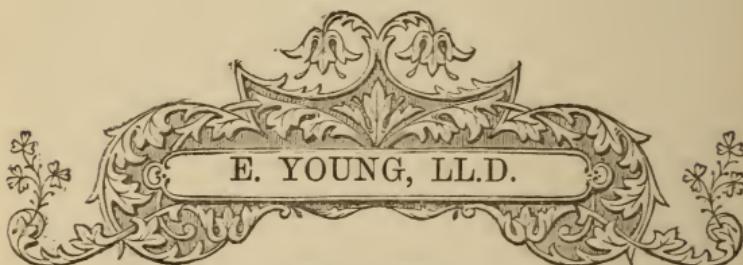
As home he goes beneath the joyous moon.
 Ye that keep watch in heaven, as earth asleep
 Unconscious lies, effuse your mildest beams,
 Ye constellations, while your angels strike
 Amid the spangled sky, the silver lyre.
 Great source of day! best image here below
 Of thy Creator, ever pouring wide,
 From world to world, the vital ocean round,
 On Nature write with every beam his praise.
 The thunder rolls: be hushed the prostrate world,
 While cloud to cloud returns the solemn hymn.
 Bleat out afresh, ye hills: ye mossy rocks,
 Retain the sound: the broad responsive low,
 Ye valleys, raise; for the Great Shepherd reigns;
 And his unsuffering kingdom yet will come.

Ye woodlands all, awake! a boundless song
 Burst from the groves! and when the restless day
 Expiring, lays the warbling world asleep,
 Sweetest of birds! sweet Philomela, charm
 The listening shades, and teach the night his praise.
 Ye chief, for whom the whole creation smiles,
 At once the head, the heart, and tongue of all,
 Crown the great hymn! in swarming cities vast,
 Assembled men, to the deep organ join
 The long resounding voice, oft breaking clear,
 At solemn pauses, through the swelling bass;
 And, as each mingling flame increases each,
 In one united ardour rise to heaven.
 Or if you rather choose the rural shade,
 And find a fane in every sacred grove;
 There let the shepherd's flute, the virgin's lay,
 The prompting seraph, and the poet's lyre,
 Still sing the God of Seasons, as they roll.

For me, when I forget the darling theme,
 Whether the blossom blows, the Summer ray
 Russets the plain, inspiring Autumn gleams,
 Or Winter rises in the blackening East;
 Be my tongue mute, my fancy paint no more,
 And, dead to joy, forget my heart to beat!

Should fate command me to the farthest verge
 Of the green earth, to distant barbarous climes,
 Rivers unknown to song; where first the sun
 Gilds Indian mountains, or his setting beam
 Flames on the Atlantic isles; 'tis nought to me,

Since God is ever present, ever felt,
 In the void waste as in the city full ;
 And where He vital breathes there must be joy.
 When even at last the solemn hour shall come,
 And wing my mystic flight to future worlds,
 I cheerful will obey ; there, with new powers,
 Will rising wonders sing ; I cannot go
 Where universal love not smiles around,
 Sustaining all yon orbs, and all their suns ;
 From seeming evil still educating good,
 And better thence again, and better still,
 In infinite progression. But I lose
 Myself in Him, in light ineffable !
 Come then, expressive Silence, muse his praise !



EDWARD YOUNG was born in 1681, at Upham, near Winchester, of which parish his father, who was also Dean of Sarum, and fellow of Winchester College, was rector. He was educated at Winchester, till, October 13, 1703, he was chosen on the foundation of New College, Oxford. In less than a year, however, he removed to Corpus Christi, where he entered himself a gentleman commoner. Archbishop Tennison put him into a law fellowship in 1708, in the College of All Souls. He took the degree of bachelor in 1714, and became LL.D. in 1719.

Relinquishing successively his hopes of advancement at the bar, and his chances—proved to be rather poor—of court favour from his literary merits and political par-

tizanship, he took orders in 1727; and was appointed chaplain to George II., in April, 1728. In 1730, he was presented by his college to the rectory of Welwyn, in Hertfordshire. The following year he married Lady Betty Lee, widow of Colonel Lee, and daughter to the Earl of Lichfield. His ecclesiastical preferment culminated in his appointment, in 1761, at the age of eighty, to be clerk of the closet to the Princess Dowager of Wales. He died at his parsonage-house, April 12th, 1765, aged eighty-four years, and was buried under the altar-piece of the church of Welwyn, by the side of his wife, who had preceded him to the grave.

The principal work of Young is his “Night Thoughts on Life, Death, and Immortality,” which had its origin in a rapid and signal series of family bereavements. He was also the author of satires under the title of “Love of Fame, the Universal Passion;” “The Force of Religion; or, Vanquished Love,” founded on the story of Lady Jane Grey; three tragedies entitled respectively “Busiris” (1719); “Revenge” (1721); and the “Brothers” (1723); a poem on the “Last Day,” which his own age thought “elegant”; a “Paraphrase of part of the Book of Job;” “Conjectures on Original Composition,” a prose work; and “Resignation,” a poem. The two last were written when the indomitable author was upwards of eighty years of age.

Whoever speaks of the “Night Thoughts”—the poem with which we are especially concerned, as being that from which the following extracts are taken—is almost shut up to the use of certain fixed epithets and phrases. Only in the distribution of these is the display of individuality possible. We transcribe the verdict of Campbell, which is generally admirable for its propriety and nicety of discrimination:—

“The ‘Night Thoughts’ certainly contain many splendid and happy conceptions, but their beauty is

thickly marred by false wit and over-laboured antithesis, and indeed his whole ideas seem to have been in a state of antithesis while he composed the poem. One portion of his fancy appears devoted to aggravate the picture of his desolate feelings, and the other half to contradict that picture by eccentric images and epigrammatic ingenuities. As a poet he was fond of exaggeration, but it was that of the fancy more than of the heart. This appears no less in the noisy hyperboles of his tragedies, than in the studied melancholy of the 'Night Thoughts,' in which he pronounces the simple act of laughter to be half immoral. That he was a pious man and had felt something from the afflictions described in the 'Complaint,' need not be called in question, but he seems covenanting with himself to be as desolate as possible, as if he had continued the custom ascribed to him at college, of studying with a candle stuck in a human skull, while at the same time, the feelings and habits of a man of the world, which still adhere to him, throw a singular contrast over his renunciations of human vanity. He abjures the world in witty metaphors, commences his poem with a sarcasm on sleep, deplores his being neglected at court, compliments a lady by asking the moon if she would choose to be called the '*fair Portland* of the skies,' and dedicates to the patrons of '*a much indebted muse*,' one of whom (Lord Wilmington) on some occasion he puts in the balance of antithesis as a counterpart to heaven. He was, in truth, not so sick of life as of missing its pre-ferments, and was still ambitious, not only of converting Lorenzo, but of shining before this utterly worthless and wretched world as a sparkling, sublime, and witty poet. Hence his poetry has not the majestic simplicity of a heart abstracted from human vanities, and while the groundwork of his sentiments is more darkly shaded than is absolutely necessary either for poetry or religion, the surface of his expression glitters with irony and

satire, and with thoughts sometimes absolutely approaching to pleasantry. His ingenuity in the false sublime is very peculiar. In Night IX. he concludes his description of the Day of Judgment by showing the just and the unjust consigned respectively to their '*sulphureous or ambrosial seats*,' while

'Hell through all her glooms
Returns in groans a melancholy roar.'

This is aptly put under the book of Consolation. But instead of winding up his labours, he proceeds through a multitude of reflections, and amidst many comparisons assimilates the constellations of heaven to gems of immense weight and value on a ring for the finger of their Creator. Conceit could hardly go farther than to ascribe finery to Omnipotence. The taste of the French artist was not quite so bold, when in the picture of Belshazzar's feast he put a ring and ruffle on the hand that was writing on the wall. Here, however, he was in earnest comparatively with some other passages."

No doubt much has to be surrendered in reducing to shape the floating, amorphous impressions concerning Young, whether as man or poet, in the popular mind. The grave fault of the foregoing critique is its tendency to resolve inconsistency into insincerity. An important *per contra* inference in favour of Young's weight of character must be drawn if their legitimate value be attached to all the particulars of the following extract from a letter of the poet Cowper to his cousin, Lady Hesketh, which bears the date of July 12, 1765, three months to a day, after the death of Dr. Young:—

"Our mentioning Newton's treatise on the Prophecies brings to my mind an anecdote of Dr. Young, who, you know, died lately at Welwyn. Dr. Cotton, who was intimate with him, paid him a visit about a fortnight before he was seized with his last illness. The old man

was then in perfect health; the antiquity of his person, the gravity of his utterance, and the earnestness with which he discoursed about religion, gave him, in the doctor's eye, the appearance of a prophet. They had been delivering their sentiments, upon this book of Newton, when Young closed the conference thus:—‘ My friend, there are two considerations upon which my faith in Christ is built as upon a rock: the fall of man, the redemption of man, and the resurrection of man; the three cardinal articles of our religion are such as human ingenuity could never have invented, therefore they must be divine. The other argument is this: If the Prophecies have been fulfilled (of which there is abundant demonstration) the Scripture must be the Word of God; and if the Scripture is the Word of God, Christianity must be true.’”

MAN.

How poor, how rich, how abject, how august,
How complicate, how wonderful is man !
How passing wonder HE who made him such !
Who centred in our make such strange extremes !
From different natures, marvellously mixed,
Connection exquisite of distant worlds !
Distinguished link in being’s endless chain !
Midway from nothing to the Deity !
A beam ethereal, sullied and absorpt !
Though sullied and dishonoured, still divine !
Dim miniature of greatness absolute !
An heir of glory ! a frail child of dust !
Helpless immortal ! insect infinite !
A worm ! a god !—I tremble at myself,
And in myself am lost. At home a stranger,
Thought wanders up and down, surprised, aghast,
And wondering at her own. How reason reels !
Oh what a miracle to man is man !

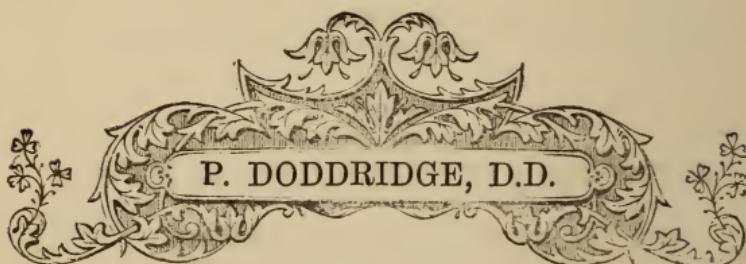
Triumphantly distressed ! what joy ! what dread !
 Alternately transported and alarmed !
 What can preserve my life ? or what destroy ?
 An angel's arm can't snatch me from the grave ;
 Legions of angels can't confine me there.

"Tis past conjecture ; all things rise in proof.
 While o'er my limbs sleep's soft dominion spread,
 What though my soul fantastic measures trod
 O'er fairy fields, or mourned along the gloom
 Of pathless woods, or down the craggy steep
 Hurled headlong, swam with pain the mantled pool,
 Or scaled the cliff, or danced on hollow winds
 With antic shapes, wild natives of the brain ?
 Her ceaseless flight, though devious, speaks her nature
 Of subtler essence than the trodden clod,
 Active, aërial, towering, unconfined,
 Unfettered with her gross companion's fall.
 Even silent night proclaims my soul immortal ;
 Even silent night proclaims eternal day.
 For human weal heaven husbands all events :
 Dull sleep instructs, nor sport vain dreams in vain.

SHORTNESS AND TEDIOUSNESS OF TIME.

Ah ! how unjust to Nature and himself
 Is thoughtless, thankless, inconsistent man !
 Like children babbling nonsense in their sports,
 We censure Nature for a span too short ;
 That span too short we tax as tedious too ;
 Torture invention, all expedients tire,
 To lash the lingering moments into speed,
 And whirl us (happy riddance !) from ourselves.
 Art, brainless art ! our furious charioteer,
 (For Nature's voice unstifled would recal)
 Drives headlong towards the precipice of Death ;
 Death, most our dread ; Death, thus more dreadful
 made ;
 Oh what a riddle of absurdity !
 Leisure is pain ; takes off our chariot wheels ;
 How heavily we drag the load of life ;
 Blest leisure is our curse ; like that of Cain,
 It makes us wander, wander earth around,

To fly that tyrant Thought. As Atlas groaned
The world beneath, we groan beneath an hour.
We cry for mercy to the next amusement ;
The next amusement mortgages our fields ;
Slight inconvenience ! prisons hardly frown,
From hateful time if prisons set us free.
Yet when death kindly tenders us relief
We call him cruel ; years to moments shrink,
Ages to years. The telescope is turned.
To man's false optics (from his folly false)
Time, in advance, behind him hides his wings,
And seems to creep decrepit with his age ;
Behold him when past by ; what then is seen
But his broad pinions swifter than the winds ?
And all mankind, in contradiction strong,
Rueful, aghast ! cry out on his career.



(1702—1751.)

PHILIP DODDRIDGE was born in London, June 26th, 1702. He was sent to school at Kingston-on-Thames in 1712 ; and in 1715, upon the death of his father, was removed to a school at St. Alban's. In 1719, having the previous year declined an offer made by the Duchess of Bedford for his support at the university, Doddridge, who was at once himself a dissenter, the son of a dissenter, and grandson of a deprived Nonconforming incumbent of Shepperton, was placed at a Dissenting academy established first at Kibworth, and then at Hinckley, in Leicestershire. In 1722, he preached his first sermon at Hinck-

ley, and in the following year settled at Kibworth, till, in 1729, he removed to Northampton. Here he opened his house for the reception of pupils, with so much success that men of all ranks and opinions confided to his learning, piety, and discretion, the training of their sons. He died in the year 1751, at Lisbon, whither he had gone in quest of health.

The works by which he is best known at the present day are "The Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul," published in 1745; "Some Remarkable Passages in the Life of Colonel James Gardiner, who was slain by the Rebels at the Battle of Prestonpans, Sept. 21, 1745;" and his "Family Expositor." His "Hymns founded on Various Texts in the Holy Scriptures," were edited by his friend Job Orton, who was also his biographer.

GOD THE EVERLASTING LIGHT OF THE SAINTS
ABOVE.

(Isaiah ix. 20.)

Ye golden lamps of heaven, farewell,
With all your feeble light;
Farewell, thou ever-changing Moon,
Pale empress of the night.

And thou, refulgent Orb of day,
In brighter flames arrayed;
My soul, that springs beyond thy sphere
No more demands thine aid.

Ye Stars are but the shining dust
Of my divine abode,
The pavement of those heavenly courts
Where I shall reign with God.

The Father of eternal light
Shall there his beams display;
Nor shall one moment's darkness mix
With that unvaried day.

No more the drops of piercing grief
 Shall swell into mine eyes ;
 Nor the meridian sun decline
 Amidst those brighter skies.

There all the millions of his saints
 Shall in one song unite,
 And each the bliss of all shall view
 With infinite delight.

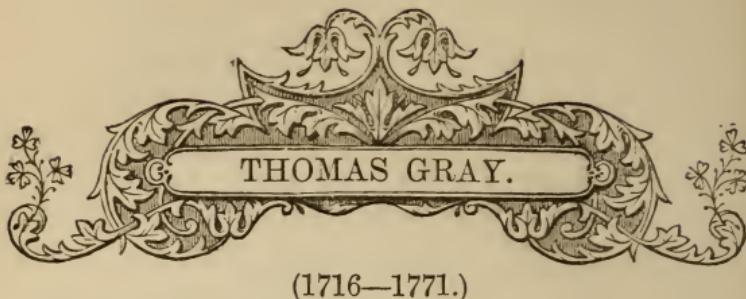
AN EVENING HYMN, TO BE USED WHEN COM-
 POSING ONE'S-SELF TO SLEEP.

Interval of grateful shade,
 Welcome to my weary head !
 Welcome slumber to mine eyes,
 Tired with glaring vanities !
 My great Master still allows
 Needful periods of repose :
 By my heavenly Father blest,
 Thus I give my powers to rest ;
 Heavenly Father ! gracious name !
 Night and day his love the same !
 Far be each suspicious thought,
 Every anxious care forgot :
 Thou, my ever bounteous God,
 Crown'st my days with various good ;
 Thy kind eye, that cannot sleep,
 These defenceless hours shall keep ;
 Blest vicissitude to me,
 Day and night I'm still with Thee !

What though downy slumbers flee,
 Strangers to my couch and me ?
 Sleepless, well I know to rest,
 Lodged within my Father's breast.
 While the empress of the night
 Scatters mild her silver light ;
 While the vivid planets stray
 Various through their mystic way
 While the stars unnumbered roll
 Round the ever-constant pole ;

Far above the spangled skies,
All my soul to God shall rise :
Midst the silence of the night,
Mingling with those angels bright,
Whose harmonious voices raise
Ceaseless love and ceaseless praise.
Through the throng his gentle ear
Shall my tuneless accents hear ;
From on high shall He impart
Secret comfort to my heart.
He, in these serenest hours,
Guides my intellectual powers.
And his Spirit doth diffuse,
Sweeter far than midnight dews,
Lifting all my thoughts above
On the wings of faith and love.
Blest alternative to me,
Thus to sleep or wake with Thee !

What if death my sleep invade ?
Should I be of death afraid ?
Whilst encircled by thine arm,
Death may strike, but cannot harm.
What if beams of opening day
Shine around my breathless clay ?
Brighter visions from on high
Shall regale my mental eye.
Tender friends awhile may mourn
Me from their embraces torn ;
Dearer, better friends I have
In the realms beyond the grave.
See the guardian angels nigh
Wait to waft my soul on high !
See the golden gates displayed !
See the crown to grace my head !
See a flood of sacred light,
Which no more shall yield to night !
Transitory world, farewell !
Jesus calls with Him to dwell.
With thy heavenly presence blest,
Death is life, and labour rest,
Welcome sleep or death to me,
Still secure, for still with Thee !



THOMAS GRAY was born 1716, in London, where his father, a man of morose and violent disposition, followed the profession of a scrivener. Gray was educated at Eton, where he formed a friendship with Horace Walpole; and at the University of Cambridge, where he devoted himself to the study of law. His temperament exhibits a melancholy which was probably induced or fostered by the abiding clouds and memories of early domestic bitterness. He was appointed to the Professorship of History in his University; but his indolence would not allow him to fulfil the duties of his office, even to the extent of preparing his lectures. He closed, in 1771, a life of academical seclusion, only varied by a tour, during which he visited France and Italy, in company with Walpole, and by periodical visits to London. Of the works of Gray, "The Bard," "The Progress of Poesy," and others, the one by which he will ever continue to be best known is his famous "Elegy in a Country Church-yard."

"Gray," says Hazlitt, "was an author of great pretensions, but of great merit. He has an air of sublimity, if not the reality. He aims at the highest things; and if he fails, it is only by a hair's breadth. His pathos is injured, like his sublimity, by too great an ambition

after the ornaments and machinery of poetry. His craving after foreign help perhaps shows the want of the internal impulse."

ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herds wind slowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds :

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care :
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke ;
How jocund did they drive their team a-field !
How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke !

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure ;
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour—
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
If Memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault,
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn or animated bust
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath ?
Can Honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or Flattery soothe the dull cold ear of Death ?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire ;
Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre.

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page
Rich with the spoils of time did ne'er unroll ;
Chill Penury repressed their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem, of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear ;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that with dauntless breast
The little tyrant of his fields withstood ;
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.

The applause of listening senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes.

Their lot forbade ; nor circumscribed alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined ;
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind.

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learned to stray ;
Along the cool sequestered vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet even these bones from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture decked,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by the unlettered muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply ;
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb Forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing, anxious being e'er resigned,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind ?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires ;
Even from the tomb the voice of nature cries,
Even in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of the unhonoured dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate ;
If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate ;

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
“ Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

There at the foot of yonder nodding beech
 That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
 His listless length at noon tide would he stretch,
 And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
 Muttering his wayward fancies he would rove ;
 Now drooping, woful, wan, like one forlorn,
 Or crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless love.

One morn I missed him on the accustomed hill,
 Along the heath and near his favourite tree ;
 Another came ; nor yet beside the rill,
 Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he ;

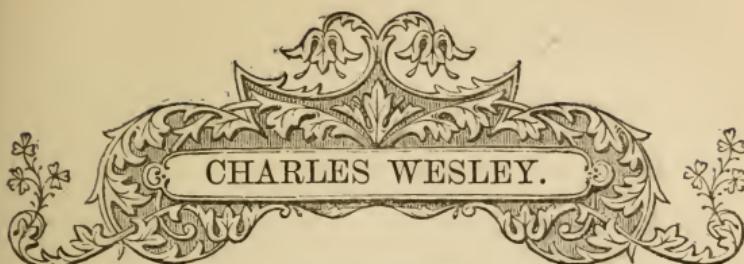
The next, with dirges due in sad array
 Slow through the church-way path we saw him borne :
 Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay
 Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn."

THE EPITAPH.

Here rests his head upon the lap of earth,
 A youth, to Fortune and to Fame unknown ;
 Fair Science frowned not on his humble birth,
 And Melancholy marked him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
 Heaven did a recompense as largely send :
 He gave to Misery all he had, a tear,
 He gained from Heaven ('twas all he wished) a friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
 Or draw his frailties from their dread abode
 (There they alike in trembling hope repose),
 The bosom of his Father and his God.



CHARLES WESLEY, the author of hymns of which some are unsurpassed by any in the language, was the younger brother of the famous John Wesley, and born at Epworth, in Lincolnshire, December 18, 1708. For many years he shared his brother's labours, voyages, and travels. "For the space of ten years," says a Wesleyan biographer, "we must admit that his ministry was like a flame of fire." He died March 29, 1788, almost in the act of poetical composition :—

"In age and feebleness extreme,
Who shall a helpless worm redeem?
Jesus! my only hope thou art,
Strength of my fainting flesh and heart.
Oh! could I catch a smile from Thee,
And drop into eternity!"

The following hymns are fairly representative of his impassioned and fervid muse. The one entitled "Wrestling Jacob," exhibits a certain startling but sublime audacity of faith.

REFUGE OF THE SOUL.

Jesu, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high;

Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
 Till the storm of life be past ;
 Safe into the haven guide,
 O receive my soul at last !

Other refuge have I none,
 Hangs my helpless soul on Thee,
 Leave, ah ! leave me not alone,
 Still support and comfort me !
 All my trust on Thee is stayed ;
 All my help from Thee I bring ;
 Cover my defenceless head
 With the shadow of thy wing.

Wilt Thou not regard my call ?
 Wilt Thou not accept my prayer ?
 Lo ! I sink, I faint, I fall !
 Lo ! on Thee I cast my care !
 Reach me out thy gracious hand !
 While I of thy strength receive,
 Hoping against hope I stand,
 Dying, and behold I live !

Thou, O Christ, art all I want ;
 More than all in Thee I find :
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
 Heal the sick, and lead the blind :
 Just and holy is thy name ;
 I am all unrighteousness ;
 False and full of sin I am ;
 Thou art full of truth and grace.

Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
 Grace to cover all my sin ;
 Let the healing streams abound ;
 Make and keep me pure within !
 Thou of life the fountain art,
 Freely let me take of Thee ;
 Spring Thou up within my heart !
 Rise to all eternity !

LONGING FOR A RENEWED HEART.

O for a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free!
A heart that always feels thy blood,
So freely shed for me!

A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone.

A humble, lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean,
Which neither life nor death can part
From Him that dwells within.

A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of thine.

Thy tender heart is still the same,
And melts at human woe;
Jesus, for Thee distressed I am,
I want thy love to know.

My heart, Thou knowest, can never rest,
Till Thou create my peace;
Till, of my Eden re-possest,
From every sin I cease.

Fruit of thy gracious lips, on me
Bestow that peace unknown,
The hidden manna, and the tree
Of life, and the white stone.

Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart;
Come quickly from above;
Write thy new name upon my heart,
Thy new, best name of Love.

WRESTLING JACOB.

Come, O thou Traveller unknown,
 Whom still I hold, but cannot see !
 My company before is gone,
 And I am left alone with Thee :
 With Thee all night I mean to stay,
 And wrestle till the break of day.

I need not tell Thee who I am,
 My misery and sin declare ;
 Thyself hast called me by my name,
 Look on thy hands, and read it there !
 But who, I ask Thee, who art Thou ?
 Tell me thy name, and tell me now.

In vain Thou strugglest to get free,
 I never will unloose my hold !
 Art Thou the Man that died for me ?
 The secret of thy love unfold :
 Wrestling, I will not let Thee go,
 Till I thy name, thy nature know.

Wilt Thou not yet to me reveal
 Thy new, unutterable name ?
 Tell me, I still beseech Thee, tell :
 To know it now, resolved I am :
 Wrestling, I will not let Thee go
 Till I thy name, thy nature know.

'Tis all in vain to hold thy tongue,
 Or touch the hollow of my thigh ;
 Though every sinew be unstrung,
 Out of my arms Thou shalt not fly :
 Wrestling, I will not let Thee go,
 Till I thy name, thy nature know.

What though my shrinking flesh complain,
 And murmur to contend so long ?
 I rise superior to my pain :
 When I am weak, then I am strong :
 And when my all of strength shall fail,
 I shall with the God-Man prevail.

My strength is gone ; my nature dies ;
 I sink beneath thy weighty hand ;
 Faint to revive, and fall to rise ;
 I fall, and yet by faith I stand :
 I stand, and will not let Thee go,
 Till I thy name, thy nature know.

Yield to me now, for I am weak,
 But confident in self-despair ;
 Speak to my heart, in blessings speak,
 Be conquered by my instant prayer !
 Speak, or Thou never hence shalt move,
 And tell me if thy name is Love ?

'Tis Love ! 'tis Love ! Thou diedst for me !
 I hear thy whisper in my heart !
 The morning breaks, the shadows flee ;
 Pure universal Love Thou art !
 To me, to all, thy bowels move ;
 Thy nature, and thy name, is Love !

My prayer hath power with God ; the grace
 Unspeakable I now receive ;
 Through faith I see Thee face to face,
 I see Thee face to face, and live :
 In vain I have not wept and strove ;
 Thy nature, and thy name, is Love.

I know Thee, Saviour, who Thou art ;
 Jesus, the feeble sinner's Friend !
 Nor wilt Thou with the night depart,
 But stay, and love me to the end !
 Thy mercies never shall remove,
 Thy nature, and thy name, is Love !

The Sun of Righteousness on me
 Hath rose, with healing in his wings ;
 Withered my nature's strength, from Thee
 My soul its life and succour brings ;
 My help is all laid up above ;
 Thy nature, and thy name, is Love !

Contented now upon my thigh
 I halt, till life's short journey end ;
 All helplessness, all weakness, I
 On Thee alone for strength depend ;
 Nor have I power from Thee to move ;
 Thy nature, and thy name, is Love !

Lame as I am, I take the prey,
 Hell, earth, and sin, with ease o'ercome ;
 I leap for joy, pursue my way,
 And as a bounding hart fly home !
 Through all eternity to prove
 Thy nature, and thy name, is Love !



(1722—1770.)

CHRISTOPHER SMART was born April 11th, 1722, at Shipbourne, in Kent. While yet a boy, he lost his father, who had been steward to Lord Barnard, afterwards Earl of Darlington. To this nobleman's patronage and influence with the Duchess of Cleveland, Smart owed an allowance which enabled him to enter at Pembroke Hall, Cambridge, in 1739. He was elected, in 1745, to a fellowship; and two years after, took his master's degree. He carried off the Seatonian prize for four consecutive years, and his "Latin Poems," amongst which was a translation of Pope's "Ode on St. Cecilia's Day," attracted considerable and favourable attention. But already, step by step with academical successes, marched most incongruously those irregularities of conduct of

which the precise and fastidious Gray, Smart's fellow-collegian, prophesied that a jail or madness would be the result. Smart's after experience, satisfying both its members, offered a double fulfilment of this alternative prediction. In 1753, he married Miss Carnan, step-daughter to Mr. Newberry, a bookseller, to whose periodical publications he had contributed. Deprived by this act of his academical emoluments, he repaired to London, and relied for a subsistence on his literary activity and talents. In 1756, Smart was "one of the stated undertakers" of a monthly miscellany called "*The Universal Visiter*;" and with the "unhappy vacillation of mind," which seems at this time to have occurred as a premonition of the malady to which, in a more settled form, his future was doomed, Dr. Johnson so "sincerely sympathized" as to assist him with several essays. In 1763, the poor poet was confined in a madhouse. The following quotation from Boswell's "*Life of Johnson*" is interesting as illustrating the half-venerating pity which the great moralist, many of whose days were passed under the cloud of constitutional melancholy, felt towards the sufferer from what he seemed to suspect of being a developed form of his own infirmity. At the same time it will fulfil the purpose—at present, its primary one—of giving prominence to the peculiar "method" of Smart's madness, and indicating those habits which had engendered or aggravated it. "'Madness'—Boswell is here quoting Johnson—"frequently discovers itself merely by unnecessary deviation from the usual modes of the world. My poor friend Smart showed the disturbance of his mind by falling upon his knees, and saying his prayers in the street, or in any other unusual place. Now, although rationally speaking, it is greater madness not to pray at all, than to pray as Smart did, I am afraid there are so many who do not pray, that their understanding is not called in question.'

"Concerning this unfortunate poet, Christopher Smart, who was confined in a madhouse, he had, at another time, the following conversation with Dr. Burney. BURNEY: 'How does poor Smart do, sir? is he likely to recover?' JOHNSON: 'It seems as if his mind had ceased to struggle with the disease; for he grows fat upon it.' BURNEY: 'Perhaps, sir, that may be from want of exercise.' JOHNSON: 'No, sir, he has partly as much exercise as he used to have; for he digs in the garden. Indeed, before his confinement, he used for exercise to walk to the ale-house; but he was *carried* back again. I did not think he ought to be shut up. His infirmities were not noxious to society. He insisted on people praying with him; and I'd as lief pray with Kit Smart as any one else. Another charge was, that he did not love clean linen; and I have no passion for it.'" From another conversation of Dr. Johnson's, it would seem, according to Mr. Croker's very legitimate inference, that Smart supposed "himself obliged literally to pray continually." Smart died in the King's Bench, where he was imprisoned for debt, May 18th, 1770.

"Smart's," says Southey, "was an unhappy life—imprudent, drunken, poor, diseased, and at length, insane. Yet he must not be classed with such as Boyse and Savage, who were redeemed by no virtue, for Smart was friendly, liberal, and affectionate. His piety was fervent, and when composing his religious poems, he was frequently so impressed as to write upon his knees." The "Song to David," a few concluding stanzas from which are presented, was composed during his confinement in a madhouse; and when, not being allowed writing materials, he was compelled to "indent his lines with the end of a key upon the wainscot." This poem in its weird grandeur and whirlwind piety comes near to being a prodigy; almost every line invites analysis. Whatever the degree of lucidity enjoyed at moments of com-

position, it cannot be that the poem, either in structure or expression, is the same as if the writer had not been subject to fits of insanity. It must be left here with the expression of uncertainty as to how far the poet was *such* a poet in spite of his madness, or on account of his madness; for we have high authority for believing that madness is often but an unsymmetrical growth of genius.

PRAYER, PENITENCE, AND FAITH OF DAVID.

Strong is the horse upon his speed ;
 Strong in pursuit the rapid glede,
 Which makes at once his game :
 Strong the tall ostrich on the ground ;
 Strong through the turbulent profound
 Shoots Xiphias to his aim.

Strong is the lion—like a coal
 His eyeball—like a bastion's mole
 His chest against the foes :
 Strong the gier-eagle on his sail,
 Strong against tide the enormous whale
 Emerges as he goes.

But stronger still in earth and air,
 And in the sea the man of prayer,
 And far beneath the tide ;
 And in the seat to faith assigned,
 Where ask is have, where seek is find,
 Where knock is open wide.

Beauteous the fleet before the gale ;
 Beauteous the multitudes in mail,
 Ranked arms and crested heads ;
 Beauteous the garden's umbrage mild,
 Walk, water, meditated wild,
 And all the bloomy beds.

Beauteous the moon full on the lawn ;
 And beauteous when the veil's withdrawn,
 The virgin to her spouse :
 Beauteous the temple, decked and filled
 When to the heaven of heavens they build
 Their heart-directed vows.

Beauteous, yea beauteous more than these,
 The Shepherd King upon his knees,
 For his momentous trust ;
 With wish of infinite conceit,
 For man, beast, mute, the small and great,
 And prostrate dust to dust.

Precious the bounteous widow's mite ;
 And precious, for extreme delight,
 The largess from the churl ;
 Precious the ruby's blushing blaze,
 And alba's blest imperial rays,
 And pure cerulean pearl.

Precious the penitential tear ;
 And precious is the sigh sincere ;
 Acceptable to God ;
 And precious are the winning flowers,
 In gladsome Israel's feast of bowers,
 Bound on the hallowed sod.

More precious that diviner part
 Of David, e'en the Lord's own heart,
 Great, beautiful and new :
 In all things where it was intent,
 In all extremes, in each event,
 Proof—answering true to true.

Glorious the sun in mid career ;
 Glorious the assembled fires appear ;
 Glorious the comet's train :
 Glorious the trumpet and alarm ;
 Glorious the Almighty's outstretched arm :
 Glorious the enraptured main :

Glorious the northern lights astream ;
 Glorious the song, when God's the theme ;
 Glorious the thunder's roar :
 Glorious Hosannah from the den,
 Glorious the Catholic amen,
 Glorious the martyr's gore.

Glorious—more glorious is the crown
 Of Him that brought salvation down,
 By meekness called thy Son :
 Thou that stupendous truth believed,
 And now the matchless deed's achieved,
 Determined, dared and done.



THE name of Thomas Chatterton, the precociously gifted boy who “perished in his pride,” is one which points the most awful moral and adorns the shortest and most tragic tale in English literary history. Chatterton was the posthumous son of the master of the free school at Bristol, in which city he was born, November 20th, 1752. At fourteen he was apprenticed to an attorney; but obtained, after three years, release from an employment which was irksome to him. At the age of eleven he had written satirical poems of extraordinary vigour, regard being had to his youth and meagre educational advantages. At sixteen, he put forth several pieces written in archaic style, which he attributed to Rowley, a monk of the fifteenth century, and others; the MSS.

of which he professed to have found in an old chest in the church of St. Mary Redcliffe. These writings were much canvassed; and their genuineness variously debated. The most remarkable of them was the poem entitled the “Bristowe Tragedie; or, the Dethe of Syr Charles Bawdin.” Chatterton now repaired to London. His principles, whether political, moral, or religious, had the feeblest influence on his literary activity. An avowed readiness to write on both sides of any given question did not win him bread; and, after three days of starvation, he took poison, August 25th, 1770, whilst still a few months short of eighteen years of age. He lived and died with a lie in his right hand; but every generation has mourned over him as over a first-born cut down in mutiny and defiance. Ever since his death poetry has sought to do herself honour by bewailing him; and painting stepped in a few years ago to stir a nation’s heart by a “counterfeit presentment” of the ghastliness and desolation of his death. Chatterton excelled when he exhibited

“—— young-eyed poesy
All deftly masked as hoar antiquity.”

He was—both the quotations are from Coleridge’s “Monody on the Death of Chatterton”—the

“Sweet harper of time-shrouded minstrelsy.”

In putting off deceit, writing in his own person, he seemed to doff one half of his inspiration.

THE RESIGNATION.

O God, whose thunder shakes the sky;
Whose eye this atom globe surveys;
To Thee, my only rock, I fly,
Thy mercy in thy justice praisc.

The mystic mazes of thy will,
The shadows of celestial light,
Are past the power of human skill—
But what the Eternal acts is right.

O teach me in the trying hour
When anguish swells the dewy tear,
To still my sorrows, own thy power,
Thy goodness love, thy justice fear.

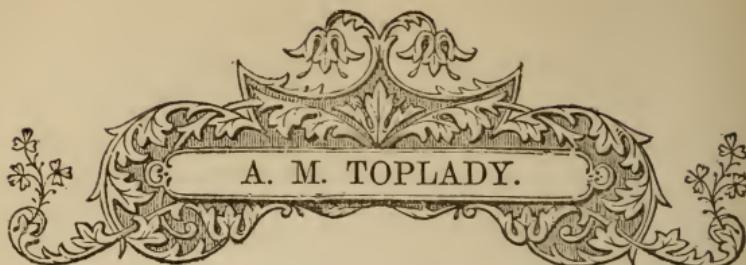
If in this bosom aught but Thee
Encroaching sought a boundless sway,
Omniscience could the danger see,
And mercy look the cause away.

Then why, my soul, dost thou complain?
Why drooping seek the dark recess?
Shake off the melancholy chain,
For God created all to bless.

But, ah! my breast is human still;
The rising sigh, the falling tear,
My languid vitals' feeble rill,
The sickness of my soul declare.

But yet, with fortitude resigned,
I'll thank the Inflicter of the blow:
Forbid the sigh, compose my mind,
Nor let the gush of misery flow.

The gloomy mantle of the night,
Which on my sinking spirit steals,
Will vanish at the morning light,
Which God, my East, my Sun reveals.



TOPLADY was born at Farnham, in Surrey, November 4th, 1740. As a clergyman he held successively the living of New Ottery, and by exchange, in 1768, that of Broad Hembury, near Honiton, in Devonshire, where he continued till his death, in 1778. He was of considerable eminence as a champion of Calvinism against Wesley, and reciprocated with him a full measure of polemical bitterness. His well-known hymn, "Rock of Ages," was inserted in the "Gospel Magazine" for 1776—of which publication he was the founder and first editor—with the title of "A Living and Dying Prayer for the Holiest Believer in the World." The affectionate interest with which succeeding generations have regarded it, was, if possible, lately increased by the fact of its being much on the dying lips of the late lamented Prince Consort. His collected hymns are entitled "Hymns on Sacred Subjects, wherein the fundamental doctrines of Christianity, with many other interesting points, are occasionally introduced."

A PRAYER—LIVING AND DYING.

Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee!
Let the water and the blood,
From thy riven side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

Not the labours of my hands
Can fulfil thy law's demands :
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone ;
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling ;
Naked, come to Thee for dress ;
Helpless, look to Thee for grace ;
Foul, I to the Fountain fly,
Wash me, Saviour, or I die !

While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyelids close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See Thee on thy judgment throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee !

THE DYING BELIEVER TO HIS SOUL.

Deathless principle, arise !
Soar, thou native of the skies !
Pearl of price, by Jesus bought,
To his glorious likeness wrought !

Go to shine before his throne ;
Deck his mediatorial crown ;
Go, his triumphs to adorn ;
Made for God, to God return !

Lo, He beckons from on high !
Fearless to his presence fly !
Thine the merit of his blood ;
Thine the righteousness of God.

Angels, joyful to attend,
Hovering round thy pillow, bend ;
Wait to catch the signal given,
And escort thee quick to heaven !

Is thy earthly house distrest?
Willing to retain her guest?
'Tis not thou, but she, must die;
Fly, celestial tenant, fly!

Burst thy shackles, drop thy clay,
Sweetly breathe thyself away;
Singing, to thy crown remove,
Swift of wing, and fired with love.

Shudder not to pass the stream,
Venture all thy care on Him;
Him, whose dying love and power
Stilled its tossing, hushed its roar.

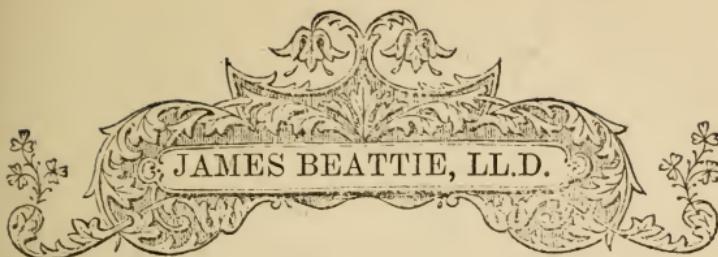
Safe is the expanded wave,
Gentle as a summer's eve;
Not one object of his care
Ever suffered shipwreck there.

See the haven full in view;
Love divine shall bear thee through!
Trust to that propitious gale;
Weigh thy anchor, spread thy sail.

Saints, in glory perfect made,
Wait thy passage through the shade;
Ardent for thy coming o'er,
See, they throng the blissful shore!

Mount, their transports to improve;
Join the longing choir above;
Swiftly to their wish be given;
Kindle higher joy in heaven!

Such the prospects that arise,
To the dying Christian's eyes!
Such the glorious vista Faith
Opens through the shades of death!



(1735—1803.)

JAMES BEATTIE, the son of a small farmer and shop-keeper at Laurencekirk, in Kincardineshire, was born October 25th, 1735. In his fourteenth year, he succeeded in obtaining a bursary or exhibition in Marischal College, Aberdeen. He became, four years after, school-master of the parish of Fordoun, and published poems which procured for him the appointment of usher in the grammar school at Aberdeen, and subsequently, at the age of twenty-six, that of professor of moral philosophy in Marischal College. In 1770, Beattie published his "Essay on Truth," of which, on the appearance of a third edition in 1772, Dr. Johnson expressed himself as "liking it the more, the more he looked upon it." The first part of "The Minstrel," on which Beattie's poetical fame reposes, appeared in 1771. It was received with singular marks of approbation; and the author on his visit to London soon after, was welcomed into the best literary circles. Upon a second visit to the metropolis in 1773, he had an audience of the king and queen, which resulted in his nomination to a pension of £200 per annum. His domestic life was unfortunate. His wife became irreclaimably insane; and when his promising sons died at the ages of twenty-two and eighteen respectively, the unhappy father derived comfort from the fact that he should at least be spared the pain of seeing their fine intellects infected with the

maternal taint. Dr. Beattie succumbed to overwhelming sorrow, and a succession of paralytic attacks, August 18th, 1803. The pathos of his "Hermit," quoted below, especially that of the fourth stanza, drew tears from the not always stoical eyes of Dr. Johnson.

THE HERMIT.

At the close of the day, when the hamlet is still,
And mortals the sweets of forgetfulness prove,
When nought but the torrent is heard on the hill,
And nought but the nightingale's song in the grove;
'Twas thus, by the cave of the mountain afar,
While his harp rung symphonious a hermit began ;
No more with himself or with nature at war,
He thought as a sage, though he felt as a man.

" Ah ! why, all abandoned to darkness and woe,
Why, lone Philomela, that languishing fall ?
For spring shall return, and a lover bestow,
And sorrow no longer thy bosom enthral ;
But, if pity inspire thee, renew the sad lay,
Mourn, sweetest complainer, man calls thee to mourn ;
O soothe him, whose pleasures like thine pass away ;
Full quickly they pass—but they never return.

Now gliding remote on the verge of the sky,
The moon half-extinguished her crescent displays ;
But lately I marked, when majestic on high
She shone, and the planets were lost in her blaze.
Roll on, thou fair orb, and with gladness pursue
The path that conducts thee to splendour again ;
But man's faded glory what change shall renew ?
Ah, fool ! to exult in a glory so vain !

'Tis night, and the landscape is lovely no more ;
I mourn, but ye woodlands, I mourn not for you ;
For morn is approaching, your charms to restore,
Perfumed with fresh fragrance, and glittering with dew ;



EVENING LAY OF THE HERMIT.—*Page 286.*

Nor yet for the ravage of winter I mourn ;
 Kind nature the embryo blossom will save.
 But when shall spring visit the mouldering urn ?
 O when shall it dawn on the night of the grave ?

'Twas thus, by the glare of false science betrayed,
 That leads to bewilder; that dazzles, to blind;
 My thoughts wont to roam, from shade onward to
 shade,
 Destruction before me, and sorrow behind.
 "O pity, great Father of Light," then I cried,
 "Thy creature, who fain would not wander from Thee;
 Lo, humbled in dust, I relinquish my pride;
 From doubt and from darkness Thou only canst free!"

And darkness and doubt are now flying away,
 No longer I roam in conjecture forlorn,
 So breaks on the traveller, faint, and astray,
 The bright and the balmy effulgence of morn.
 See Truth, Love, and Mercy, in triumph descending,
 And Nature all glowing in Eden's first bloom !
 On the cold cheek of death smiles and roses are blending,
 And Beauty immortal awakes from the tomb."



(1731—1800.)

WILLIAM COWPER was the son of Dr. Cowper, Rector of Berkhamstead, and chaplain to the king. He was born November 15th, 1731. It is said that his mother was descended by four different descents from King Henry

III., while his paternal grandfather was a younger brother of Lord Chancellor Cowper, the first earl.

Deprived of the tender care of his mother, at a very early age he was sent to a boarding-shool, but was bullied to so great an extent by an overbearing schoolfellow, that he was removed, and sent to Westminster; on leaving which, after keeping the usual course, he commenced the study of the law. For this purpose he entered the office of an attorney, where the future Lord Chancellor Thurlow was his fellow clerk.

Cowper, however, did not find the law to his taste, and took more delight in associating with Colman, and other wits of the day. He contributed a few papers to the lighter magazines, and so continued a desultory and aimless life, until after the death of his father. He was already thirty-one years of age, and slenderly provided for, when he was offered by one of his relatives the office of clerk of the journals to the House of Lords. His constitutional timidity overcame him while endeavouring to prepare himself for the duties of the office; his reason gave way, and he attempted suicide. His life after this was an alternation of religious melancholy, with times of sound and even genial mental energy. He was confined for some time in a mad-house at St. Alban's, and then went to Huntingdon, where he became intimately acquainted with the Unwins. The romantic story of his attachment to these people, with the episode after the Rev. Mr. Unwin's death, in 1767, when they removed to Olney at the instance of the Rev. John Newton; of Lady Austen's temporary residence at Olney; of Mrs. Unwin's pique; of the ballad of Johnny Gilpin, and of the "Task" imposed by Lady Austen, are familiar to most of our readers.

One of Cowper's latest works was a translation of Homer, which he executed in blank verse, at least in a creditable manner. Cowper and Mrs. Unwin, some time

previous to 1791, removed to Weston, about a mile from Olney, where they were visited by Lady Hesketh, cousin of the poet, and a woman remarkable for her gaiety and fascination. She proved an antidote to severer thoughts and associations, and in his letters to her, he appears in his happiest moods. Here also he became acquainted with the Throckmortons. Soon after this, however, his distressing malady again seized him, and continued with very brief lucid intervals until his death. In 1795 he removed with Mrs. Unwin into Norfolk, where the latter died in December 1796. The poet never recovered the shock caused by her death, but lingered for three years in the deepest despondency and terror until he was released by death in the spring of 1800.

PRAISE FOR THE FOUNTAIN OPENED.

There is a fountain filled with blood
Drawn from Emmanuel's veins ;
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day ;
And there have I, as vile as he,
Washed all my sins away.

Dear dying Lamb ! thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Be saved to sin no more.

Ere since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

Then in a nobler, sweeter song
 I'll sing thy power to save ;
 When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
 Lies silent in the grave.

Lord, I believe Thou hast prepared,
 Unworthy though I be,
 For me a blood-bought free reward,
 A golden harp for me !

'Tis strung, and tuned for endless years,
 And formed by power divine,
 To sound in God the Father's ears
 No other name but thine.

JOY AND PEACE IN BELIEVING.

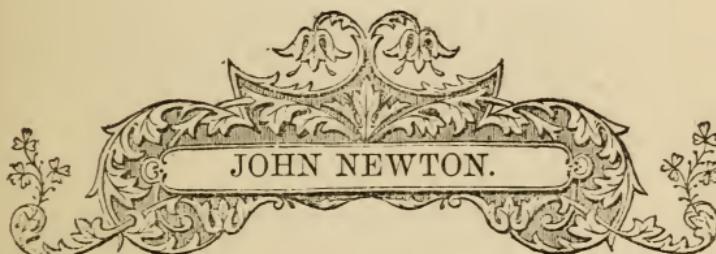
Sometimes a light surprises
 The Christian while he sings ;
 It is the Lord who rises
 With healing in his wings :
 When comforts are declining,
 He grants the soul again
 A season of clear shining,
 To cheer it after rain.

In holy contemplation,
 We sweetly then pursue
 The theme of God's salvation,
 And find it ever new ;
 Set free from present sorrow,
 We cheerfully can say,
 E'en let the unknown to-morrow,
 Bring with it what it may.

It can bring with it nothing,
 But He will bear us through ;
 Who gives the lilies clothing,
 Will clothe his people too ;

Beneath the spreading heavens,
No creature but is fed ;
And He who feeds the ravens,
Will give his children bread.

Though vine and fig-tree neither
Their wonted fruit shall bear ;
Though all the field should wither,
Nor flocks nor herds be there ;
Yet, God the same abiding,
His praise shall tune my voice ;
For, while in Him confiding,
I cannot but rejoice.



(1725—1807.)

JOHN NEWTON was born in London, July 24th, 1725. From the year 1736 to 1754, he followed a seafaring life. In 1764 he was ordained by the Bishop of Lincoln to the curacy of Olney, where he continued for nearly sixteen years, and was then appointed to the rectory of St. Mary Woolnoth, London. He died on the 21st December, 1807, and was interred in his own church on the last day of that year. He wrote, jointly with Cowper, the Olney Hymns, and from those contributed by him, the two following, graphically experimental and analytic of the Christian life, are taken.

LOVEST THOU ME?

'Tis a point I long to know,
Oft it causeth anxious thought !
Do I love the Lord, or no ?
Am I his, or am I not ?

If I love, why am I thus ?
Why this dull, this lifeless frame ?
Hardly, sure, can they be worse,
Who have never heard his name !

Could my heart so hard remain,
Prayer a task and burden prove,
Every trifle give me pain,
If I knew a Saviour's love ?

When I turn my eyes within,
All is dark, and vain, and wild,
Filled with unbelief and sin,
Can I deem myself a child ?

If I pray, or hear, or read,
Sin is mixed with all I do ;
You that love the Lord indeed,
Tell me, Is it thus with you ?

Yet I mourn my stubborn will,
Find my sin a grief and thrall
Should I grieve for what I feel,
If I did not love at all ?

Could I joy his saints to meet,
Choose the ways I once abhorred,
Find, at times, the promise sweet,
If I did not love the Lord ?

Lord, decide the doubtful case !
Thou, who art thy people's Sun,
Shine upon thy work of grace,
If it be indeed begun.

Let me love Thee more and more,
If I love at all, I pray ;
If I have not loved before,
Help me to begin to day.

THE INWARD WARFARE.

Strange and mysterious is my life,
What opposites I feel within !
A stable peace, a constant strife ;
The rule of grace, the power of sin ;
 Too often I am captive led,
 Yet daily triumph in my Head.

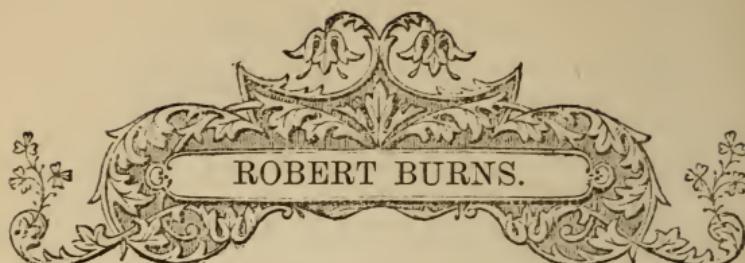
I prize the privilege of prayer,
But oh ! what backwardness to pray !
Though on the Lord I cast my care,
I feel its burden every day ;
 I seek *his* will in all I do,
 Yet find my own is working too.

I call the promises my own
And prize them more than mines of gold ;
Yet though their sweetness I have known,
They leave me unimpressed and cold ;
 One hour upon the truth I feed,
 The next I know not what I read.

I love the holy day of rest,
When Jesus meets his gathered saints ;
Sweet day, of all the week the best !
For its return my spirit pants ;
 Yet often, through my unbelief,
 It proves a day of guilt and grief.

While on my Saviour I rely,
I know my foes shall lose their aim ;
And therefore dare their power defy,
Assured of conquest through his name :
 But soon my confidence is slain,
 And all my fears return again.

Thus different powers within me strive,
And grace and sin by turns prevail ;
I grieve, rejoice, decline, revive,
And victory hangs in doubtful scale :
 But Jesus has *his* promise past,
 That grace shall overcome at last.



(1759—1796.)

ROBERT BURNS was born near Ayr, in the year 1759. To follow circumstantially a life in which passion and religion, circumstance and genius, wrestled continually together, would give no great number of facts in keeping with the natural idea of a writer of sacred verse. But indeed the productions of Burns in this kind are few; and the works of his biographers, critics, and eulogizers, are at every man's right hand. Burns died at Dumfries in 1796, "in disease, and in utter poverty, but without one farthing of debt." Hazlitt says, "In naïveté, in spirit, in characteristic humour, in vivid description of natural objects, and of the natural feelings of the heart, he has left behind him no superior." The second extract, from "The Cotter's Saturday Night," is a beautifully touching picture of "the saint, the father, and the husband," in the act of conducting the domestic devotions of humble life.

WINTER—A DIRGE.

The wintry West extends his blast,
And hail and rain does blaw;
Or the stormy North sends driving forth
The blinding sleet and snaw:

While tumbling brown the burn comes down,
 And roars frae bank to brae ;
 And bird and beast in covert rest,
 And pass the heartless day.

“ The sweeping blast, the sky o’ercast,”
 The joyless winter-day,
 Let others fear, to me more dear
 Than all the pride of May :
 The tempest’s howl, it soothes my soul,
 My griefs it seems to join !
 The leafless trees my fancy please,
 Their fate resembles mine !

Thou Power Supreme, whose mighty scheme
 These woes of mine fulfil,
 Here firm I rest, they *must* be best,
 Because they are *thy* Will !
 Then all I want (O do Thou grant
 This one request of mine !)
 Since to *enjoy* Thou dost deny,
 Assist me to *resign*.

FAMILY WORSHIP.

The cheerful supper done, with serious face,
 They round the ingle form a circle wide ;
 The sire turn’s o’er, with patriarchal grace,
 The big *Ha'-Bible*, once his father’s pride :
 His bonnet reverently is laid aside,
 His lyart haffets wearing thin and bare ;
 Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide,
 He wales a portion with judicious care ;
 And “ Let us worship God ! ” he says with solemn air.

They chant their artless notes in simple guise ;
 They tune their hearts, by far the noblest aim ;
 Perhaps *Dundee’s* wild warbling measures rise,
 Or plaintive *Martyrs*, worthy of the name ;
 Or noble *Elgin* beats the heavenward flame,

The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays.
 Compared with these, Italian trills are tame ;
 The tickled ears no heart-felt raptures raise,
 No unison have they with our Creator's praise.

The priest-like father reads the sacred page,
 How *Abram* was the friend of God on high ;
 Or *Moses* bade eternal warfare wage
 With *Amalek*'s ungracious progeny ;
 Or how the *royal Bard* did groaning lie
 Beneath the stroke of heaven's avenging ire ;
 Or *Job*'s pathetic plaint and wailing cry ;
 Or rapt *Isaiah*'s wild seraphic fire ;
 Or other holy seers that tune the sacred lyre.

Perhaps the Christian volume is the theme ;
 How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed,
 How He, who bore in heaven the second name,
 Had not on earth whereon to lay his head :
 How his first followers and servants sped ;
 The precepts sage they wrote to many a land ;
 How *he*, who lone in *Patmos* banishéd,
 Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand,
 And heard great Babylon's doom pronounced by heaven's command.

Then kneeling down, to heaven's eternal King,
 The saint, the father, and the husband prays :
 Hope "springs exulting on triumphant wing,"
 That thus they all shall meet in future days ;
 There ever bask in uncreated rays,
 No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear,
 Together hymning their Creator's praise,
 In such society, yet still more dear ;
 While circling time moves round in an eternal sphere.

Compared with this, how poor Religion's pride,
 In all the pomp of method and of art,
 When men display to congregations wide,
 Devotion's every grace, except the *heart* !
 The *Power*, incensed, the pageant will desert,
 The pompous train, the sacerdotal stole ;
 But haply, in some cottage far apart
 May hear, well pleased, the language of the soul ;
 And in his *Book of Life* the inmates poor enrol.



(1766—1823.)

ROBERT BLOOMFIELD is the name of another lowly born poet, whose genius was more humble, but whose poise of nature was greater than that of the portentously inspired ploughman of Ayrshire. Burns was characterized by the intensity of his poetic aims, and sent home with withering glance his shaft of satire against social inconsistency and injustice; Bloomfield tenderly and smoothly gave prominence to the beautiful; yet they had this in common—and what poet does not share it with them?—that the souls of both, varying as they did in capacity and profoundness, loved Nature with every nerve and faculty. Bloomfield was the son of a tailor, and was born at Honington, near Bury St. Edmunds, in Suffolk, in the year 1766. Having, whilst yet a child, lost his father, he was placed under the care of his uncle, a farmer. After two years, his stature and constitution proved to be not robust enough to fit him for a life of field labour, and he was removed by an elder brother to London, where he worked for some time as a shoemaker. Whilst so employed he drew upon his past rural experience so far as to write and publish “The Farmer’s Boy,” a poem which had much success, and which gained for him the patronage of the Duke of Grafton. This nobleman settled a small annuity upon Bloomfield, and procured for him an appointment in the Seal Office. Ill health compelled him to resign this situation; and he betook himself, unsuccessfully, to the bookselling business. In

his latter years, which were much embittered by poverty and nervous irritability, he amused himself by the manufacture of Æolian harps, which he sold amongst his friends. He died at Shefford, in Bedfordshire, August 19th, 1823.

Besides the "Farmer's Boy," the principal works of Bloomfield are a collection of *Rural Tales* (1810); "Wild Flowers;" "Hazlewood Hall," a village drama; and "May-day with the Muses," published in the year of his death. His "Solitude" presents a simple but reasonable and sufficient protest against the ever seductive tendency to press the admiration of Nature to the deification of Nature.

SOLITUDE.

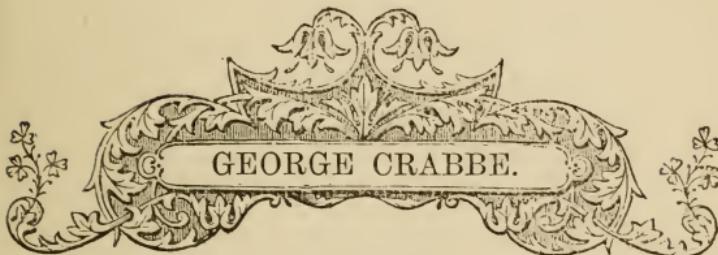
Welcome, silence ! welcome, peace !
O most welcome, holy shade !
Thus I prove, as years increase,
My heart and soul for quiet made.
Thus I fix my firm belief,
While rapture's gushing tears descend,
That every flower and every leaf
Is moral truth's unerring friend.

I would not, for a world of gold,
That Nature's lovely face should tire ;
Fountain of blessings yet untold ;
Pure source of intellectual fire !
Fancy's fair buds, the germs of song,
Unquicken'd 'midst the world's rude strife,
Shall sweet retirement render strong,
And morning silence bring to life.

Then tell me not that I shall grow
Forlorn, that fields and woods will cloy ;
From Nature and her changes flow
An everlasting tide of joy.

I grant that summer heats will burn,
 That keen will come the frosty night;
 But both shall please; and each in turn
 Yield reason's most supreme delight.

Build me a shrine, and I could kneel
 To rural gods, or prostrate fall;
 Did I not see, did I not feel,
 That one Great Spirit governs all.
 O Heaven! permit that I may lie
 Where o'er my corpse green branches wave;
 And those who from life's tumult fly,
 With kindred feelings press my grave.



(1754—1832.)

GEORGE CRABBE was the son of a collector of salt duties at Aldborough, in Suffolk, in which parish he was born on Christmas eve, 1754. He was educated as well as the narrow circumstances of his father would permit; and in his fourteenth year was apprenticed to a surgeon. He endeavoured to establish a practice at Aldborough, failing in which he removed to London, to try his success in literature. He offered his verses in vain to the publishers; but when in extremity he obtained the notice of Burke, and the somewhat tardy patronage of Lord Thurlow. Crabbe was ordained to the curacy of his native parish, and some time after, through the influence of Burke, obtained the office of chaplain to the Duke of Rutland, at Belvoir Castle. Having been presented by Thurlow to two small livings in Dorsetshire, Crabbe ven-

tured on matrimony, and accepted the curacy of Stathern in the vale of Belvoir.

After four years he procured an advantageous exchange of his livings for two others in Leicestershire. In 1814 he was presented by the Duke of Rutland to the living of Trowbridge in Wiltshire, whither he went to reside. In 1822 he visited Sir Walter Scott at Edinburgh. His was a green old age; "frosty but kindly." He died at Trowbridge, February 3rd, 1832. His chief works are "The Village" (1783); "The Parish Register" (1807); "The Borough" (1810); "Tales in Verse" (1812); "Tales of the Hall" (1819). The poems of Crabbe are remarkable for their realism, and their hard presentation of a benevolence that was yet above suspicion. Byron concisely and not unhappily describes him as "Nature's severest painter, yet the best."

HYMN.

O Thou! who taught my infant eye
To pierce the air and view the sky;
To see my God in earth and seas,
To hear Him in the vernal breeze;
To know Him midnight thoughts among:
Oh, guide my soul, and aid my song!

Spirit of Light, do Thou impart
Majestic truths, and teach my heart;
Teach me to know how weak I am,
How vain my powers, how poor my frame;
Teach me celestial ways untrod,—
The ways of glory and of God.

No more let me in vain surprise
To heathen art give up my eyes;
To piles laborious science reared,
For heroes brave, or tyrants feared;
But quit philosophy, and see
The Fountain of her works in Thee.

Fond man ! yon glassy mirror eye ;
Go, pierce the flood, and there descry
The miracles that float between
The rainy leaves of watery green ;
Old Ocean's hoary treasures scan ;
See nations swimming round a span.

Then wilt thou say—and rear no more
Thy monuments in mystic lore—
My God ! I quit my vain design,
And drop my work to gaze on thine :
Henceforth I'll frame myself to be,
O Lord ! a monument of Thee.



(1785—1806.)

HENRY KIRKE WHITE, who, like Defoe and Akenside, was the son of a butcher, was born at Nottingham, March 21, 1785, and was destined by his father for the same business. He left this inglorious occupation to follow the employment of stocking weaving, which he deserted for the more ambitious duties of an attorney's office. But all this time his hopes pointed first to the bar, and in default of that to the church, as a profession ; and in the midst of his ordinary pressing duties “ he contrived to devote a portion of his time to the acquisition of considerable knowledge in the Greek, Spanish, Portuguese, and Italian languages ; in astronomy and music ; and learned to play the pianoforte.” In his seventeenth year

he secured the patronage of Capel Lofft, Esq., and of Mr. Hill, who encouraged him, in 1802, to publish his “Clifton Grove,” and other poems. His hopes of realizing by this publication a sum sufficient to support him at the university, are said to have been “blasted by the malignant criticisms of the ‘Monthly Review.’” However, after some difficulty, he succeeded in satisfying the requirements of the Elland Society, which now charged itself with the expenses of his academical education. At Cambridge he distinguished himself by the excellence of his Latin verses; and by his success in obtaining college prizes, he was enabled to free himself from further pecuniary obligations to his patrons. Unfortunately he ruined a delicate constitution by his hard and unremitting reading, and died on the 19th of October, 1806.

Besides the “Clifton Grove,” Kirke White’s most important production is the “Christiad,” an unfinished epic. There is little doubt that his premature and picturesque death served to invest his works with an interest that their excellence alone could not have commanded; and what has been taken merely for *promise* is very likely nearer to his sum of possible performance than his admirers would be readily willing to suppose.

THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

When marshalled on the mighty plain,
The glittering host bestud the sky;
One star alone, of all the train,
Can fix the sinner’s wandering eye.

Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks,
From every host, from every gem;
But one alone the Saviour speaks,
It is the Star of Bethlehem.

Once on the raging seas I rode,
The storm was loud, the night was dark,
The ocean yawned, and rudely blowed
The wind that tossed my foundering bark.

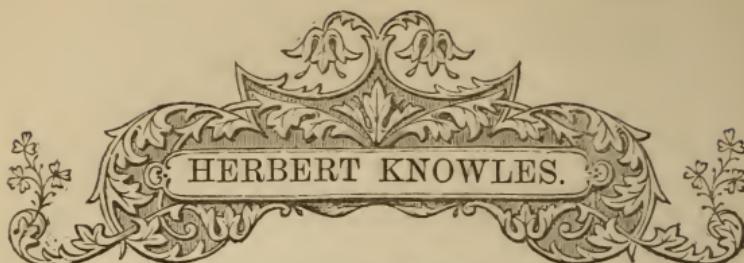
Deep horror then my vitals froze,
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem ;
When suddenly a star arose—
It was the Star of Bethlehem.

It was my guide, my light, my all,
It bade my dark forebodings cease ;
And through the storm and danger's thrall,
It led me to the port of peace.

Now safely moored—my perils o'er,
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
For ever and for evermore,
The Star !—the Star of Bethlehem !

RESIGNATION.

Yes, 'twill be over soon. This sickly dream
Of life will vanish from my feverish brain ;
And death my wearied spirit will redeem,
From this wild region of unvaried pain.
Yon brook will glide as softly as before,—
Yon landscape smile,—yon golden harvest grow,—
Yon sprightly lark on mounting wing will soar,
When Henry's name is heard no more below.
I sigh when all my youthful friends caress,
They laugh in health, and future evils brave :
Them shall a wife and smiling children bless,
While I am mouldering in my silent grave.
God of the just—Thou gav'st the bitter cup ;
I bow to thy behest, and drink it up.



(1798—1817.)

HERBERT KNOWLES, a youthful poet, whose fame, like that of Wolfe, is almost entirely based upon a single poem, was born at Canterbury, in 1798. At the age of eighteen, he produced the following “fine religious stanzas, which, being published in the ‘Quarterly Review,’ soon obtained general circulation and celebrity; they have much of the steady faith and devotional earnestness of Cowper.” Knowles died in the year 1817.

LINES WRITTEN IN THE CHURCHYARD OF RICHMOND, YORKSHIRE.

“It is good for us to be here: if Thou wilt, let us make here three tabernacles; one for Thee, and one for Moses, and one for Elias.”—MATT. xvii. 4.

Methinks it is good to be here,
If Thou wilt, let us build—but for whom?
Nor Elias nor Moses appear;
But the shadows of eve that encompassed with gloom,
The abode of the dead and the place of the tomb.

Shall we build to Ambition? Ah no!
Affrighted, he shrinketh away;
For see, they would pin him below
In a small narrow cave, and, begirt with cold clay,
To the meanest of reptiles a peer and a prey.

To Beauty? Ah no! She forgets
 The charms which she wielded before;
 Nor knows the foul worm that he frets
 The skin which but yesterday fools could adore,
 For the smoothness it held or the tint which it wore.

Shall we build to the purple of Pride,
 The trappings which dizen the proud?
 Alas! they are all laid aside,
 And here's neither dress nor adornments allowed,
 But the long winding-sheet and the fringe of the shroud.

To Riches? Alas! 'tis in vain;
 Who hid in their turns have been hid;
 The treasures are squandered again;
 And here in the grave are all metals forbid,
 But the tinsel that shines on the dark coffin-lid.

To the pleasures which mirth can afford,
 The revel, the laugh, and the jeer?
 Ah! here is a plentiful board!
 But the guests are all mute as their pitiful cheer,
 And none but the worm is a reveller here.

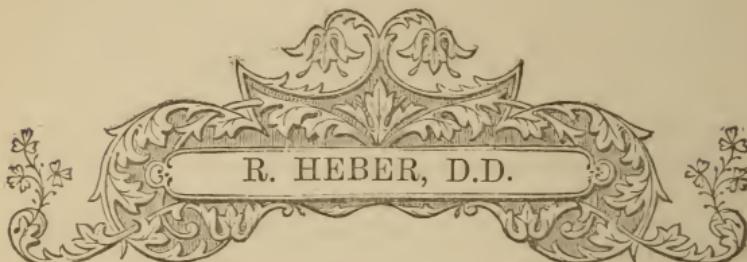
Shall we build to Affection and Love?
 Ah no! they have withered and died,
 Or fled with the Spirit above.
 Friends, brothers, and sisters are laid side by side,
 Yet none have saluted, and none have replied.

Unto Sorrow?—The Dead cannot grieve;
 Not a sob, not a sigh meets mine ear,
 Which Compassion itself could relieve.
 Ah, sweetly they slumber, nor love, hope, or fear;
 Peace! peace is the watchword, the only one here.

Unto Death, to whom monarchs must bow?
 Ah no! for his empire is known,
 And here there are trophies enow!
 Beneath the cold dead, and around the dark stone,
 Are the signs of a sceptre that none may disown.

The first tabernacle to Hope we will build,
And look for the sleepers around us to rise!

The second to Faith, which ensures it fulfilled;
And the third to the Lamb of the great sacrifice,
Who bequeathed us them both when He rose to the skies.



REGINALD HEBER, the scion of an ancient Yorkshire family, and the son of the Rev. Reginald Heber, rector of Malpas, in Cheshire, was born at that place, April 21, 1783. After receiving the usual elementary instruction at his father's house, he was sent to the grammar-school of Whitchurch, in Shropshire, and after that to a private school near London, preparatory to entering at Oxford. He was only sixteen years of age when he became a student of Brazenose College, and the next year he gained the chancellor's prize for his "Carmen Seculare," a Latin poem of great merit, on the commencement of the new century.

Through a distinguished career at the university, we are told by Sir Charles Grey "the name of Reginald Heber was in every mouth, his society was courted by young and old; he lived in an atmosphere of favour, admiration, and regard, from which I have never known any but himself who would not have derived, and for life, an unsalutary influence."

Near the close of his academic course, and when yet

only twenty years old, he produced an exquisite poem, called "Palestine," which obtained the gold medal; and of which single work "the fancy, the elegance, and the grace would have secured him a place in the list of those who bear the proud title of English poets."

It was greatly applauded at its public recitation in the theatre; and here it is said that his father, then of venerable age, received from the pleasurable excitement a shock, from the effects of which he died shortly afterwards.

Mr. Heber accompanied Mr. Thornton for some time in a tour through Germany, Russia, and the Crimea, during which he kept a journal of such value that Dr. Clarke extracted largely from it for the illustration of his travels. During his absence he was unanimously elected to a fellowship at All Souls' College, which he soon resigned on his presentation to the rectory of Hodnet, in Shropshire, and his marriage at the same time to the daughter of Dr. Shipley, dean of St. Asaph.

In 1815 he delivered the Bampton lecture, and in consequence was involved in controversy with an anonymous critic.

In 1822, Heber wrote a life of Jeremy Taylor, and a review of his writings, which were prefixed to a complete edition of Taylor's works. He was requested, in the spring of the same year, to accept the preachership of Lincoln's Inn, which office he had not long enjoyed when another dignity was offered him, which, after a first refusal, he determined to accept—this was the Bishopric of Calcutta. Situated as he then was—easy in his circumstances, happy in his connections, and with more than average chances of advancement in the church at home—it could have been only in fulfilment of what he considered to be an imperative duty, that he accepted an office of which his immediate and only predecessor, Bishop Middleton, said, "Tell my friends in England

that I have been sacrificed to the heavy duties which my appointment has thrown upon me, and that any person sent out to preside over the whole episcopate of India must be sacrificed."

The words of Dr. Jortin respecting Bishop Pearce have been adopted by one of Heber's biographers as in an especial manner applicable to him also. "Here were to be found diligence, patience, activity, candour, and integrity; here was religion without formality, liberality without ostentation, seriousness without moroseness, and cheerfulness without levity; here was gentleness to others, and self-severity; here was useful learning, and a love of those who loved and pursued it; here was contempt and dislike for detracting sycophants and fawning parasites; here was affability to inferiors; here were other bright virtues and endearing accomplishments which need not be recounted."

It is sufficient to say—for a full account of this great and good man would here be impossible—that the short episcopate of Heber fully bore out the anticipations of his friends, and the encomiums which were paid him, as well during his life as after his untimely and ever-to-be-lamented death. Bishop Middleton's sad prophecy was fulfilled all too soon, and the man who was sent out to succeed him, to preside over the whole episcopate of India, *was* sacrificed within three years of consecration.

It is by his hymns that Heber is chiefly known to the majority of the present generation. Those quoted have more than an ordinary degree of refined smoothness and elegance, in combination with fine religious feeling.

Heber died in the bath, of apoplexy, at Trichinopoly, April 2nd, 1826, being at that time within a few days of completing his forty-third year.

The hymn on the Epiphany, addressed to the "Brightest and best of the sons of the morning," especially inculcates heart-worship, in preference to

costly sacrifices and gifts. The second, "From Greenland's icy mountains," exemplifies, in a remarkable degree, the motives which induced him to undertake the task which sadly proved too heavy for him; while the last and most touching, because most individually human in its interest, "Thou art gone to the grave, but we will not deplore thee," shows in the highest degree the virtues of Christian resignation, and that joyful and certain hope of the believer which it was the author's duty and privilege to preach.

EPIPHANY.

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid :
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our Infant Redeemer is laid.

Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are shining,
Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall ;
Angels adore Him in slumber reclining,—
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all.

Say, shall we yield Him, in costly devotion,
Odours of Edom, and offerings divine,
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine ?

Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gold would his favour secure ;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid ;
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our Infant Redeemer is laid.

MISSIONARY HYMN.

From Greenland's icy mountains,
 From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains,
 Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
 From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
 Their land from error's chain.

What though the spicy breezes
 Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
Though every prospect pleases,
 And only man is vile;
In vain with lavish kindness
 The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen, in his blindness,
 Bows down to wood and stone.

Can we, whose souls are lighted
 With wisdom from on high,
Can we to men benighted
 The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O salvation!
 The joyful sound proclaim
Till each remotest nation
 Has learned Messiah's Name.

Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
 And you, ye waters, roll,
Till like a sea of glory
 It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature
 The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
 In bliss returns to reign.

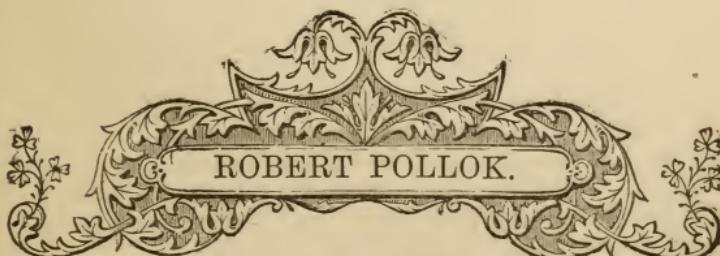
HOPE FOR THE DEAD.

Thou art gone to the grave; but we will not deplore thee,
Though sorrows and darkness encompass the tomb:
The Saviour hath passed through its portal before thee,
And the lamp of his love is thy guide through the gloom!

Thou art gone to the grave: we no longer behold thee,
Nor tread the rough path of the world by thy side;
But the wide arms of Mercy are spread to enfold thee,
And sinners may die, for the Sinless has died!

Thou art gone to the grave: and, its mansion forsaking,
Perhaps thy weak spirit in fear lingered long;
But the mild rays of Paradise beamed on thy waking,
And the sound which thou heard'st was the seraphim's song!

Thou art gone to the grave: but we will not deplore thee;
Whose God was thy Ransom, thy Guardian, and Guide!
He gave thee, He took thee, and He will restore thee;
And death has no sting, for the Saviour hath died!



(1799—1827.)

ROBERT POLLOK was born in 1799, at Muirhouse, in the parish of Eaglesham, in Renfrewshire, and after receiving his preparatory education in the parish school,

entered as a student of the University of Glasgow. He went through a five-years' course of theological study to fit himself for the ministry of the Scottish Secession Church. Scarcely had he been admitted as a licentiate and published his "Course of Time," before the effects of hard study manifested themselves in a strong tendency to pulmonary consumption. He sought recovery in the south of England; and died, after having at first shown some fugitive signs of improvement, at Shirley Common, near Southampton, Sept. 15th, 1827. Whilst at College, Pollok wrote a series of "Tales of the Covenanters," which he published anonymously. The "Course of Time" is a poem of much grandeur, in which a bard of earth recounts to a select assembly of the sons of heaven, who had been gathered from various worlds, the fortunes of his native planet. The mechanism of the poem is a little cumbrous; the feeling is intense and not seldom grim and gloomy, the rhythm is often wantonly faulty and broken, and the author relies for the effect of his style upon directness and iteration, in even a greater degree—if that were possible—than did Young upon the epigrammatic and paradoxical.

HAPPINESS.

Whether in crowds or solitudes, in streets
Or shady groves, dwelt Happiness, it seems
In vain to ask—her nature makes it vain;
Though poets much, and hermits, talked and sang
Of brooks, and crystal founts, and weeping dews,
And myrtle bowers, and solitary vales,
And with the nymph made assignations there,
And wooed her with a lovesick oaten reed;
And sages too, although less positive,
Advised their sons to court her in the shade.
Delirious babble all! Was happiness,

Was self-approving, God-approving joy,
 In drops of dew, however pure? in gales,
 However sweet? in wells, however clear?
 Or groves, however thick with verdant shade?

True, these were of themselves exceeding fair :
 How fair at morn and even ! worthy the walk
 Of loftiest mind, and gave, when all within
 Was right, a feast of overflowing bliss,
 But were the occasion, not the cause of joy.
 They waked the native fountains of the soul,
 Which slept before ; and stirred the holy sides
 Of feeling up, giving the heart to drink,
 From its own treasures, draughts of perfect sweet.
 The Christian faith, which better knew the heart
 Of man, him thither sent for peace, and thus
 Declared : Who finds it, let him find it there ;
 Who finds it not, for ever let him seek
 In vain—'tis God's most holy, changeless will.

True Happiness had no localities,
 No tones provincial, no peculiar garb.
 Where duty went, she went ; with justice went,
 And went with meekness, charity, and love.
 Where'er a tear was dried, a wounded heart
 Bound up, a bruised spirit with the dew
 Of sympathy anointed, or a pang
 Of honest suffering soothed, or injury
 Repeated oft, as oft by love forgiven ;
 Where'er an evil passion was subdued,
 Or virtue's feeble embers fanned ; where'er
 A sin was heartily abjured, and left ;
 Where'er a pious act was done, or breathed
 A pious prayer, or wished a pious wish ;
 There was a high and holy place, a spot
 Of sacred light, a most religious fane,
 Where Happiness, descending, sat and smiled.

But these apart. In sacred memory lives
 The morn of life, first morn of endless days—
 Most joyful morn ! nor yet for nought the joy.
 A being of eternal date commenced ;

A young immortal then was born ; and who
Shall tell what strange variety of bliss
Burst on the infant soul, when first it looked
Abroad on God's creation fair, and saw
The glorious earth, and glorious heaven, and face
Of man sublime ! and saw all new, and felt
All new ! when thought awoke, thought never more
To sleep ! when first it saw, heard, reasoned, willed,
And triumphed in the warmth of conscious life !

Nor happy only, but the cause of joy,
Which those who never tasted, always mourned.
What tongue ! no tongue shall tell what bliss o'erflowed
The mother's tender heart, while round her hung
The offspring of her love, and lisped her name ;
As living jewels dropped unstained from heaven,
That made her fairer far and sweeter seem,
Than every ornament of costliest hue :
And who hath not been ravished, as she passed
With all her playful bands of little ones,
Like Luna, with the daughters of the sky,
Walking in matron majesty and grace ?
All who had hearts here pleasure found : and oft
Have I, when tired with heavy task—for tasks
Were heavy in the world below—relaxed
My weary thoughts among their guiltless sports,
And led them by their little hands a-field,
And watched them run and cross the tempting flower,
Which oft, unasked, they brought me, and bestowed
With smiling face, that waited for a look
Of praise—and answered curious questions, put
In much simplicity, but ill to solve :
And heard their observations, strange and new ;
And settled whiles their little quarrels, soon
Ending in peace, and soon forgot in love.
And still I looked upon their loveliness,
And sought through nature for similitudes
Of perfect beauty, innocence, and bliss ;
And fairest imagery round me thronged :
Dew-drops at dayspring on a seraph's locks,
Roses that bathe about the well of life,
Young loves, young hopes, dancing on morning's cheek,
Gems leaping in the coronet of love.
So beautiful, so full of life, they seemed

As made entire of beams of angels' eyes.
 Gay, guileless, sportive, lovely, little things !
 Playing around the den of sorrow, clad
 In smiles, believing in their fairy hopes,
 And thinking man and woman true ! all joy,
 Happy all day, and happy all the night !

NATURE.

Nor is the hour of lonely walk forgot,
 In the wide desert, where the view was large.
 Pleasant were many scenes, but most to me
 The solitude of vast extent, untouched
 By hand of art, where nature sowed, herself,
 And reaped her crops ; whose garments were the clouds ;
 Whose minstrels, brooks ; whose lamps, the moon and
 stars ;
 Whose organ-choir, the voice of many waters ;
 Whose banquets, morning-dews ; whose heroes, storms ;
 Whose warriors, mighty winds ; whose lovers, flowers ;
 Whose orators, the thunderbolts of God ;
 Whose palaees, the everlasting hills ;
 Whose ceiling, heaven's unfathomable blue ;
 And from whose rocky turrets, battled high,
 Prospect immense spread out on all sides round,
 Lost now between the welkin and the main,
 Now walled with hills that slept above the storm.

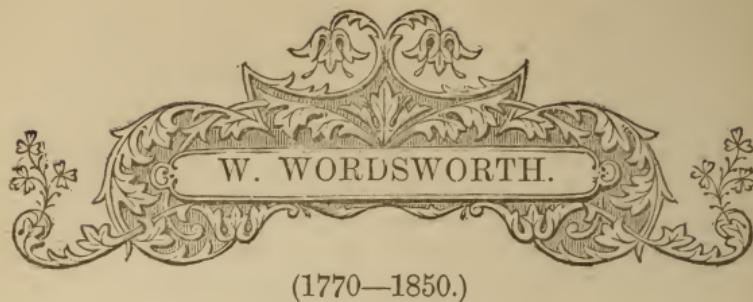
“THE SEA GAVE UP THE DEAD.”

Rev. xx. 13.

Great Ocean, too, that morning, thou the call
 Of restitution heard'st, and reverently
 To the last trumpet's voice in silence listened.
 Great Ocean ! strongest of creation's sons,
 Unconquerable, unreposed, untired,
 That rolled the wild, profound, eternal bass,
 In nature's anthem, and made music, such
 As pleased the ear of God ! original,
 Unmarred, unfaded work of Deity,

And unburlesqued by mortal's puny skill ;
From age to age enduring and unchanged,
Majestical, inimitable, vast ;
Loud uttering satire, day and night, on each
Succeeding race, and little pompous work
Of man. Unfallen, religious, holy Sea !
Thou bowd'st thy glorious head to none, feard'st none,
Heard'st none, to none did'st honour, but to God
Thy Maker, only worthy to receive
Thy great obeisance. Undiscovered Sea !
Into thy dark, unknown, mysterious caves,
And secret haunts, unfathomably deep,
Beneath all visible retired none went
And came again, to tell the wonders there.
Tremendous sea ! what time thou lifted'st up
Thy waves on high, and with thy winds and storms
Strange pastime took, and shook thy mighty sides
Indignantly—the pride of navies fell ;
Beyond the arm of help, unheard, unseen,
Sank friend and foe, with all their wealth and war ;
And on thy shores men of a thousand tribes,
Polite and barbarous, trembling stood, amazed,
Confounded, terrified, and thought vast thoughts
Of ruin, boundlessness, omnipotence,
Infinitude, eternity ; and thought
And wondered still, and grasped, and grasped, and
grasped
Again ; beyond her reach, exerting all
The soul to take thy great idea in,
To comprehend incomprehensible ;
And wondered more, and felt their littleness.
Self-purifying unpolluted Sea !
Lover unchangeable, thy faithful breast
For ever heaving to the lovely moon,
That like a shy and holy virgin, robed
In saintly white, walked nightly in the heavens,
And to thy everlasting serenade
Gave gracious audience ; nor was wooed in vain.
That morning thou, that slumbered not before,
Nor slept, great Ocean ! laid thy waves to rest,
And hushed thy mighty minstrelsy ; no breath
Thy deep composure stirred, no fin, no oar ;
Like beauty newly dead, so calm, so still,
So lovely, thou, beneath the light that fell

From angel chariots sentinel'd on high,
Reposed, and listened, and saw thy living change,
Thy dead arise. Charybdis listened and Scylla;
And savage Euxine on the Thracian beach
Lay motionless; and every battle-ship
Stood still, and every ship of merchandise,
And all that sailed, of every name, stood still.
Even as the ship of war, full fledged and swift—
Like some fierce bird of prey, bore on her foe,
Opposing with as fell intent, the wind—
Fell withered from her wings that idly hung:
The stormy bullet by the cannon thrown
Uncivilly against the heavenly face
Of men, half sped, sank harmlessly, and all
Her loud, uncircumcised, tempestuous crew—
How ill prepared to meet their God!—were changed,
Unchangeable; the pilot at the helm
Was changed, and the rough captain while he mouthed
The huge enormous oath. The fisherman,
That in his boat expectant watched his lines,
Or mended on the shore his net, and sang,
Happy in thoughtlessness, some careless air,
Heard time depart, and felt the sudden change.
In solitary deep, far out from land,
Or steering from the port with many a cheer;
Or, while returning from long voyage, fraught
With lusty wealth, rejoicing to have escaped
The dangerous main, and plagues of foreign climes,
The merchant quaffed his native air, refreshed;
And saw his native hills in the sun's light
Serenely rise; and thought of meetings glad,
And many days of ease and honour spent
Among his friends—unwarnéd man! even then
The knell of time broke on his reverie,
And in the twinkling of an eye his hopes,
All earthly, perished all. As sudden rose,
From out their watery beds, the ocean's dead,
Renewed, and on the unstirring billows stood,
From pole to pole, thick covering all the sea—
Of every nation blent and every age.



(1770—1850.)

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH was born at Cockermouth, in Cumberland, April 7th, 1770. He was the second son of John Wordsworth, attorney, and law agent to Sir James Lowther, created Earl of Lonsdale. His mother was a Miss Cookson, of Penrith: she died before he was eight years old. Having been instructed in the rudiments of learning at Cockermouth, by the Rev. Mr. Gilbanks, Wordsworth, was sent to school at Hawkeshead, near the Lake of Esthwaite. The claims of his father, who died in 1783, on the estate of Lord Lonsdale, were disallowed by that nobleman, and Wordsworth was indebted for his university education to his uncles, Richard Wordsworth and Christopher Crackenthorpe, by whom he was sent, in 1787, to St. John's College, Cambridge. His early training had not been favourable to precision in either mathematical or classical learning, and he took his bachelor's degree without distinction, in January, 1791. Immediately before and after this event, he spent some considerable time on the continent. He relinquished the design which his family had cherished for him, of taking orders in the church; and adopted poetry as the work and vocation of his life, a choice which a modest bequest of £900, opportunely left him by a friend, made possible to a man of the great "Lake" poet's simple tastes and habits. In 1814, the patronage of the Lowther family procured him the easy and lucrative

situation of Distributor of Stamps; an office which interfered comparatively little with the disposal of his time. Resigning this appointment in favour of his son in 1842, he was rewarded by the Government with a pension of £300 per annum, and the following year succeeded his deceased friend Southey as Poet Laureate. Almost the only events of his life, passed to so great an extent in seclusion, are the poems which illustrated it. Wordsworth died in his eighty-first year, April 23rd, 1850.

Wordsworth's first work was "The Evening Walk, and Descriptive Sketches," published in 1793. In 1798, jointly with Coleridge, he produced a collection of "Lyrical Ballads," intended experimentally to show that simplicity of theme and expression could be made popularly effective in poetry. His great work is "The Excursion," a portion of a longer philosophical poem which was to receive the title of "The Recluse," and to contain views of "man, nature, and society," and to have for "its principal object the sensations and opinions of a poet living in retirement."

To the mind of Wordsworth, living *en rapport* with nature, nothing was trivial or insignificant; yet at the same time the singular egoism of his practice showed that he regarded no contemporary literary productions, except his own, as worthy of his attention. His collected poems are classified by himself as—(1) Poems referring to Childhood; (2) Poems founded on the Affections; (3) Poems of the Fancy; (4) Poems of the Imagination; (5) Sonnets, Inscriptions, etc.—all forming, as it were "the little cells, oratories, and sepulchral recesses" of the grand temple to be erected in the "Recluse." The ode quoted is a gorgeous, though not unblemished, presentation of one of the grandest of the Platonic conceptions.

ODE.

INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY FROM RECOLLECTIONS OF
EARLY CHILDHOOD.

There was a time when meadow, grove, and stream,
The earth, and every common sight,

To me did seem

Apparell'd in celestial light,
The glory and the freshness of a dream.

It is not now as it has been of yore;

Turn wheresoe'er I may,

By night or day,

The things which I have seen I now can see no more.

The rainbow comes and goes,

And lovely is the rose.

The moon doth with delight

Look round her when the heavens are bare;

Waters on a starry night

Are beautiful and fair,

The sunshine is a glorious birth;

But yet I know, where'er I go,

That there hath passed a glory from the earth.

Now while the birds thus sing a joyous song,

And while the young lambs bound,

As to the tabor's sound,

To me alone there came a thought of grief,

But timely utterance gave that thought relief,

And I again am strong.

The cataracts blow their trumpets from the steep,

No more shall grief of mine the seasons wrong;

I hear the echoes through the mountains throng,

The winds come to me from the fields of sleep,

And all the earth is gay,

Land and sea

Give themselves up to jollity,

And with the heart of May

Doth every beast keep holiday.

Thou child of joy

Shout round me, let me hear thy shouts, thou happy
shepherd boy!

Ye blessed creatures, I have heard the call

Ye to each other make; I see

The heavens laugh with you in your jubilee,

My heart is at your festival,
 My head hath its coronal,
 The fulness of your bliss, I feel—I feel it all.
 Oh evil day ! if I were sullen
 While the earth herself is adorning,
 This sweet May morning,
 And the children are pulling
 On every side,
 In a thousand valleys far and wide,
 Fresh flowers ; while the sun shines warm,
 And the babe leaps up on his mother's arm :—
 I hear, I hear, with joy I hear !
 —But there's a tree, of many one,
 A single field which I have looked upon,
 Both of them speak of something that is gone.
 The pansy at my feet
 Doth the same tale repeat :
 Whither is fled the visionary gleam ?
 Where is it now, the glory and the dream ?
 Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting ;
 The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
 Hath had elsewhere its setting,
 And cometh from afar :
 Not in entire forgetfulness,
 And not in utter nakedness,
 But trailing clouds of glory do we come
 From God, who is our home :
 Heaven lies about us in our infancy !
 Shades of the prison-house begin to close
 Upon the growing Boy,
 But he beholds the light and whence it flows,
 He sees it in his joy ;
 The youth, who daily farther from the East
 Must travel, still is Nature's priest,
 And by the vision splendid
 Is on his way attended ;
 At length the Man perceives it die away,
 And fade into the light of common day.
 Earth fills her lap with pleasures of her own ;
 Yearnings she hath in her own natural kind,
 And, even with something of a mother's mind,
 And no unworthy aim,
 The homely nurse doth all she can
 To make her foster-child, her inmate man,

Forget the glories he hath known
And that imperial palace whence he came.

Behold the child among his new-born blisses,
A four years' darling of a pigmy size !
See, where 'mid work of his own hand he lies,
Fretted by sallies of his mother's kisses,
With light upon him from his father's eyes !
See, at his feet some little plan or chart,
Some fragment from his dream of human life,
Shaped by himself with newly learnéd art ;

A wedding or a festival,
A mourning or a funeral ;
And this hath now his heart,
And unto this he frames his song :
Then will he fit his tongue

To dialogues of business, love, or strife ;

But it will not be long
Ere this be thrown aside,
And with new joy and pride

The little actor cons another part,
Filling from time to time his humorous stage
With all the persons down to palsied age,
That life brings with her in her equipage ;
As if his whole vocation
Were endless imitation.

Thou, whose exterior semblance doth belie
Thy soul's immensity ;

Thou best Philosopher, who yet dost keep
Thy heritage, thou Eye among the blind,
That, deaf and silent, read'st the eternal deep,
Haunted for ever by the Eternal mind,—

Mighty Prophet, Seer blest !

On whom those truths do rest,
Which we are toiling all our lives to find :
Thou, over whom thy Immortality
Broods like the day, a master o'er a slave,
A presence which is not to be put by ;

To whom the grave

Is but a lonely bed without the sense or sight
Of day or the warm light,

A place of thought where we in waiting lie ;
Thou little child, yet glorious in the might
Of untamed pleasures, on thy being's height,

Why with such earnest pains dost thou provoke
 The years to bring the inevitable yoke,—
 Thus blindly with thy blessedness at strife ?
 Full soon thy soul shall have her earthly freight,
 And custom lie upon thee with a weight,
 Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life !

Oh joy ! that in our embers
 Is something that doth live,
 That Nature yet remembers
 What was so fugitive !

The thought of our past years in me doth breed
 Perpetual benedictions ; not indeed
 For that which is most worthy to be blest ;
 Delight and liberty, the simple creed
 Of Childhood, whether fluttering or at rest,
 With new-born hope for ever in his breast :

Not for these I raise

The song of thanks and praise ;
 But for those obstinate questionings
 Of sense and outward things,
 Fallings from us, vanishings ;
 Blank misgivings of a creature

Moving about in worlds not realized,
 High instincts, before which our mortal nature
 Did tremble like a guilty thing surprised :

But for those first affections,
 Those shadowy recollections,
 Which be they what they may,

Are yet the fountain light of all our day,
 Are yet a master light of all our seeing :

Uphold us, cherish us, and make
 Our noisy years seem moments in the being
 Of the eternal silence : truths that wake

To perish never :

Which neither listlessness, nor mad endeavour,

Nor Man nor Boy,

Nor all that is at enmity with joy
 Can utterly abolish or destroy !

Hence in a season of calm weather,

Though inland far we be,

Our souls have sight of that immortal sea

Which brought us hither ;

Can in a moment travel thither,

And see the children sport upon the shore,
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

Then sing ye birds, sing, sing a joyous song !

And let the young lambs bound

As to the tabor's sound !

We in thought will join your throng,

Ye that pipe and ye that play,

Ye that through your hearts to-day

Feel the gladness of the May !

What though the radiance which was once so bright
Be now for ever taken from my sight ;

Though nothing can bring back the hour
Of splendour in the grass, of glory in the flower ;

We will grieve not, rather find

Strength in what remains behind ;

In the primal sympathy

Which having been must ever be ;

In the soothing thoughts that spring

Out of human suffering ;

In the faith that looks through death,

In years that bring the philosophic mind.

And oh ! ye fountains, meadows, hills, and groves,
Think not of any severing of our loves !

Yet in my heart of hearts I feel your might ;

I only have relinquished one delight

To live beneath your more habitual sway.

I love the brooks which down their channels fret,
Even more than when I tripped, lightly as they ;

The innocent brightness of a new-born day

Is lovely yet ;

The clouds that gather round the setting sun,

Do take a sober colouring from an eye

That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality ;

Another race hath been and other palms are won.

Thanks to the human heart by which we live,

Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and fears,

To me the meanest flower that blows can give

Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.





SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE was born in 1772, at Ottery St. Mary, in Devonshire, of which parish his father was vicar. He received his education at Christ's Hospital, and at Jesus College, Cambridge, where he addicted himself to the study of poetry and metaphysics. His opinions not being at this time of the most orthodox kind, he fled from the university to London, where he enlisted as a trooper in the 15th Regiment, Elliot's Light Dragoons. He was discovered, in spite of a euphonious *alias* which he had adopted, whilst the troop to which he belonged was quartered at Reading, and sent back to Cambridge, which he left, however, without a degree. His "Religious Musings" were written in a tap-room, at Reading, on Christmas Eve, 1794. Coleridge associated himself with Southey and Lovel in the projection of a state of pure freedom, to be established under the title of a Pantisocracy on the banks of the Susquehannah, and only the want of funds prevented the magnificent scheme from being carried out. During a considerable portion of his life, Coleridge was a slave to the practice of taking opium, against which habit conscience and religion seemed alike powerless. In 1816 he placed himself under the charge of Mr. Gilman (who afterwards became one of his biographers) at Highgate. Here his conversational powers were a marvel and a delight to crowds of auditors, and here he regained

equability of mind and orthodoxy of religious opinion. He died in 1834. Most of his works are of a fragmentary nature; they are "The Friend;" "Lay Sermons;" "Biographia Literaria;" "Aids to Reflection," and others. Amongst his poetry, with some drawbacks, stands pre-eminent his "Ancient Mariner," and the hymn to Mount Blanc, which is quoted below.

HYMN BEFORE SUNRISE IN THE VALE OF CHAMOUNI.

Hast thou a charm to stay the morning star
In his steep course? so long he seems to pause
On thy bald awful head, O sovran Blanc!
The Arve and Arveiron at thy base
Rave ceaselessly; but thou, most awful form!
Risest from forth thy silent sea of pines,
How silently! Around thee and above,
Deep is the air and dark, substantial, black,
An ebon mass; methinks thou piercest it
As with a wedge! But when I look again,
It is thine own calm home, thy crystal shrine,
Thy habitation from eternity!
O dread and silent Mount! I gazed upon thee,
Till thou, still present to the bodily sense,
Didst vanish from my thought; entranced in prayer,
I worshipped the Invisible alone.

Yet, like some sweet beguiling melody,
So sweet we know not we are listening to it,
Thou, the meanwhile, wast blending with my thought,
Yea, with my life and life's own secret joy,
Till the dilating soul, enrapt, transfused,
Into the mighty vision passing—there,
As in her natural form, swelled vast to heaven!

Awake, my soul! not only passive praise
Thou owest not alone these swelling tears,
Mute thanks, and secret ecstasy. Awake,
Voice of sweet song! Awake, my heart, awake!
Green vales and icy cliffs, all join my hymn.

Thou first and chief, sole sovran of the vale !
 O struggling with the darkness all the night,
 And visited all night by troops of stars,
 Or when they climb the sky, or when they sink !
 Companion of the morning star at dawn,
 Thysel earth's rosy star, and of the dawn
 Co-herald ! wake, O wake, and utter praise !
 Who sank thy sunless pillars deep in earth ?
 Who filled thy countenance with rosy light ?
 Who made thee parent of perpetual springs ?

And you, ye five wild torrents, fiercely glad !
 Who called you forth from night and utter death,
 From dark and icy caverns called you forth,
 Down those precipitous, black, jagged rocks,
 For ever shattered, and the same for ever ?
 Who gave you your invulnerable life,
 Your strength, your speed, your fury, and your joy,
 Unceasing thunder and eternal foam ?
 And who commanded (and the silence came),
 Here let the billows stiffen and have rest ?

Ye ice-falls ! ye that from the mountain's brow
 Adown enormous ravines slope amain—
 Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty voice,
 And stopped at once amid their maddest plunge !
 Motionless torrents ! silent cataracts !
 Who made you glorious as the gates of heaven
 Beneath the keen full moon ? Who bade the sun
 Clothe you with rainbows ? Who, with living flowers
 Of loveliest blue, spread garlands at your feet ?

God ! let the torrents, like a shout of nations,
 Answer ! and let the ice-plains echo, God !
 God ! sing, ye meadow-streams, with gladsome voice
 Ye pine groves, with your soft and soul-like sounds !
 And they, too, have a voice, yon piles of snow,
 And in their perilous fall shall thunder, God !

Ye living flowers that skirt the eternal frost !
 Ye wild goats sporting round the eagle's nest !
 Ye eagles, playmates of the mountain storm !
 Ye lightnings, the dread arrows of the clouds !
 Ye signs and wonders of the element !
 Utter forth God, and fill the hills with praise !

Once more, hoar Mount! with thy sky-pointing peaks,
 Oft from whose feet the avalanche unheard,
 Shoots downward, glittering through the pure serene,
 Into the depth of clouds that veil thy breast—
 Thou too, again, stupendous Mountain! thou,
 That as I raise my head, awhile bowed low
 In adoration, upward from thy base,
 Slow travelling with dim eyes suffused with tears,
 Solemnly seemest like a vapoury cloud
 To rise before me—Rise, oh! ever rise,
 Rise like a cloud of incense from the earth!
 Thou kingly spirit throned among the hills,
 Thou dread ambassador from earth to heaven,
 Great hierarch! tell thou the silent sky,
 And tell the stars, and tell yon rising sun,
 Earth, with her thousand voices, praises God.



(1774—1843.)

ROBERT SOUTHEY was born at Bristol in 1774. He was early a friend of Coleridge, and shared with him and Lovel, the dream of a Pantisocracy, which he relinquished upon the occasion of his marriage. After successive residences in Lisbon, London, and Dublin, he settled down, on the banks of the Greta, near Keswick, to a laborious literary life, which some time before his death in 1843, had the effect of prostrating his intellectual energies.

Southey was made poet laureate in 1813. His chief poetical works are "Joan of Arc;" "Thalaba;" "Madoc;" the "Curse of Kehama," from which the stanzas en-

titled "Love" are extracted; and innumerable ballads. The fire of Southey has generally been kept in check by his precision; his spontaneity suffered from his varied scholarship.

LOVE.

They sin who tell us love can die,
With life all other passions fly,
All others are but vanity.
In heaven ambition cannot dwell,
Nor avarice in the vaults of hell;
Earthly these passions of the earth,
They perish where they have their birth;
But love is indestructible.
Its holy flame for ever burneth,
From heaven it came, to heaven returneth;
Too oft on earth a troubled guest,
At times deceived, at times opprest,
It here is tried and purified,
Then hath in heaven its perfect rest:
It soweth here with toil and care,
But the harvest-time of Love is there.
Oh! when a mother meets on high
The babe she lost in infancy,
Hath she not then, for pains and fears,
The day of woe, the watchful night,
For all her sorrow, all her tears,
An over-payment of delight?

THE HOLLY TREE.

Oh, Reader! hast thou ever stood to see
The Holly Tree?
The eye that contemplates it well perceives
Its glossy leaves,
Ordered by an intelligence so wise
As might confound the Atheist's sophistries.

Below, a circling fence, its leaves are seen
Wrinkled and keen ;
No grazing cattle through their prickly round
Can reach to wound ;
But, as they grow where nothing is to fear,
Smooth and unarmed the pointless leaves appear.

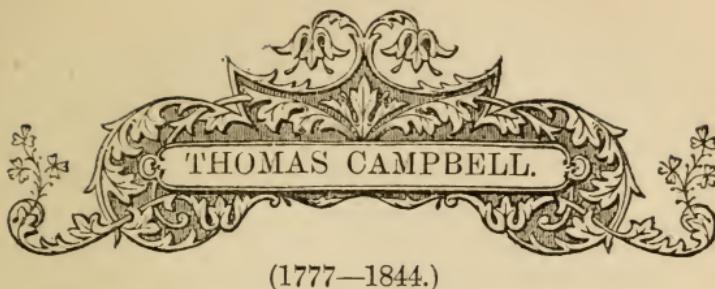
I love to view these things with curious eyes,
And moralize ;
And in this wisdom of the Holly Tree
Can emblems see,
Wherewith perchance to make a pleasant ryhme,
One which may profit in the after time.

Thus though abroad perchance I might appear
Harsh and austere ;
To those, who on my leisure would intrude,
Reserved and rude ;—
Gentle at home amid my friends I'd be,
Like the high leaves upon the Holly Tree.

And should my youth, as youth is apt I know,
Some harshness show,
All vain asperities I day by day
Would wear away,
Till the smooth temper of my age should be
Like the high leaves upon the Holly Tree.

And as when all the summer trees are seen
So bright and green,
The holly leaves a sober hue display
Less bright than they ;
But, when the bare and wintry woods we see,
What then so cheerful as the Holly Tree ?

So serious should my youth appear among
The thoughtless throng ;
So would I seem amid the young and gay
More grave than they ;
That in my age as cheerful I might be
As the green winter of the Holly Treec.



THOMAS CAMPBELL was born at Glasgow in the year 1777, and was educated at the University of his native city. At the age of twenty-one, he published a didactic poem entitled "The Pleasures of Hope," which was so favourably received that by the profits arising from its sale he was enabled to undertake a tour in Germany, during which he witnessed the battle of Hohenlinden, which he has so nobly commemorated. Settling in London, he edited "The New Monthly Magazine," from 1820 to 1831. He was three times elected Lord Rector of his University. He died in the year 1844 at Boulogne, whither he had gone to recruit his health; and was buried in the corner sacred to poets in Westminster Abbey. The most favourite productions of Campbell, beside his "Pleasures of Hope," and "Gertrude of Wyoming," are his lyrics devoted to the celebration of the glory and prestige of his native country. The "Battle of the Baltic," and others stir the heart like the sound of the trumpet. But it is in the "Last Man" that he seems to have uttered all the concentrated grandeur of his intellect and imagination.

THE LAST MAN.

All worldly shapes shall melt in gloom—

The Sun himself must die,
Before this mortal shall assume
Its immortality!

I saw a vision in my sleep,
That gave my spirit strength to sweep
Adown the gulf of time!

I saw the last of human mould,
That shall creation's death behold,
As Adam saw her prime.

The Sun's eye had a sickly glare,

The earth with age was wan;
The skeletons of nations were
Around that lonely man!

Some had expired in fight—the brands
Still rested in their bony hands—

In plague and famine some:
Earth's cities had no sound or tread,
And ships were drifting with the dead
To shores where all was dumb!

Yet, prophet-like, that lone one stood,
With dauntless words and high,

That shook the sere leaves from the wood,
As if a storm passed by;

Saying, "We are twins in death, proud Sun;
Thy face is cold, thy race is run,

'Tis mercy bids thee go;
For thou, ten thousand thousand years
Hast seen the tide of human tears,
That shall no longer flow.

What though beneath thee man put forth
His pomp, his pride, his skill:

And arts that made fire, flood, and earth
The vassals of his will?

Yet mourn I not thy parted sway,
Thou dim, discrowned king of day;

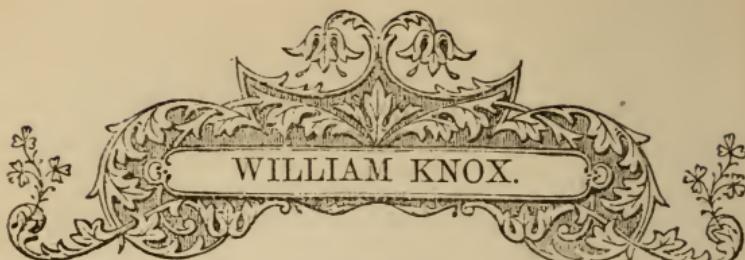
For all those trophied arts,
And triumphs that beneath thee sprang
Healed not a passion or a pang
Entailed on human hearts.

Go, let oblivion's curtain fall
Upon the stage of men,
Nor with thy rising beams recall
Life's tragedy again :
Its piteous pageants bring not back,
Nor waken flesh upon the rack
Of pain anew to writhe ;
Stretched in disease's shapes abhorred,
Or mown in battle by the sword,
Like grass beneath the scythe.

Even I am weary in yon skies
To watch thy fading fire :
Test of all sumless agonies,
Behold not me expire :
My lips that speak thy dirge of death,
Their rounded gasp and gurgling breath,
To see thou shalt not boast.
The eclipse of Nature spreads my pall—
The majesty of darkness shall
Receive my parting ghost !

This spirit shall return to Him
That gave its heavenly spark ;
Yet think not, Sun, it shall be dim,
When thou thyself art dark !
No ! it shall live again, and shine
In bliss unknown to beams of thine,
By Him recalled to breath,
Who captive led captivity,
Who robbed the grave of victory,
And took the sting from death !

Go, Sun, while mercy holds me up
On Nature's awful waste,
To drink this last and bitter cup
Of grief that man shall taste—
Go, tell the night that hides thy face,
Thou sawest the last of Adam's race,
On earth's sepulchral clod,
The darkening universe defy
To quench his immortality,
Or shake his trust in God !



WILLIAM KNOX was born at Edinburgh in the year 1789. "His father," says Sir Walter Scott, "was a respectable yeoman, and he himself succeeding to good farms under the Duke of Buccleuch, became too soon his own master, and plunged into dissipation and ruin. His talent then showed itself in a fine strain of pensive poetry."

It has been remarked that Knox throughout his life kept his domestic affections unimpaired, and that "from the force of early impressions of piety he was able, in the very midst of the most deplorable dissipation, to command his mind at intervals to the composition of verses alive with sacred fire, and breathing of Scriptural simplicity and tenderness." Knox died at Edinburgh, in the year 1825. His chief works are "The Lonely Hearth;" "Songs of Israel;" and the "Harp of Zion."

THE CURSE OF CAIN.

O the wrath of the Lord is a terrible thing !
Like the tempest that withers the blossoms of spring—
Like the thunder that bursts on the summer's domain—
It fell on the head of the homicide Cain.

And lo ! like a deer in the fright of the chase,
With a fire in his heart, and a brand on his face,
He speeds him afar to the desert of Nod—
A vagabond smote by the vengeance of God.

All Nature to him has been blasted and banned,
 For the blood of a brother yet reeks on his hand ;
 And no vintage has grown, and no fountain has sprung,
 For cheering his heart, or for cooling his tongue.

The groans of a father his slumber shall start,
 And the tears of a mother shall pierce to his heart,
 And the kiss of his children shall scorch him like flame,
 When he thinks of the curse that hangs over his name.

And the wife of his bosom—the faithful and fair—
 Can mix no sweet drop in his cup of despair ;
 For her tender caress and her innocent breath,
 But stir in his soul the hot embers of wrath.

And his offering may blaze, unregarded by heaven ;
 And his spirit may pray—yet remain unforgiven ;
 And his grave may be closed—but no rest to him bring :
 O the wrath of the Lord is a terrible thing !

THE PROPHETS OF BAAL.

1 Kings xviii. 21—41.

“ Ye prophets of Baal ! let an offering be laid
 On the altar which you to your idol have made.
 Let an offering be laid on the altar I rear
 To the Lord that I worship, the Lord that I fear :
 Pray ye to your god, while to my God I pray ;
 For the fire of his power to consume it away,
 And let Him—the Omnipotent—who hath bestowed
 The boon we request, be acknowledged as God.”

When Elijah had spoken, an offering was laid
 On the altar which they to their idol had made ;
 And the propets of Baal to devotion were given
 From the morn till the noon, from the noon till the even ;
 But the voice of their prayer passed like winds of the sky
 That blow o'er the desert and bring no reply ;
 And they smote them with lancets, and leapt in despair,
 But the god of their worship was deaf to their prayer.

“ Ye prophets of Baal ! cry aloud, cry aloud,
 Perhaps he is wrapped in his thoughts like a cloud ;

Cry aloud, cry aloud, with your voices of woe,
Perhaps he is now in pursuit of his foe ;
Cry aloud, cry aloud, like a trumpet of war,
Perhaps he is gone on some journey afar ;
Cry aloud, cry aloud, in your agony deep,
Perhaps he is laid on his pillow of sleep.”

When Elijah had spoken, an altar was reared
To the Lord that he worshipped, the Lord that he feared ;
And he bowed him in prayer, and the fire was bestowed,
And the God of his sires was acknowledged as God.
And the prophets of Baal, who had offered in vain,
Were led to the banks of the Kishon, and slain ;
For the god of their worship appeared not to save
The blood of the heathen that crimsoned the wave.



(1771—1854.)

JAMES MONTGOMERY, the son of a Moravian missionary, was born at Irvine, in Ayrshire, in 1771; and was educated at the Moravian school at Fulneck, near Leeds. In 1792, he commenced his connection with the “Sheffield Iris,” a newspaper which he afterwards conducted for the space of thirty years, retiring from his editorial duties in 1825. In January 1794, and again in January 1795, he was prosecuted for alleged political offences, and sentenced the first time to a fine of £20 and three months’ imprisonment, and the second time to a fine of £30 and six months’ imprisonment. He lived long enough to record that all his political an-

tagonists of those years had, without exception, died at peace with him. In his latter years, he enjoyed a pension of £200 per annum from the discriminating bounty of his sovereign. His death occurred in the year 1854.

James Montgomery's chief poetical works are, "The Wanderer of Switzerland and other Poems" (1806); "The World before the Flood" (1813); "Greenland" (1819); and "The Pelican Island," which is in many respects the most finished of his productions. His smaller poems exhibit great facility and smoothness, and an unfailing and exquisite amiability and devoutness of feeling.

THE POOR WAYFARER.

A poor wayfaring man of grief
Hath often crossed me on my way,
Who sued so humbly for relief
That I could never answer, Nay.
I had not power to ask his name,
Whither he went, or whence he came,
Yet there was something in his eye
That won my love, I knew not why.

Once when my scanty meal was spread,
He entered ; not a word he spake :
Just perishing for want of bread ;
I gave him all ; he blessed it, brake,
And ate ; but gave me part again :
Mine was the angel's portion then ;
For while I fed with eager haste,
That crust was manna to my taste.

I spied him where a fountain burst
Clear from the rock ; his strength was gone ;
The heedless water mocked his thirst,
He heard it, saw it hurrying on :
I ran to raise the sufferer up :
Thrice from the stream he drained my cup,
Dipt, and returned it running o'er ;
I drank, and never thirsted more.

'Twas night; the floods were out; it blew
A winter hurricane aloof;
I heard his voice abroad, and flew
To bid him welcome to my roof;
I warmed, I clothed, I cheered my guest,
Laid him on my own couch to rest;
Then made the hearth my bed, and seemed
In Eden's garden while I dreamed.

Stript, wounded, beaten nigh to death,
I found him by the highway side:
I roused his pulse, brought back his breath,
Revived his spirit, and supplied
Wine, oil, refreshment; he was healed:
I had myself a wound concealed;
But from that hour forgot the smart,
And peace bound up my broken heart.

In prison I saw him next, condemned
To meet a traitor's death at morn:
The tide of lying tongues I stemmed,
And honoured him midst shame and scorn;
My friendship's utmost zeal to try,
He asked, if I for him would die?
The flesh was weak, my blood ran chill;
But the free spirit cried, "I will."

Then in a moment to my view
The stranger darted from disguise;
The tokens in his hands I knew,
My Saviour stood before mine eyes!
He spake; and my poor name He named;
"Of Me thou hast not been ashamed;
These deeds shall thy memorial be;
Fear not; thou didst them unto Me."

THE GRAVE.

There is a calm for those who weep,
A rest for weary pilgrims found,
They softly lie, and sweetly sleep
Low in the ground.

The storm that wrecks the winter sky
No more disturbs their deep repose,
Than summer evening's latest sigh
That shuts the rose.

I long to lay this painful head
And aching heart beneath the soil,
To slumber in that dreamless bed
From all my toil.

For misery stole me at my birth,
And cast me helpless on the wild :
I perish ; Oh, my mother earth !
Take home thy child !

On thy dear lap these limbs reclined,
Shall gently moulder into thee ;
Nor leave one wretched trace behind
Resembling me.

Hark ! a strange sound affrights mine ear ;
My pulse, my brain runs wild—I rave :
Ah ! who art thou whose voice I hear ?
“I am the Grave !

The Grave, that never spake before,
Hath found at length a tongue to chide :
Oh listen ! I will speak no more :
Be silent, pride !

Art thou a wretch of hope forlorn,
The victim of consuming care ?
Is thy distracted conscience torn
By fell despair ?

Do foul misdeeds of former times
 Wring with remorse thy guilty breast ?
 And ghosts of unforgiven crimes
 Murder thy rest ?

Lashed by the furies of the mind,
 From wrath and vengeance wouldest thou flee ?
 Ah ! think not, hope not, fool ! to find
 A friend in me.

By all the terrors of the tomb,
 Beyond the power of tongue to tell !
 By the dread secrets of my womb !
 By death and hell !

I charge thee live ! repent and pray ;
 In dust thine infamy deplore ;
 There yet is mercy ; go thy way,
 And sin no more.

Art thou a mourner ? Hast thou known
 The joy of innocent delights ?
 Endearing days for ever flown,
 And tranquil nights ?

Oh live ! and deeply cherish still
 The sweet remembrance of the past :
 Rely on heaven's unchanging will
 For peace at last.

Art thou a wanderer ? Hast thou seen
 O'erwhelming tempests drown thy bark ?
 A shipwrecked sufferer, hast thou been,
 Misfortune's mark ?

Though long of winds and waves the sport,
 Condemned in wretchedness to roam,
 Live ! thou shalt reach a sheltering port,
 A quiet home.

To friendship didst thou trust thy fame ?
 And was thy friend a deadly foe,
 Who stole into thy breast to aim
 A surer blow ?

Live ! and repine not o'er his loss,
A loss unworthy to be told :
Thou hast mistaken sordid dross
For friendship's gold.

Go, seek that treasure, seldom found,
Of power the fiercest griefs to calm,
And soothe the bosom's deepest wound
With heavenly balm.

Did woman's charms thy youth beguile,
And did the fair one faithless prove ?
Hath she betrayed thee with her smile,
And sold thy love ?

Live ! 'twas a false bewildering fire :
Too often love's insidious dart
Thrills the fond soul with wild desire,
But kills the heart.

Thou yet shalt know how sweet, how dear,
To gaze on listening beauty's eye !
To ask, and pause in hope and fear
Till she reply !

A nobler flame shall warm thy breast,
A brighter maiden faithful prove ;
Thy youth, thine age, shall yet be blest
In woman's love.

Whate'er thy lot, whoe'er thou be,
Confess thy folly—kiss the rod,
And in thy chastening sorrows sec
The hand of God.

A bruiséd reed he will not break ;
Afflictions all his children feel ;
He wounds them for his mercy's sake ;
He wounds to heal !

Humbled beneath his mighty hand,
Prostrate his providence adore :
'Tis done ! Arise ! He bids thee stand,
To fall no more.

Now, traveller in the vale of tears !
 To realms of everlasting light,
 Through time's dark wilderness of years,
 Pursue thy flight.

There is a calm for those who weep,
 A rest for weary pilgrims found ;
 And while the mouldering ashes sleep
 Low in the ground ;

The soul, of origin divine,
 God's glorious image, freed from clay,
 In heaven's eternal sphere shall shine
 A star of day !

The sun is but a spark of fire,
 A transient meteor in the sky ;
 The soul, immortal as its sire,
 Shall never die."



JOHN WILSON was the son of an opulent manufacturer of Paisley, where he was born in the year 1788. He was educated successively at the universities of Glasgow and Oxford. After four years residence at Oxford, during which he triumphantly carried off the Newdigate prize for the best English poem of fifty lines, he removed to Elleray, on the banks of Windermere. This circumstance, perhaps as much as any internal identity or similarity, has led him to be sometimes classed with the

"Lake Poets." He became a member of the Scottish bar; and was a successful candidate for the chair of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh. In his prose contributions to "Blackwood's Magazine," he poured forth with startling prodigality, from the limitless wealth of his superb imagination, strong humour and delicate fancy. In the words of Mr. Hallam, Wilson was a "writer of the most ardent and enthusiastic genius, whose eloquence is as the rush of mighty waters."

The "Recreations of Christopher North" are recreations common to the whole world of taste and reading. After a somewhat protracted illness, Wilson died in 1854.

As a poet he is remarkable for his facile and idealistic description, which constantly strives after depicting the soul of nature; for his beautifully pervading humanity, which shows itself in every thought; and for his unaffected and ingrained reverence for the Creator of all. His collected "Poems" include his "Isle of Palms," the "City of the Plague," the "Convict," and a large number of minor pieces.

SONNETS.

THE WAVE OF LIFE.

The lake lay hid in mist, and to the sand
The little billows hastening silently,
Came sparkling on, in many a gladsome band,
Soon as they touched the shore, all doomed to die !
I gazed upon them with a pensive eye,
For on that dim and melancholy strand,
I saw the image of man's destiny.
So hurry we right onwards thoughtlessly,
Unto the coast of that eternal land !
Where, like the worthless billows in their glee,

The first faint touch unable to withstand,
We melt at once into eternity.
O Thou who weigh'st the waters in thine hand,
My awe-struck spirit puts her trust in Thee !

THE VOICE OF THE MOUNTAINS.

List ! while I tell what forms the mountain's voice !
—The storms are up ; and from yon sable cloud
Down rush the rains ; while 'mid the thunder loud
The viewless eagles in wild screams rejoice.
The echoes answer to the unearthly noise
Of hurling rocks, that, plunged into the lake,
Send up a sullen groan : from clefts and caves,
As of half-murdered wretch, hark ! yells awake,
Or red-eyed phrensy, as in chains he raves.
These form the mountain's voice ; these, heard at night,
Distant from human beings' known abode,
To earth some spirits bow in cold affright,
But some they lift to glory and to God.

A CHURCHYARD SCENE.

How sweet and solemn, all alone,
With reverent steps, from stone to stone
In a small village churchyard lying,
O'er intervening flowers to move !
And as we read the names unknown
Of young and old to judgment gone,
And hear in the calm air above
Time onwards softly flying,
To meditate in Christian love,
Upon the dead and dying !
Across the silence seem to go
With dream-like motion, wavering, slow,
And shrouded in their folds of snow,
The friends we loved long, long ago !
Gliding across the sad retreat,
How beautiful their phantom feet !
What tenderness is in their eyes,

Turned where the poor survivor lies
'Mid monitory sanctities !
What years of vanished joy are fanned
From one uplifting of that hand
In its white stillness ! when the shade
Doth glimmeringly in sunshine fade
From our embrace, how dim appears
This world's life through a mist of tears !
Vain hopes ! blind sorrows ! needless fears !

Such is the scene around me now :
A little churchyard on the brow
Of a green pastoral hill ;
Its sylvan village sleeps below,
And faintly here is heard the flow
Of Woodburn's summer rill ;
A place where all things mournfulmeet,
And yet the sweetest of the sweet,
The stillest of the still !
With what a pensive beauty fall
Across the mossy mouldering wall
That rose-tree's clustered arches ! See
The robin-redbreast warily,
Bright through the blossoms, leaves his nest ;
Sweet ingrate ! through the winter blest
At the firesides of men—but shy
Through all the sunny summer hours,
He hides himself among the flowers
In his own wild festivity.
What lulling sound, and shadow cool
Hangs half the darkened churchyard o'er,
From thy green depths so beautiful
Thou gorgeous sycamore !
Oft hath the holy wine and bread
Been blest beneath thy murmuring tent,
Where many a bright and hoary head
Bowed at that awful sacrament.
Now all beneath the turf are laid
On which they sat, and sang, and prayed.
Above that consecrated tree
Ascends the tapering spire that seems
To lift the soul up silently
To heaven with all its dreams,
While in the belfry, deep and low,

From his heaved bosom's purple gleams
The dove's continuous murmurs flow,
A dirge-like song, half bliss, half woe,
The voice so lonely seems !

THE VOICE OF DEPARTED FRIENDSHIP.

I had a Friend who died in early youth !
—And often in those melancholy dreams,
When my soul travels through the umbrage deep
That shades the silent world of memory,
Methinks I hear his voice ! Sweet as the breath
Of balmy ground-flowers stealing from some spot
Of sunshine sacred, in a gloomy wood,
To everlasting spring.

In the churchyard
Where now he sleeps—the day before he died,
Silent we sat together on a grave ;
Till gently laying his pale hand on mine,
Pale in the moonlight that was coldly sleeping
On heaving sod and marble monument,—
This was the music of his last farewell !
“ Weep not, my brother ! though thou seest me led
By short and easy stages, day by day,
With motion almost imperceptible
Into the quiet grave. God’s will be done.
Even when a boy, in doleful solitude
My soul oft sat within the shadow of death !
And when I looked along the laughing earth,
Up the blue heavens, and through the middle air
Joyfully ringing with the sky-lark’s song,
I wept ! and thought how sad for one so young
To bid farewell to so much happiness.
But Christ hath called me from this lower world,
Delightful though it be—and when I gaze
On the green earth and all its happy hills,
’Tis with such feelings as a man beholds
A little farm which he is doomed to leave
On an appointed day. Still more and more
He loves it as that mournful day draws near,
But hath prepared his heart—and is resigned.”

—Then lifting up his radiant eyes to heaven,
He said with fervent voice—" Oh what were life
Even in the warm and summer-light of joy
Without those hopes, that like refreshing gales
At evening from the sea, come o'er the soul,
Breathed from the ocean of eternity.

—And oh ! without them who could bear the storms
That fall in roaring blackness o'er the waters
Of agitated life ! Then hopes arise
All round our sinking souls, like those fair birds
O'er whose soft plumes the tempest hath no power,
Waving their snow-white wings amid the darkness,
And wiling us with gentle motion, on
To some calm island ! on whose silvery strand
Dropping at once, they fold their silent pinions,
And as we touch the shores of paradise
In love and beauty walk around our feet !"

LINES WRITTEN IN A HIGHLAND GLEN.

To whom belongs this Valley fair,
That sleeps beneath the filmy air,
Even like a living Thing ?
Silent—as Infant at the breast—
Save a still sound that speaks of rest,
That streamlet's murmuring.

The Heavens appear to love this vale ;
Here clouds with scarce-seen motion sail,
Or 'mid the silence lie !
By that blue arch, this beauteous Earth
Mid Evening's hour of dewy mirth
Seems bound unto the sky.

O ! that this lovely Vale were mine !
Then, from glad youth to calm decline,
My years would gently glide ;
Hope would rejoice in endless Dreams,
And memory's oft-returning gleams
By Peace be sanctified.

There would unto my soul be given,
 From presence of that gracious Heaven,
 A Piety sublime;
 And thoughts would come of mystic mood,
 To make in this deep solitude
 Eternity of Time !

And did I ask to whom belonged
 This Vale?—I feel that I have wronged
 Nature's most gracious soul!
 She spreads her glories o'er the Earth,
 And all her Children from their birth
 Are joint-heirs of the whole !

Yea! long as Nature's humblest Child
 Hath kept her Temple undefiled
 By sinful sacrifice,
 Earth's fairest scenes are all his own,
 He is a Monarch, and his Throne
 Is built amid the skies !



(BORN 1791.)

THE present venerable Dean of St. Paul's was born in London, February 10th, 1791. He is the youngest son of Sir Francis Milman, physician to George III. He was educated at Dr. Burney's academy at Greenwich, at Eton, and at Brazenose College, Oxford. He was ordained in 1817, and appointed vicar of St. Mary's, Reading. In 1821 he was elected to the professorship of poetry in the University of Oxford. After having

been for some time rector of St. Margaret's, Westminster, he was presented in November, 1849, to the Deanery of St. Paul's, a preferment which he still lives to enjoy.

In 1817, the year of his ordination, Mr. Milman published the tragedy of "Fazio," which was successfully represented on the stage. Besides this, his principal poetical works are, "Samor, Lord of the Bright City" (1818); "The Fall of Jerusalem," a dramatic poem (1820); "Belshazzar," and "The Martyr of Antioch." His chief prose works are, a "History of Latin Christianity," and a "History of the Jews." The poems of Dr. Milman are characterized by scholarly feeling and taste, although short of the fire and imagination of genius.

PRAYER OF MIRIAM.

(FROM THE "FALL OF JERUSALEM.")

Oh Thou ! Thou who canst melt the heart of stone,
And make the desert of the cruel breast
A paradise of soft and gentle thoughts !
Ah ! will it ever be, that Thou wilt visit
The darkness of my father's soul ? Thou knowest
In what strong bondage zeal and ancient faith,
Passion and stubborn custom and fierce pride,
Hold the heart of man. Thou knowest, Merciful !
Thou knowest all things, and dost ever turn
Thine eye of pity on our guilty nature.

For Thou wert born of woman ! Thou didst come,
Oh Holiest ! to this world of sin and gloom,
Not in thy dread omnipotent array ;
And not by thunders strewed
Was thy tempestuous road.
Nor indignation burnt before Thee on thy way.

But Thee, a soft and naked child,
 Thy mother undefiled,
 In the rude manger laid to rest
 From off her virgin breast.

The heavens were not commanded to prepare
 A gorgeous canopy of golden air ;
 Nor stooped their lamps the enthroned fires on high :
 A single silent star
 Came wandering from afar,
 Gliding unchecked and calm along the liquid sky ;
 The Eastern sages leading on
 As at a kingly throne,
 To lay their gold and odours sweet
 Before thy infant feet.

The earth and ocean were not hushed to hear
 Bright harmony from every starry sphere ;
 Nor at thy presence break the voice of song
 From all the cherub choirs,
 And seraph's burning lyres,
 Poured through the host of heaven the charméd clouds
 along.
 One angel troop the strain began ;
 Of all the race of man
 By simple shepherds heard alone,
 That soft Hosanna's tone.

And when Thou didst depart, no car of flame
 To bear Thee hence in lambent radiance came ;
 Nor visible angels mourned with drooping plumes ;
 Nor didst Thou mount on high
 From fatal Calvary
 With all thine own redeemed outbursting from their
 tombs.
 For Thou didst bear away from earth
 But one of human birth,
 The dying felon by thy side, to be
 In Paradise with Thee.

Nor o'er thy cross the clouds of vengeance brake ;
 A little while the conscious earth did shake

At that foul deed by her fierce children done ;
 A few dim hours of day
 The world in darkness lay ;
 Then basked in bright repose beneath the cloudless
 sun ;
 While Thou didst sleep beneath the tomb
 Consenting to thy doom ;
 Ere yet the white-robed angel shone
 Upon the sealéd stone.

And when Thou didst arise, Thou didst not stand
 With devastation in thy red right hand,
 Plaguing the guilty city's murtherous crew ;
 But Thou didst haste to meet
 Thy mother's coming feet,
 And bear the words of peace unto the faithful few.
 Then calmly, slowly didst Thou rise
 Into thy native skies,
 Thy human form dissolved on high
 In its own radiancy.

THE SECOND SUNDAY IN ADVENT.

Even thus amidst thy pride and luxury,
 Oh Earth ! shall that last coming burst on thee,
 That secret coming of the Son of Man.
 When all the cherub-throning clouds shall shine,
 Irradiate with his bright advancing sign ;
 When that great Husbandman shall wave his fan,
 Sweeping, like chaff, thy wealth and pomp away :
 Still to the noontide of that nightless day,
 Shalt Thou thy wonted dissolute course maintain.
 Along the busy mart and crowded street,
 The buyer and the seller still shall meet,
 And marriage feasts begin their jocund strain :
 Still to the pouring out the cup of woe ;
 Till earth, a drunkard, reeling to and fro,
 And mountains moiten by his burning feet,
 And heaven his presence own, all red with furnace heat.

The hundred gated cities then,
 The towers and temples, named of men —

Eternal, and the thrones of kings ;
 The gilded summer palaces,
 The courtly bowers of love and ease,
 Where still the bird of pleasure sings ;
 Ask ye the destiny of them ?
 Go gaze on fallen Jerusalem !
 Yea, mightier names are in the fatal roll,
 'Gainst earth and heaven God's standard is unfurled.
 The skies are shrivelled like a burning scroll,
 And the vast common doom ensepulchres the world.

Oh ! who shall then survive ?
 Oh ! who shall stand and live ?
 When all that hath been is no more :
 When for the round earth hung in air,
 With all its constellations fair
 In the sky's azure canopy ;
 When for the breathing earth, and sparkling sea,
 Is but a fiery deluge without shore,
 Heaving along the abyss profound and dark—
 A fiery deluge, and without an ark.

Lord of all power, when Thou art there alone
 On thy eternal fiery-wheeléd throne,
 That in its high meridian noon
 Needs not the perished sun nor moon :
 When thou art there in thy presiding state,
 Wide-sceptred monarch o'er the realm of doom ;
 When from the sea depths, from earth's darkest womb,
 The dead of all the ages round Thee wait :
 And when the tribes of wickedness are strewn
 Like forest leaves in the autumn of thine ire :

Faithful and true ! Thou still wilt save thine own !
 The saints shall dwell within the unharzing fire,
 Each with robe spotless, blooming every palm.
 Even safe as we, by this still fountain's side,
 So shall the Church, thy bright and mystic bride,
 Sit on the stormy gulf a haleyon bird of calm.
 Yes, mid yon angry and destroying signs,
 O'er us the rainbow of thy mercy shines,
 We hail, we bless the covenant of its beam,
 Almighty to avenge, almightyest to redeem.

HYMN OF THE CAPTIVE JEWS.

(FROM "BELSHAZZAR.")

God of the thunder ! from whose cloudy seat
 The fiery winds of desolation flow ;
 Father of vengeance ! that with purple feet,
 Like a full wine-press tread'st the world below.
 The embattled armies wait thy sign to slay,
 Nor springs the beast of havoc on his prey,
 Nor withering famine walks his blasted way,
 Till Thou the guilty land hast sealed for woe.

God of the rainbow ! at whose gracious sign
 The billows of the proud their rage suppress :
 Father of mercies ! at one word of thine
 An Eden blooms in the waste wilderness !
 And fountains sparkle in the arid sands,
 And timbrels ring in maidens' glancing hands,
 And marble cities crown the laughing lands,
 And pillared temples rise thy name to bless.

O'er Judah's land thy thunders broke—oh, Lord !
 The chariots rattled o'er her sunken gate,
 Her sons were wasted by the Assyrian sword,
 Even her foes wept to see her fallen state ;
 And heaps her ivory palaces became,
 Her princes wore the captive's garb of shame,
 Her temple sank amid the smouldering flame,
 For Thou didst ride the tempest cloud of fate.

O'er Judah's land thy rainbow, Lord, shall beam,
 And the sad city lift her crownless head ;
 And songs shall wake, and dancing footsteps gleam,
 Where broods o'er fallen streets the silence of the dead.
 The sun shall shine on Salem's gilded towers,
 On Carmel's side our maidens cull the flowers,
 To deck, at blushing eve, their bridal bowers,
 And angel feet the glittering Sion tread.

Thy vengeance gave us to the stranger's hand,
 And Abraham's children were led forth for slaves ;
 With fettered steps we left our pleasant land,
 Envyng our fathers in their peaceful graves.
 The stranger's bread with bitter tears we steep,
 And when our weary eyes should sink to sleep,

'Neath the mute midnight we steal forth to weep,
Where the pale willows shade Euphrates' waves.

The born in sorrow shall bring forth in joy ;
Thy mercy, Lord, shall lead thy children home ;
He that went forth a tender yearling boy,
Yet, ere he die, to Salem's streets shall come.
And Canaan's vines for us their fruits shall bear,
And Hermon's bees their honied stores prepare,
And we shall kneel again in thankful prayer,
Where, o'er the cherub-seated God, full blazed the
irradiate dome.



(BORN ABOUT 1804.)

THE Reverend John Moultrie, the son of a country clergyman, was born about 1804. He was educated at Eton, and at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he obtained a scholarship in 1822. He graduated as B.A. in 1823, and took his master's degree three years later. In 1825 he was ordained deacon by the Bishop of Lincoln, priest by the Bishop of Ely, and presented to the rectory of Rugby by the Earl of Craven. Mr. Moultrie published in 1837, "My Brother's Grave, and other Poems;" "Lays of the English Church," in 1843; and "Altars, Hearths, and Graves," in 1854. His prose works include a "Memoir and Poetical Remains of W. S. Walker" (1852); "Sermons preached at Rugby" (1852); and besides these he has published an illustrated edition of "Gray's Poetical Works," with notes and some stanzas prefixed, which in his collected poems, published in 1854, are presented

under the title of "Musæ Etonenses." The loss of a cherished son seems to have originated the best of what he calls the "florets of a second spring," a piece entitled "My Three Sons," remarkable for the ease and simplicity with which effective and beautiful results of a tender and pathetic kind are attained. In the "Easter Dirge for the Dying," a touching and original thought is happily worked out.

MY THREE SONS.

I have a son, a little son, a boy just five years old,
With eyes of thoughtful earnestness, and mind of gentle
mould.

They tell me that unusual grace in all his ways appears,
That my child is grave and wise of heart beyond his
childish years.

I cannot say how this may be, I know his face is fair,
And yet his chiefest comeliness is his sweet and serious
air :

I know his heart is kind and fond, I know he loveth me,
But loveth yet his mother more with grateful fervency :
But that which others most admire is the thought which
fills his mind,

The food for grave inquiring speech he everywhere doth
find.

Strange questions doth he ask of me when we together
walk ;

He scarcely thinks as children think, or talks as children
talk.

Nor cares he much for childish sports, dotes not on bat
or ball,

But looks on manhood's ways and works, and aptly
mimicks all.

His little heart is busy still, and oftentimes perplexed
With thoughts about this world of ours, and thoughts
about the next,

He kneels at his dear mother's knee, she teacheth him to
pray,

And strange, and sweet, and solemn then are the words
which he will say.

Oh, should my gentle child be spared to manhood's
years, like me,
A holier and a wiser man I trust that he will be :
And when I look into his eyes, and stroke his thoughtful
brow,
I dare not think what I should feel, were I to lose him
now.

I have a son, a second son, a simple child of three ;
I'll not declare how bright and fair his little features be,
How silver sweet those tones of his when he prattles on
my knee :
I do not think his light blue eye is, like his brother's,
keen,
Nor his brow so full of childish thought as his hath ever
been ;
But his little heart's a fountain pure of kind and tender
feeling,
And his every look's a gleam of light, rich depths of
love revealing.
When he walks with me the country folk, who pass us in
the street,
Will shout for joy, and bless my boy, he looks so mild
and sweet.
A playfellow is he to all, and yet, with cheerful tone,
Will sing his little song of love, when left to sport
alone.
His presence is like sunshine sent to gladden home and
hearth,
To comfort us in all our griefs, and sweeten all our
mirth.
Should *he* grow up to riper years, God grant his heart
may prove,
As sweet a home for heavenly grace as now for earthly
love :
And if, beside his grave, the tears our aching eyes must
dim,
God comfort us for all the love which we shall lose in
him.

I have a son, a third sweet son ; his age I cannot tell,
For they reckon not by years and months where he is
gone to dwell.

To us, for fourteen anxious months, his infant smiles
were given,
And then he bade farewell to earth, and went to live in
heaven.
I cannot tell what form his is, what looks he weareth
now,
Nor guess how bright a glory crowns his shining seraph
brow.
The thoughts that fill his sinless soul, the bliss which he
doth feel,
Are numbered with the secret things which God will not
reveal.
But I know (for God hath told me this) that he is now at
rest,
Where other blessed infants be, on their Saviour's loving
breast.
I know his spirit feels no more this weary load of flesh,
But his sleep is blessed with endless dreams of joy for
ever fresh.
I know the angels fold him close beneath their glittering
wings,
And soothe him with a song that breathes of heaven's
divinest things.
I know that we shall meet our babe (his mother dear
and I),
Where God for aye shall wipe away all tears from every
eye.
Whate'er befalls his brethren twain, *his* bliss can never
cease;
Their lot may here be grief and fear, but *his* is certain
peace.
It may be that the tempter's wiles their souls from bliss
may sever,
But if our own poor faith fail not, *he* must be ours for
ever.
When we think of what our darling is, and what we still
must be,—
When we muse on *that* world's perfect bliss, and *this*
world's misery,—
When we groan beneath this world of sin, and feel this
grief and pain,
Oh! we'd rather lose our other two, than have him here
again.

EASTER DIRGE FOR THE DYING.

Wasting, waning, on the bed
Of thy patient anguish dying,
Christian sister thou wast lying,
While the Church, o'er Him who bled
For the living and the dead,
In funereal anthems sighing,
Bowed her reverential head.

'Midst that plaintive threnody
For the Death of Expiation,
Mixed with prayer and supplication,
Came the frequent thoughts of thee,
Christian sister, unto me;—
Might thy pangs but find cessation
With the pangs of Calvary !

But the day of dread and doom
Passed, and stars of orient splendour
Shot their light serene and tender
Through the circumambient gloom
Of that awful garden tomb,
Where ambrosial balms engender
Flowers of amaranthine bloom.

Fainting, fading in the thrall
Of thy unabated anguish,
Christian sister, thou didst languish,
Longing, listening for the call
Of the Lord and life of all,
Preaching to the souls in prison,
Till two other morns have risen,
Till one other night shall fall.

Waned the light of Easter-eve ;
Still thy warfare was unfinished,
Still thy patience undiminished;
Not a thought of thine shall grieve
Him in whom thou dost believe :
When He quits the grave to-morrow,
Will He in these bonds of sorrow
Still thy chastened spirit leave ?

So I asked—and hope arose—
Trembling hope—that Christ would banish
Pain with life, and cause to vanish
All thy weakness, all thy woes,
In the deepest, last repose,
On that day of joy immortal
When the grave's reluctant portal,
Did for Him its jaws unclose.

But it dawned,—and its decline
Soon was come,—beside thee kneeling,
Spake I words of peace and healing
To that suffering soul of thine;
While the mystic bread and wine
On the little bed-side table
Stood, and thou wast once more able
Still to taste that food divine.

And the solemn time was o'er,
And the sacrifice was ended;
Christ had to the grave descended,
Died, and risen to die no more:
Still thy bark was toward the shore
Through tempestuous waves proceeding,
Still for thee our hearts were bleeding,
Christian sister, sad and sore.

Yet 'twas well thou shouldst endure
Through that high, mysterious season,
To thy faith and to thy reason
Bringing confirmation sure;
With a spirit true and pure
Thou hast borne the tribulation,
Thou hast shared the expiation;
Rise with Christ! of full salvation
Through his blessed cross secure.

Meekly yet thy burden bear;
Christian sister, while He willeth;
While for thee his Spirit stilleth
Pangs Himself hath deigned to share;
Let Him smite, or let Him spare,
While these mortal hours yet linger,
Thou therein discern'st the finger
Of his guidance and his care.

Thou art near thy trouble's end ;
 Ours 'twill be, impatient hearted,
 Soon to mourn for thee departed,—
 Thee, the mother, wife, and friend ;
 O ! that thou mightst then descend
 From the mansions of thy glory,
 To disclose the wondrous story,
 How thy grief, so transitory,
 Doth eternal love commend.



(BORN ABOUT 1789.)

THE Reverend John Keble was born about the year 1789 ; and was educated at Corpus Christi College, Oxford, of which he was a scholar, and where he graduated B.A. in first class honours in 1810. He was soon afterwards elected to a fellowship at Oriel College ; where, as he had been at his former college, he was the contemporary and friend of Dr. Arnold. He was successively appointed Public Examiner in the University and Professor of Poetry ; and after some time was presented to the rectory of Hursley, near Winchester, a preferment which he still holds.

Mr. Keble is most favourably known as a poet by his "Christian Year" (1827) ; an estimable attempt to illustrate poetically and systematically the annually recurring seasons of the Church. This work has already gone through nearly seventy editions. His other productions include "Lyra Innocentium" (1847) ; "The Psalms of

David, in English Verse :" and in prose, " Sermons and Pamphlets on Ecclesiastical Subjects." He was associated with Dr. Pusey and Dr. Newman in editing the " Library of the Fathers " and the " Anglo-Catholic Library."

THE OFFERTORY.

" God loveth a cheerful giver."

Christ before thy door is waiting;
Rouse thee, slave of earthly gold.
Lo, He comes, thy pomp abating,
Hungry, thirsty, homeless, cold :—
Hungry, by whom saints are fed
With the Eternal Living Bread;
Thirsty, from whose piercéd side
Healing waters spring and glide;
Cold and bare He comes, who never
May put off his robe of light;
Homeless, who must dwell for ever
In the Father's bosom bright.

In kind ambush always lying,
He besets thy bed and path,
Fain would see thee hourly buying
Prayers against the time of wrath,
Prayers of thankful mourners here,
Prayers that in Love's might appear
With the offerings of the blest,
At the shrine of perfect rest.
See, his undecaying treasure
Lies like dew upon the grass,
To be won and stored at pleasure—
But its hour will quickly pass.

Christ before his altar standing,
Priest of priests, in his own day,
Calls on thee, some fruit demanding
Of the week's heaven-guarded way.

See his arm stretched out to bless,
 Whoso nearest to Him press ;
 Open-handed, eagle-eyed,
 They may best that arm abide,
 When the last dread lightnings wielding,
 He shall lift it, and decree,
 " Go, ye churls of souls unyielding,
 Where nor gift nor prayer shall be."

Jesus in his babes abiding,
 Shames our cold ungentle ways,
 Silently the young heart guiding
 To unconscious love and praise.
 See out-reached the fingers small,
 Ever at each playful call,
 Ready to dispense around
 Joys and treasures newly found.
 Fearless they of waste or spoiling,
 Nought enjoy but what they share ;
 Grudging thought and care and moiling,
 Live not in their pure glad air.

Strange the law of Love's combining !
 As with wild winds moaning round,
 Tones from lute or harp entwining,
 Make one thread of solemn sound :—
 As calm eve's autumnal glow
 Answers to the woods below :
 As in landscape, leaf, or stone,
 Cloud or flower at random thrown,
 Helps the sadness or the glory,
 So the gift of playful child
 May recall thy natal story,
 Church of Salem undefiled !

How the new-born saints, assembling
 Daily 'neath the shower of fire,
 To their Lord in hope and trembling
 Brought the choice of earth's desire.
 Never incense cloud so sweet
 As before the Apostles' feet
 Rose, majestic Seer, from Thee,
 Type of royal hearts and free,



EVENING.—Page 363.

“Sun of my soul! Thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if ‘Thou be near!’”

Son of holiest consolation,
 When thou turn'dst thine hand to gold,
 And thy gold to strong salvation,
 Leaving all, by Christ to hold:

Type of Priest and Monarch, casting
 All their crowns before the Throne,
 And the treasure everlasting
 Heaping in the world unknown.
 Now in gems their relics lie,
 And their names in blazonry,
 And their forms from storied panes,
 Gleam athwart their own loved fanes,
 Each his several radiance flinging
 On the sacred altar floor,
 Whether great ones much are bringing,
 Or their mite the mean and poor.

Bring them all, thy choicest treasure,
 Heap it high and hide it deep:
 Thou shalt win o'erflowing measure,
 Thou shalt climb where skies are steep.
 For as heaven's true only light
 Quickens all those forms so bright,
 So where Bounty never faints,
 There the Lord is with his saints,
 Mercy's sweet contagion spreading
 Far and wide from heart to heart,
 From his wounds atonement shedding
 On the blessed widow's part.

EVENING.

"Abide with us, for it is towards evening, and the day is far spent."—**St. LUKE xxiv. 29.**

'Tis gone, that bright and orbéd blaze,
 Fast fading from our wistful gaze;
 Yon mantling cloud has hid from sight
 The last faint pulse of quivering light.

In darkness and in weariness
The traveller on his way must press,
No gleam to watch on tree or tower,
Whiling away the lonesome hour.

Sun of my soul ! Thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if Thou be near ;
Oh ! may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide Thee from thy servant's eyes.

When round thy wondrous works below
My searching rapturous glance I throw,
Tracing out Wisdom, Power, and Love,
In earth or sky, in stream or grove :

Or by the light thy words disclose,
Watch Times' full river as it flows,
Scanning thy gracious Providence,
Where not too deep for mortal sense :

When with dear friends sweet talk I hold,
And all the flowers of life unfold ;
Let not my heart within me burn,
Except in all I Thee discern.

When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought how sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast.

Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live ;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

Thou Framer of the light and dark,
Steer through the tempest thine own ark :
Amid the howling wintry sea
We are in port if we have Thee.*

* "Then they willingly received Him into the ship : and immediately the ship was at the land whither they went."—St. John, vi. 21.

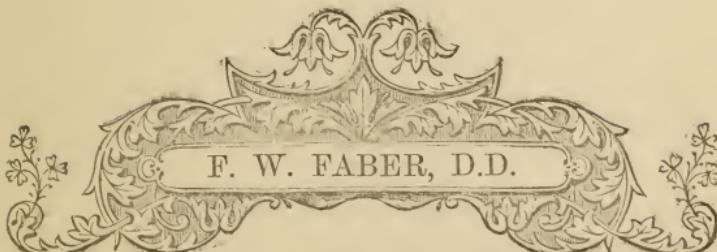
The rulers of this Christian land,
'Twixt Thee and us ordained to stand,—
Guide Thou their course, O Lord, aright,
Let all do all as in thy sight.

Oh ! by thine own sad burden, borne
So meekly up the hill of scorn,
Teach Thou thy Priests their daily cross
To bear as thine, nor count it loss !

If some poor wandering child of thine
Have spurned, to-day, the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin ;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

Watch by the sick, enrich the poor
With blessings from thy boundless store :
Be every mourner's sleep to-night
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take ;
Till in the ocean of thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above.



DR. FABER, at present priest superior of the Church of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, more popularly known as "The Oratory," Brompton, was formerly a fellow of University College, Oxford, and a clergyman of the Church of England. In 1840, he published "The

Cherwell Waterlily, and other Poems ;" and a collection, which is also a selection, of his poetical works, the third edition of which was sent to press in 1856. The sonnets "Our Thoughts are Greater than Ourselves," and "Heaven and Earth," first published in 1840, were judiciously retained in his selected poems. The exquisite verses entitled "The World," are taken from a volume published in 1849, entitled "Jesus and Mary; or Catholic Hymns," written chiefly to check, amongst members of the author's communion, the circulation of the household hymns of Wesley and the Olney Collection.

OUR THOUGHTS ARE GREATER THAN OURSELVES.

Our thoughts are greater than ourselves, our dreams
Oftimes more solid than our acts, our hope
With more of substance and of shadow teems
Than our thin joys, and hath a nobler scope.
O sons of men ! there is a Presence here,
Here in our own undying spirits, which
With an unearthly wealth doth oft enrich
The reason hourly sanctified by fear.
Herewith men prophesy, herewith men press
To their own hearts in studious loneliness,
Forms greater than they dare to tell : beneath
The shadow of their own imaginings
They sit withdrawn and sheltered ; for a wreath
Encircles them—a wreath of angels' wings.

HEAVEN AND EARTH.

There are no shadows where there is no sun ;
There is no beauty where there is no shade :
And all things in two lines of glory run,
Darkness and light, ebon and gold inlaid.
God comes among us through the shrouds of air ;
And His dim track is like the silvery wake
Left by yon pinnace on the mountain lake,
Fading and reappearing here and therc.

The lamps and veils through Heaven and Earth that move,
Go in and out, as jealous of their light,
Like sailing stars upon a misty night.
Death is the shade of coming life ; and Love
Yearns for her dear ones in the holy tomb,
Because bright things are better seen in gloom.

THE WORLD.

O Jesus ! if in days gone by
My heart hath loved the world too well,
It needs more love for love of Thee
To bid this cherished world farewell.

O yes ! I can rejoice there are
So many things on earth to love,
So many idols for the fire,
My love and loyal change to prove.

He that loves most hath most to lose,
And willing loss is love's best prize;
The more that yesterday hath loved
The more to-day can sacrifice.

O earth ! thou art too beautiful !
And thou, dear home, thou art too sweet !
The winning ways of flesh and blood
Too smooth for sinner's pilgrim feet !

O bless thee, bless thee, lovely world !
That thou dost play so false a part,
And drive, like sheep into a fold,
Our loves into our Saviour's heart.

The woods and flowers, the running streams,
The sunshine of the common skies,
The round of household peace—what heart
But owns the might of these dear ties ?

The sweetness of known faces is
A couch where weary souls repose ;
Known voices are as David's harp —
Bewitching Saul's oppressive woes.

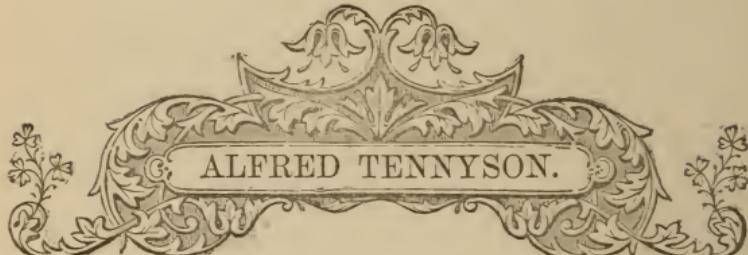
And yet, bright World ! thou art not wise,
 O no ! enchantress though thou art,
 Thou art not skilful in thy way
 Of dealing with a wearied heart.

If thou hadst kept thy faith with me,
 I might have been thy servant still ;
 But ah ! lost love and broken faith,
 Poor world ! these are beyond thy skill.

This have I leaned upon, dear Lord !
 This world hath had thy rightful place :
 O come, then, jealous King of love !
 Come, and begin thy reign of grace.

O banish me from all I love,
 The smiles of friends, the old fireside,
 And drive me to that home of homes,
 The heart of Jesus crucified.

O take the light away from earth,
 Take all that men can love from me ;
 Let all I lean upon give way,
 That I may lean on nought but Thee !



MR. TENNYSON, who, upon the death of Wordsworth, in 1850, received and has since worthily worn

“The laurel greener from the brows
 Of him who uttered nothing base,”

is the son of the Rev. G. Tennyson, and was born at his father's parsonage at Somerby, in Lincolnshire, in the

year 1810. Whilst at school he wrote poems of which neither the merit nor the promise was extraordinary. At Cambridge he wrote a prize poem; and also published a volume of verse in conjunction with his brother Charles. In 1830, he published "Poems, chiefly Lyrical," in his own name only; and in 1832, appeared under the same title again; but on each occasion without attracting any great degree of attention. His collected poems, in two volumes, published in 1842, first made him famous. Even to name with the least possible discrimination of their defects or their manifold and pregnant beauties the poems which since that time have won him favour, and rapidly and surely advanced his reputation, would demand more than the space yet to be occupied of the present volume. The reader may profitably consult an elaborately analytical essay on "Tennyson's Poems," which appeared amongst the "Cambridge Essays" for 1855; and which heads a volume of the collected papers of its author, the late George Brimley, of Tennyson's own college of Trinity, Cambridge, published in 1858. Besides such immortal minor poems as "The Two Voices," and "Locksley Hall," Mr. Tennyson has published, in 1847, "The Princess, a Medley;" "In Memoriam" (1850); "Maude" (1855); "Idylls of the King" (1858), a recent edition of which was gracefully and touchingly inscribed to the memory of "Albert the Good," the late Prince Consort.

LOVE AND DEATH.

What time the mighty moon was gathering light,
Love paced the thymy plots of paradise,
And all about him rolled his lustrous eyes;
When turning round a casia, full in view
Death walking all alone beneath a yew,
And talking to himself, first met his sight:
"You must begone," said Death, "these walks are
mine."

Love wept, and spread his sheeny vans for flight ;
 Yet ere he parted said, " This hour is thine ;
 Thou art the shadow of life, and as the tree
 Stands in the sun and shadows all beneath,
 So in the light of great eternity
 Life eminent creates the shade of death ;
 The shadow passeth when the tree shall fall
 But I shall reign for ever over all."

FROM "IN MEMORIAM."

Strong Son of God, immortal Love,
 Whom we, that have not seen thy face,
 By faith, and faith alone embrace,
 Believing where we cannot prove.

Thine are these orbs of light and shade,
 Thou madest life in man and brute,
 Thou madest death ; and lo ! thy foot
 Is on the skull which Thou hast made.

Thou wilt not leave us in the dust
 Thou madest man, he knows not why ;
 He thinks he was not made to die :
 And Thou hast made him ; Thou are just.

Thou seemest human and divine,
 The highest, holiest manhood, Thou ;
 Our wills are ours, we know not how,
 Our wills are ours, to make them thine.

Our little systems have their day ;
 They have their day and cease to be ;
 They are but broken lights of Thee,
 And Thou, O Lord, art more than they.

We have but faith, we cannot know,
 For knowledge is of things we see ;
 And yet we trust it comes from Thee,
 A beam in darkness ; let it grow.

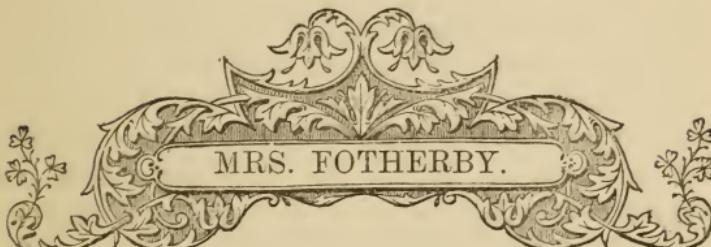
Let knowledge grow from more to more,
 But more of reverence in us dwell,
 That mind and soul according well
 May make one music, as before,

But vaster. We are fools and slight,
 We mock Thee when we do not fear
 But help thy foolish ones to bear,
 Help thy vain worlds to bear thy light.

Forgive what seemed my sin in me ;
 What seemed my worth since I began ;
 For merit lives from man to man,
 And not from man, O Lord, to Thee.

Forgive my grief for one removed,
 Thy creature whom I found so fair.
 I trust he lives in Thee, and there
 I find him worthier to be loved.

Forgive these wild and wandering cries,
 Confusions of a wasted youth ;
 Forgive them where they fail in truth,
 And in thy wisdom make me wise.



(1831—1861.)

THIS lady, whose fugitive poems gave hope to those acquainted with them, that they were prelusive of a more sustained melody, went early to join another band of harpers, leaving the promised strain unsung on earth. She was born at Long Sutton, in the county of Lincoln, Feb. 20th, 1831; the daughter of Henry Ewen, Esq., a medical practitioner of considerable local repute as a man of general cultivation, and of professional celebrity more than local. Her early training was careful and successful—education in the best and strictest sense of its

etymology. All that she acquired she sealed with the graceful impress of her own individuality. Gifted with a singular linguistic facility, she became familiar with the best authors in most of the languages of modern Europe. Her heart and intellect were open to welcome and appropriate all noble and gentle influences; God, man, nature, art—these, and in this gradation, were the objects of a large and well-directed love.

In 1857 Miss Ewen was married to Dr. Fotherby, of Trinity Square, London, the editor of her "Poems" (1862), and writer of a touching preface, which shows him to have been a worthy and appreciative sharer in her poetical and religious aspirations.

Mrs. Fotherby died almost literally in song. The poems quoted are the last, with one exception, she lived to produce. Written in the near prospect of death, they are two out of a group of six of which her husband-editor says: "Indeed they are a voice from the grave itself." In a note appended to "The Time to Die," Dr. Fotherby remarks: "Her wish was granted. It was when the reaper's task was well-nigh done in the fields around, that the sickle was put in, and she was gathered into the garner. And a few hours afterwards, the lowering sky sighed forth in fitful gusts of wind and driving rain, 'the coming of the snow.'"

Mrs. Fotherby died, after many months of resigned and tuneful martyrdom to weakness and decline, at her father's house at Long Sutton, August 15th, 1861.

THE TIME TO DIE.

It is the pleasant summer prime,
The green is on the tree;
Sweet are the blossoms of the lime,
All things seem glad and free.

Yet still I hear the solemn chime
 Of a dark and awful sea;—
I would it were the autumn time
 When the reaper comes for me.

There riseth to the soft blue sky,
 Full many a joyous tune;—
Ah, it would grieve my heart to die
 In the merry month of June!

When sea waves sound the dreary knell,
 And stormy currents flow;
When keener, wilder winds foretell
 The coming of the snow:

Then waft to me the sweet farewell,
 And lay me "straight and low;"
And softly toll the passing bell,
 That all around may know;

And heavenward prayers may upward swell,
 Like incense from below,—
By two worlds' love encircled well,
 'Tis thus that I would go.

So, when "the swallow homeward flies,"
 He'll come again in spring;
So, when the drooping flowret lies
 A pale and faded thing,

Another season to your eyes
 A brighter bloom will bring;
And I, a happy soul, shall rise
 In the resurrection spring.

NIGHT AND MORNING.

Turn thy face unto the wall,
 The weary day is done;
Be thy doings great or small,
 Night draweth darkly on;
Thou no more hast part in all
 The work beneath the sun—
Turn thy face unto the wall,
 For day is done!

Fold thy hands to peaceful rest,
And happy dreams of home;
Lay them crosswise on thy breast,—
No more thy feet shall roam.
The shadows deepen in the west,
And night is come.

Weep not thou with sorrow bowed,
Low in the dust to lie;
The sun for aye behind the cloud
With gladness fills the sky;
E'en now he lifts his banner proud,
For morn is nigh !

THE END.

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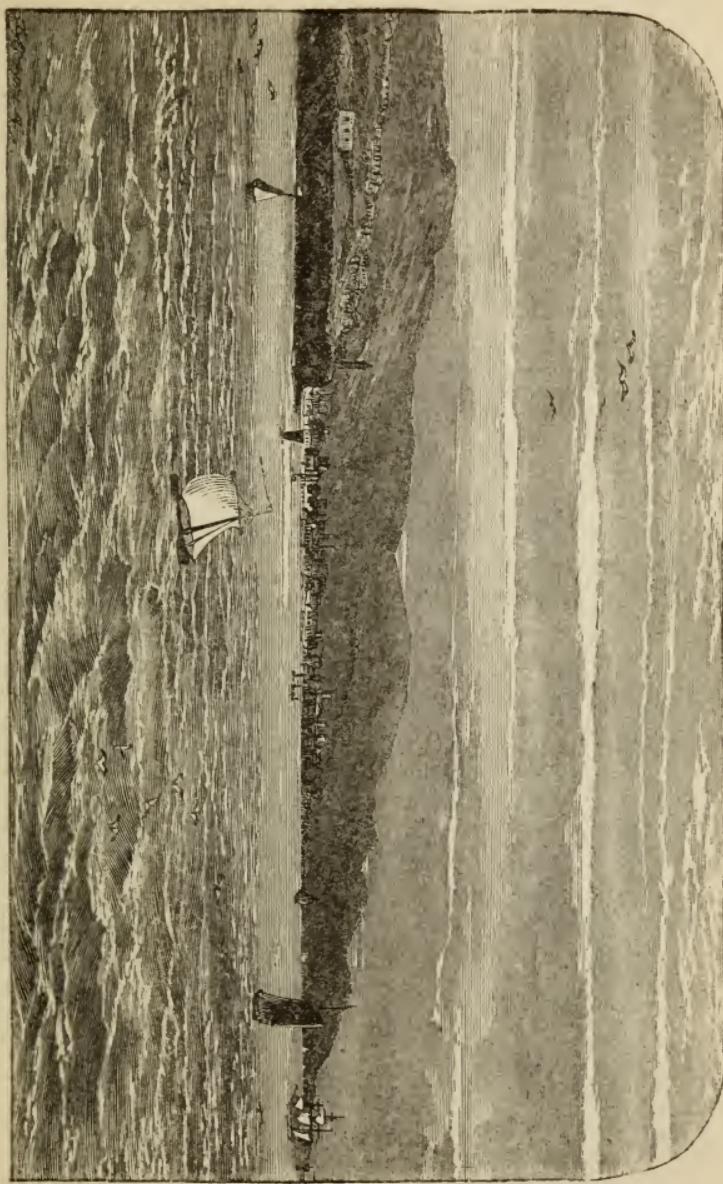
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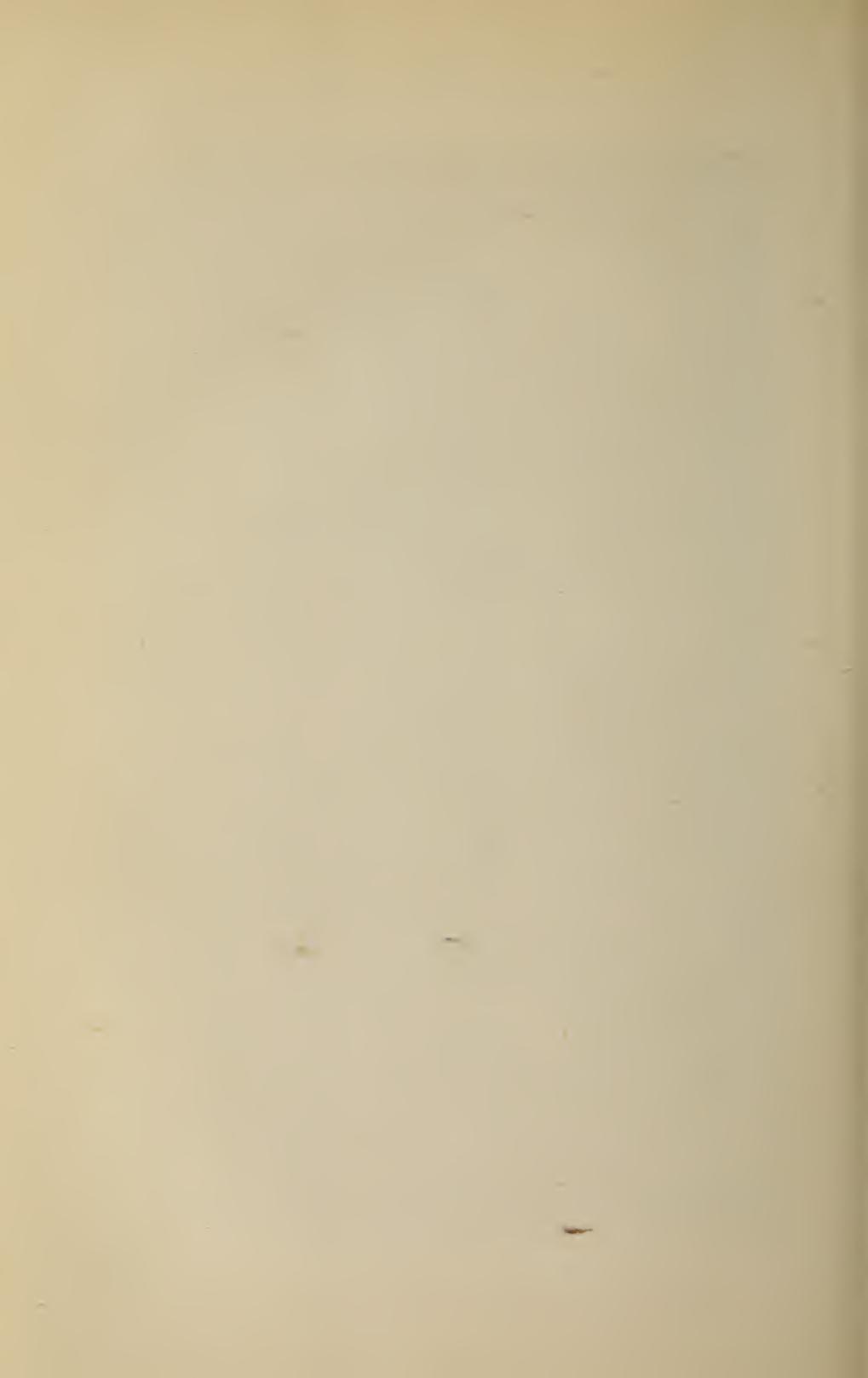
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